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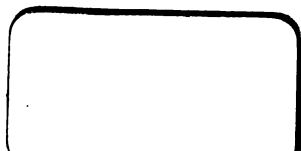
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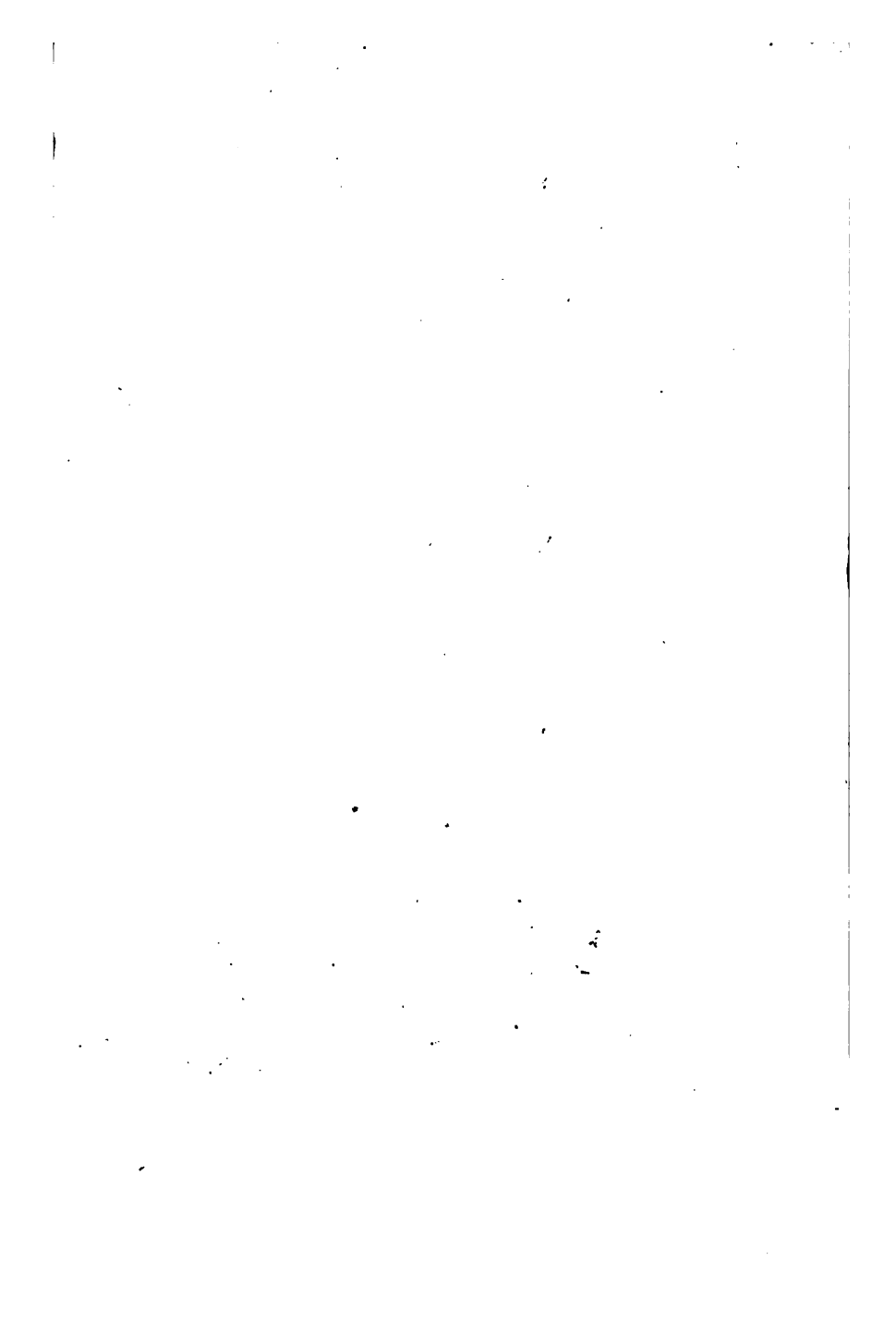
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MATERIALS FOR TRANSLATING
FROM
ENGLISH INTO FRENCH;

BEING
A SHORT ESSAY ON TRANSLATION;
FOLLOWED BY
A GRADUATED SELECTION IN PROSE AND VERSE

FROM THE BEST ENGLISH AUTHORS,
AND FROM THE DIFFERENT EXAMINATION PAPERS FOR SANDHURST,
THE DIRECT COMMISSIONS, THE ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY, WOOLWICH,
AND THE CIVIL SERVICE OF INDIA.

BY
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FOURTEEN YEARS PROFESSOR IN THE "COLLÈGE ROYAL, DE CHARLEMAGNE," IN PARIS.

FOURTH EDITION, REVISED AND CORRECTED,

BY
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FRENCH MASTER IN THE CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT OF CHELTENHAM COLLEGE.

LONDON:
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1869.



303. f. 214.

"Universe verbum de verbo exprimendum et Vocum etiam collocationem retinendam esse pronuntio, id modo per linguæ qua utitur interpres facultatem liceat."—Cicero.

PREFACE TO THE FOURTH EDITION.

THE large and rapid sale of a second and third edition of this work bears witness that my colleagues and the public know how to value the book of **MONS. LE BRUN**. I have added to this fourth edition a Selection from the French Examination Papers for the Royal Military College, Sandhurst; the Direct Commissions; the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich; and the Civil Service of India; which, I hope, may prove useful to gentlemen preparing for these respective Examinations, as well as for all those who wish to acquire an idiomatic knowledge of the French language.

HENRI VAN LAUN.

THE COLLEGE, CHELTENHAM,
January 1869.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

SOME time before his death, Mons. LE BRUN was engaged in preparing a new edition of his work, with improvements and alterations. A larger number of pieces in prose has been introduced, and a great deal of the poetry has been omitted. Whilst busy with these changes, Mons. LE BRUN died, and the work came into the hands of his friend Mons. C. DAGOBERT, who added several grammatical notes, and even corrected the first three sheets. But death took him also away in the midst of his labour, and, at the request of the publisher, I revised and corrected the rest of the book, the excellence of which is proved by its large circulation, and by the necessity for a second edition.

HENRI VAN LAUN.

THE COLLEGE, CHELTENHAM,
February 1865.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

THE object of the present work is to point out, to those who desire to acquire facility in writing French by practice in translation, correct *principles* for their guidance, and afterwards to give a collection of graduated *exercises* for practical purposes.

Our conviction is that the best means of attaining this object would be, after some preliminary instruction, to present a collection of extracts classified in the order of the difficulties they embody. We have sought in vain for such classification in any of the collections which have hitherto been published. Some compilers divide their extracts into sections according to the different species of writing, placing under one head narratives, descriptions, letters, fables, &c., and thus offer, as if by chance, exercises in translation in which the most difficult frequently occur the first; others simply give a series of passages, or, perhaps, entire letters, taken from the same writer, forgetting that variety is not only attractive in itself, but absolutely necessary for the student, who requires an extended range of subjects and style, if his aim is to obtain a thorough mastery over all the difficult forms of idiomatic expression.

As pupils are discouraged by premature difficulties, and wearied by monotony, we have tried to devise a plan by which these two obstacles may be avoided. We have selected, from the best English writers in prose and verse, a variety of passages of undoubted literary merit; we have carefully studied their expressions, grammatical construction, and idioms, and have then

classified them gradually, so as to present the easiest first, and to proportion the difficulties to the progress of the student. We have, moreover, divided the selection into three parts, each of which offers a series of passages containing analogous difficulties ; so that the book may be used in different classes of the same establishment, as the master will be provided in each part with exercises specially adapted to the requirements of his pupils in their different stages of development and intelligence.

It would have been altogether insufficient to confine the exercises in translation to prose examples alone. It would have left a deplorable blank if we had omitted to insert a fair selection of passages in verse. To say nothing of the charm that poetry inspires, it has peculiar turns, ellipses, inversions, and forms of thought and expression which are not to be found in prose. To translate verse, we must apply other powers of the mind, and think more independently ; and both mind and style cannot but profit by this exertion. At the same time, a number of the poetical passages are in some respects much more easy than many of the prose extracts. We trust, therefore, that an innovation which introduces a new branch of study, and gives also variety to the labours of the student, will meet with approbation.

We have felt bound, in the choice of passages, to select only from authors of acknowledged repute in English literature. No writers are quoted whose merit is not incontestible. From the writings of modern authors we have borrowed more especially the dialogues, a form of literature the most likely to be useful for conversation.

This, too, we can affirm with certainty, that there will not be found in the whole collection a single word which can alarm the most fastidious. We have never lost sight of the principle, that the first duty of a teacher is to develop in his pupils the sentiment of the good and the beautiful.

The selection is not intended as a course of literature, and therefore contains only such passages as are appropriate to the

object of the work ; yet we have endeavoured not to pass over any of the most celebrated names. Neither have we been able to follow chronological order ; but to keep the minds of our pupils constantly alive to the period when these authors lived, we have given at the end of each quotation, along with the name, the date of his birth and death.

The extracts from authors are preceded by a *short essay on translation*. This we have made as clear and elementary as possible, taking care to illustrate it by numerous examples, to which reference is made as often as occasion requires. This humble effort does not pretend to be a didactic treatise ; it is simply a summary of practical observations, in which an attempt is made to explain the most important principles of translation—principles, for the most part, if not wholly unknown, at least little understood, and little applied in teaching.

The principles and the order of the extracts obviate, in a great measure, the necessity for those long and numerous foot-notes which abound in other works of this kind, and which, by saving the pupil the trouble of reflecting, have often an injurious rather than a beneficial result. Such notes remove the best opportunity of wrestling with the difficulties of the text, and deprive students of the real advantage to be derived from the practice of translation. Accordingly we have appended notes only where there are exceptional grammatical forms, proper names, historical and geographical explanations, or such expressions and idioms as are not to be found in the dictionary ; and even these notes become less and less frequent from the commencement of the second part, and nearly cease in the third, where it is presumed the pupil may be left entirely to himself.

In conclusion, we would speak briefly of the importance which attaches to a good classification of extracts. Parents and teachers, in choosing a passage for translation into French, are often deceived by a first impression, and find that a particular page singled out by them on account of its apparent simplicity of form,

or conciseness of thought, presents considerable and unexpected difficulties. This arises from the fact that many of the expressions have a relative sense, for which the ordinary dictionaries have no corresponding terms. In such a case, translation becomes more difficult even than composition, since the latter leaves the liberty of expression unfettered, while the former is restrained to the circle of notions which the author has chosen to adopt.

A book like the present is of course capable of great improvement, and cannot but gain by criticism. We shall, therefore, feel most grateful for any observations which the experience of those engaged, like ourselves, in practical education may suggest. A friendly criticism will satisfy us that our attempt is worthy of encouragement, and this will be ample reward for the thought and labour which the work has cost us.

It is hardly necessary to add that the extracts from the writings of living authors have been inserted by their permission ; still we consider it our duty to acknowledge here, with our most sincere thanks, the very obliging manner in which the Right Hon. B. Disraeli, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart., and Charles Dickens, Esq., have acceded to our request.

L. L.

October 1862.

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PRINCIPLES OF TRANSLATION.

To translate, in the proper acceptation of the word, is to reproduce the thoughts of others in a different language. At first sight, nothing appears more simple ; but in reality it is a task which demands assiduous care, and often presents most serious difficulties. If the translator is content to render merely the sense of every word, if he pays no regard to the position which each individually occupies, if he neglects to convey the whole tenor of the idea, if he shows no attention either to the symmetry or harmony of the sentence, the work is indeed easy enough ; but if he wishes to reproduce exactly the value of each idea, the full scope of every thought, the originality of the idioms, and the colouring of the phrase ; if, in a word, he desires to express neither more nor less, nor otherwise than the author has expressed, he will soon perceive that he must restrict himself to most rigorous principles, under penalty of justifying the Italian saying, *traduttore traditore*.

As it is necessary, in order to translate well, not only to render every word with exactness, but at the same time to preserve its value and order in a sentence, while paying due regard to the grammar, perspicuity, and harmony of the language, we shall proceed to suggest some fundamental rules upon Expression—Construction—Accuracy—Grammatical correctness—Clearness—and Euphony ; and we shall conclude by offering a series of *English idiomatic phrases*, with their French translation.

I.—OF EXPRESSION.

§ 1. As each word has its peculiar import, a careful writer must be supposed not to select without a reason one word in preference to another for the embodiment of the thought which he desires to convey. It is, therefore, the true meaning and value of the expression which must be studied, in order to reproduce it with the greatest exactness. If we are content to take the first equivalent which presents itself to the mind, or is found in the dictionary, we incur the risk of misrepresenting the figure by saying more or less than the author has wished to convey. Take, for example, the following passage of Addison :—"The king, smiling at the *mistake* of the Dervise, asked him how he could possibly be so *dull* as not to distinguish a palace from a caravansary." If we were to translate it—" *Le roi, souriant de l'ERREUR du Dervis, lui demanda comment il pouvait être assez STUPIDE pour ne pas distinguer un palais d'un caravansérail,*" we should make two mistakes. First, *erreur*, in the ordinary acceptation, expresses *false opinion, false doctrine*; and it is only by straining its meaning that it conveys the act of taking one thing for another. For this sense we have the word *méprise*, which, literally translated, means *mistake*, and is the correct expression. Secondly, *dull* signifies, it is true, *stupid, lourd, obtus, hêbété, niais*; but none of these words is correct in this place. All imply the idea of insulting reproach and ill-feeling, which Addison certainly did not intend to attribute to the king, since he makes him smile when speaking. The expression must here be softened as much as possible to render it correct, and we have the adjective *simple*, which gives the exact sense.

We thus see that the dictionary does not always give the required expression; and this is by no means surprising. A dictionary presents first the primitive meaning of a word; then the sense ordinarily derived from it; but it cannot anticipate all the accidental significations which this word may acquire under various circumstances. In such cases it devolves on the translator to find

the appropriate expression. This he will generally do without much difficulty, if he takes the trouble to examine the sentence attentively, weighs the words, and even reads over again the passage immediately preceding, and looks at that which follows, in order to grasp the general sense. The required expression then rarely fails to present itself.

§ 2. It often happens that the same word has different acceptations. We need not observe that we must never, like some careless students, be too hasty in adopting the first word that occurs to us, without proving that it bears on the general sense. This would expose us to the possibility of writing phrases such as these :—

1. *Bring me my horse.*
Apportez-moi mon cheval,—instead of
Amenez-moi mon cheval.
2. She has *light* hair.
Elle a des cheveux légers,—instead of
Elle a des cheveux blonds.
3. Where do you *live* ?
Où vivez-vous ?—instead of
Où demeurez-vous ?
4. I *know* that lady.
Je sais cette dame,—instead of
Je connais cette dame.
5. Take that child to school.
Prenez cet enfant à l'école,—instead of
Menez cet enfant à l'école.
6. Take this letter to the post.
Prenez cette lettre à la poste,—instead of
Portez cette lettre à la poste.
7. His purse is well *lined*.
Sa bourse est bien doublée,—instead of
Sa bourse est bien garnie.

§ 3. One English word may often externally be identical with another French word, without presenting in the least the same signification. If the translator allows himself to be deceived by such resemblance, which occurs most frequently in words derived from the Latin, he will fall into the grossest errors, and connect incompatible words conveying no meaning in French.

For example, do not translate, *He DETERMINED to go*, by *Il DÉTERMINA d'ALLER*; nor, *I HEARD of that GENTLEMAN*, by *J'ENTENDIS de ce GENTILHOMME*; but say, *Il RÉSOLUT de s'EN ALLER*, and *J'ENTENDIS PARLER de ce MONSIEUR*.

As these faults occur very frequently, we shall point out some of them :—

1. *They will return from the country*, must not be translated thus,—*Ils retourneront de la contrée*; but, *Ils reviendront de la campagne*.

2. *My old father is now very altered*, must not be translated,—*Mon vieux père est maintenant très-altéré*; but, *Mon vieux père est maintenant très-changé*.

3. *Have you paid a visit to his brother?* must not be translated,—*Avez-vous payé une visite à son frère?* but, *Avez-vous rendu une visite à son frère?*

4. *My grandson is industrious*, must not be translated,—*Mon grand fils est industrieux*; but, *Mon petit fils est laborieux*.

5. *The history of Joseph continued*, must not be translated,—*L'histoire de Joseph continuée*; but, *Suite de l'histoire de Joseph*.

6. *I was born in Paris*, must not be translated,—*J'étais né à Paris*; but, *Je suis né à Paris*.

7. *He has married my sister*, must not be translated,—*Il a marié ma sœur*; but, *Il a épousé ma sœur*.

8. *We employed twenty labourers*, must not be translated,—*Nous avons employé vingt laboureurs*; but, *Nous avons employé vingt journaliers*.

9. *She supported her parents*, must not be translated,—*Elle supporta ses parents*; but, *Elle soutint son père et sa mère*.

10. *Tell me the time*, must not be translated,—*Dites-moi le temps*; but, *Dites-moi l'heure*.

11. *She deserves your confidence*; must not be translated,—*Elle mérite votre confiance*; but, *Elle mérite votre confiance*.

12. *I will subscribe to that paper*, must not be translated,—*Je souscrirai à ce papier*; but, *Je m'abonnerai à ce journal*.

13. *I must make apologies to your grandmother*, must not be translated,—*Je dois faire des apologies à votre grand'mère*; but, *Je dois faire des excuses à votre grand-mère*.

14. *We heard the bells in the distance*, must not be translated,—*Nous entendîmes les cloches dans la distance*; but, *Nous entendîmes les cloches dans le lointain*.

15. *He used my pen*, must not be translated,—*Il usa ma plume*; but, *Il se servit de ma plume*.

16. *The traveller was obliged to retrace his steps*, must not be translated,—*Le voyageur fut obligé de retracer ses pas*; but, *Le voyageur fut obligé de revenir sur ses pas*.

17. *Do you know the latest intelligence?* must not be translated,—*Connaissez-vous la dernière intelligence?* but, *Connaissez-vous les dernières nouvelles?*

18. *I bought two beautiful copies of Milton*, must not be translated,—*J'ai acheté deux belles copies de Milton*; but, *J'ai acheté deux beaux exemplaires de Milton*.

19. *A large stone*, must not be translated,—*Une large pierre*; but, *Une grande pierre*.

20. *Trouble*, must not be translated,—*Trouble*; but, *Peine*.

II.—OF CONSTRUCTION.

§ 4. We call construction the order in which the words composing a sentence are arranged. This order, which is determined by the desire to place a certain idea before another, and more especially to present the cause before the effect, gives to each phrase a form which corresponds with the thought of the writer, and represents it with fidelity. To change the construction would always disturb the sentence, and often alter its character so completely as to render its true meaning unintelligible. In fact, words mutually modify each other by the manner in which they are associated together, so that, without losing their inherent force, they inclose in their combination an idea or sentiment which has no direct and palpable expression. If, therefore, an author has put forth his ideas in a certain order, thus attributing to some greater importance than to others, and the translator alters that order indiscriminately, he evidently changes the form of the writer's conception, and falsifies it by altering the point of view adopted in the original.

For example, if you have to render into French the following phrase :—"They had inhabited one of the neatest cottages, and *by various rural occupations and the assistance of a small garden*, had led a happy and blameless life," and were to translate it thus—"Ils avaient habité une des chaumières les mieux tenues et avaient mené une vie heureuse et irréprochable, *au moyen de diverses occupations champêtres, et à l'aide d'un petit jardin*," the displacing of "by various rural occupations and the assistance of a small garden," sadly modifies the thought of the writer, who intended to show first what were the modest means of subsistence of these people, so as to render their merit more prominent in leading with so little a happy and blameless life. In other words, you place the effect before the cause, while the author has given the cause before the effect.

The phrase must, therefore, be translated thus—"Ils avaient habité une des chaumières les mieux tenues et, *au moyen de diverses*

occupations champêtres, et à l'aide d'un petit jardin, ils avaient mené une vie heureuse et irréprochable."

Here are two more examples :—

1st. Samuel Rogers writes :

" Around my ivy'd porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew."

Here he certainly wished to describe the nature of the house-door before speaking of the flowers which should subsequently adorn it. He considered *Around my ivy'd porch* as the principal image ; *Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew shall spring*, as the secondary idea ; and for this reason he has inverted the direct order, and has made the second thought precede the first.

It would, therefore, be a great mistake to translate—"Toutes les fleurs odorantes qui boivent la rosée, pousseront autour de mon porche garni de lierre."

We must render, "*Autour de mon porche garni de lierre, pousseront toutes les fleurs odorantes qui boivent la rosée.*"

2d. Goldsmith, in speaking of the youth of Catherine I. of Russia, introduces her to us employed in the humblest occupations, for the support of her mother, and he adds : "While Catherine spun, the old woman would sit by and read some book of devotion."

If we translate—"La vieille femme s'asseyait près d'elle et lisait quelque livre de dévotion, *pendant que Catherine filait*," we change Goldsmith's idea, who is writing the history of Catherine and not that of her mother. He wishes, therefore, to speak of her occupations in the first place, and if he adds those of the old mother, it is only to fill up the picture.

We must, therefore, translate—"Pendant que Catherine filait, la vieille femme était assise près d'elle et lisait quelque livre de dévotion."

These instances will show the necessity of preserving the construction, that is to say, the order of words adopted by a writer, if we would avoid falling into commonplace phraseology. It is a point which involves great difficulty ; but it gives to style the most unexpected and elegant turns, and endows translation with the flavour of a foreign fruit. We must only cease to preserve the

order of words when we find that the nature of the French language absolutely repudiates it; but before submitting to this necessity, we must strenuously endeavour, by every means which our syntax affords, to preserve the customary forms of the English language.

§ 5. In order to aid the inexperienced in this task, we shall give a few examples of translation, embracing the most important cases :—

1. That illness proceeds *from your not eating*.
Cette maladie vient de ce que vous ne mangez pas.
2. I insist *upon your going* to the sea-side.
J'insiste pour que vous alliez au bord de la mer.
3. I remember it *without your telling*.
Je m'en souviens sans que vous me le disiez.
4. He laughs at *my not being able* to speak French.
Il se moque de ce que je ne puis parler Français.
5. *The learning* anything speedily *requires* great application.
Pour apprendre quelque chose promptement, *il faut* une grande application.
6. Greater virtue *is required* to bear good fortune than bad.
Il faut une plus grande vertu pour supporter la bonne fortune que la mauvaise.
7. *From idleness arises* neither pleasure nor advantage.
La paresse ne produit ni plaisir ni avantage.
8. *Had he been* more prudent, he would have been more fortunate.
S'il avait été plus prudent, il aurait été plus heureux.
9. *Let* all your thoughts, words, and actions be tinctured with modesty.
Que toutes vos pensées, vos paroles, et vos actions soient empreintes de modestie.
10. Those *only* are truly great who are really good.
Ceux-là seuls sont vraiment grands qui sont vraiment bons; or, *Il n'y a de vraiment grands que ceux qui sont vraiment bons.*
11. *These* two things cannot be disjoined: a good life and a happy death.
Voici deux choses qu'on ne peut séparer: une bonne vie et une heureuse mort.
12. *Fling away* ambition;
By that sin fell the angels.—(Shakspeare, Henry VIII.)
Repousse l'ambition; c'est par ce péché que sont tombés les anges.
13. *The more* difficult a thing is, *the more* honourable.
Plus une chose est difficile, *plus* elle est honorable.
14. *How wonderful are* the works of God!
Que les ouvrages de Dieu sont admirables!
15. *It is with* the diseases of the heart *as with* those of the body.
Il en est des maladies du cœur comme de celles du corps.
16. *Should that happen*, what would you do?
Si cela arrivait, que feriez-vous?

§ 6. In many cases, where the English language employs the

passive form, the French prefers the active, preceded by the indefinite pronoun *on*.

EXAMPLES:

- ¶ 1. *It is believed* that the queen will arrive next week.
On croit que la reine arrivera la semaine prochaine.
2. *We have been told* that your father is in London.
On nous a dit que votre père est à Londres.

§ 7. If the sentence is more precise and the subject personal, the French, instead of the passive, makes use of the reflective verb.

EXAMPLES:

1. True pleasure *is only to be found* in the paths of virtue.
 Le vrai plaisir *ne se trouve* que dans les sentiers de la vertu.
2. Old friends *are preserved* and new ones *are procured* by a grateful disposition.
 Les vieux amis *se conservent* et les nouveaux *s'obtiennent* par l'amabilité du caractère.
3. Great merit *is often concealed* under the most unpromising appearances.
 Un grand mérite *se cache* souvent sous les dehors les plus désavantageux.

§ 8. Frequently also the reflective verb is employed in the impersonal form.

1. Many years *have elapsed*.
Il s'est passé bien des années.
2. Great preparations *are going forward*.
Il se fait de grands préparatifs.

III.—OF ACCURACY.

§ 9. We have urged the necessity of finding the correct expression, and of preserving as rigorously as possible the place occupied by each word, since this is the only way of conveying exactly the writer's thought; for, without accuracy, true translation cannot be said to exist. If, for instance, the author wishes to be concise, and your translation renders him prolix, you misrepresent him. If he wishes to be copious in order to please or instruct, and you suppress certain details, or rather a portion of his ideas, you misrepresent him still more. In a word, the translator should never substitute his own taste for that of his author; he is not his critic,

but his interpreter. If, therefore, the words and the turn of thought employed by the author express his meaning as aptly in French as in English, they ought to be left unchanged, and we should never forget that a literal translation is the best, provided it accord rigorously with the genius of both languages. The text of the writer is a drawing, which ought to be rendered faithfully by reproducing it stroke by stroke; translation ought to be nothing but a faithful copy. All addition or suppression leads the reader into error.

§ 10. A single example will explain this better than many precepts.

Here follows a passage from Miss Edgeworth, with a translation recently published in Paris :—

"My dear, honest children," said she, "I am very glad you told me all this; I am very glad that you did not buy either the plums or the blanket with this guinea; I am sure it is not honestly ours; those who threw it to you, gave it by mistake, I warrant; and what I would have you do is, to go to Dunstable and try, if you can, at either of the inns, to find out the person that gave it to you. It is now so late in the evening, that perhaps the travellers will sleep at Dunstable instead of going on the next stage; and it is likely that whosoever gave you the guinea instead of a half-penny, has found out their mistake by this time. All you can do is to go and inquire for the gentleman who was reading in the chaise."

"Mes braves enfants," dit-elle, "combien je suis contente de ce que vous me dites là! Que vous avez bien fait de n'acheter ni raisins ni couverture avec cette guinée! Je suis certaine qu'elle ne vous appartient pas; elle vous a été donnée par erreur. Il faut aller à la ville, et, en vous adressant à toutes les auberges tâcher de retrouver la personne à qui elle appartient. Comme il est un peu tard, les voyageurs se sont arrêtés au prochain relais, et à cette heure celui qui vous a donné la guinée, s'est sans doute aperçu de sa méprise. Votre premier soin doit être de vous enquérir du voyageur qui lisait dans la voiture."

§ 11. Let us now compare this translation with the text, and see how far the French conveys the English.

Why suppress *dear*? Could it not have been rendered *mes chers, mes braves enfants*? The grandmother, touched by their conduct, is not content to call them as usual *her dear children*, but stops to add *honest*, which bears upon their act of probity. If *dear* is omitted, this gradation is lost.

Miss Edgeworth makes the good old woman say, twice over, *I am very glad*, and this is not unintentional. By repeating the

same words she means to make the children better understand how pleased she is with their conduct. It is therefore wrong in the translator, in order to avoid this repetition, which doubtless appeared to him bad taste in French, to fancy himself obliged to render the second *I am very glad*, by *Vous avez bien fait*. Moreover, he has employed an exclamatory form which is not in the English sentence.

Plums often mean, it is true, a kind of dried *raisins* that are frequently used in puddings, but the plums spoken of here are simply English garden plums, *prunes* in French; and this is proved by what Anna previously said to her brother: *Why, Paul, you know the fruit-woman said she would give us a dozen plums for a penny*. If the child meant *raisins*, she would not have said that they were sold by the dozen at a fruit-stall. Whoever has lived in England knows that *raisins* are to be found at the grocer's, who sells them by weight.

The suppression of the article before *raisins* and *couverture* entirely alters the sense. The question is not, in fact, of plums or blankets in general, but of some particular plums that the children had coveted and of the blanket that Paul had seen at Dunstable.

We find next, *I'm sure it is not honestly ours* translated by *Je suis certaine qu'elle ne vous appartient pas*. Why render *I'm sure* by *Je suis certaine*? Is not *Je suis sûre* just as good? Did Miss Edgeworth write *I'm certain*? Why therefore change her expression? What is gained by it? The author has also put, *It is not honestly ours*, and the translator says, *Elle ne vous appartient pas*, without giving *honestly* at all.

We in vain seek in the French for *Those who threw it*;—*I warrant*;—*What I would have you do*;—*Instead of a half-penny*.

We cannot see why *To go to Dunstable* is replaced by *Aller à la ville*.

In saying, *To go to either of the inns*, the grandmother wishes it to be understood that there are only two inns with which she is well acquainted, and which a little further on are called *The Dun Cow* and *The Black Bull*. The translator in making her say, *Vous vous adresserez à toutes les auberges*, allows the reader to suppose that there are a great number of inns, which would render the

search impracticable to the children, and particularly so at the night-fall.

La personne à qui la guinée appartient is not the translation for *The person who gave it to you*. We will grant that the translator has wished to avoid repeating the verb *donner*, which occurs a little before ; but, while avoiding this repetition, he falls into another, for he has just a few words previously used the verb *appartenir*. Why then deviate from the author, who has assuredly had some reason for the repetition ? Now this reason we find in the age of the grandmother. She is an old woman who naturally likes to repeat things, and who, in the present instance, wishes to impress her words upon the minds of the children.

Il est un peu tard may be said of an hour of the day ; here, on the contrary, it is already the end of the day, and this is what the author has intended to express by *in the evening*. It is, therefore, this idea which must be conveyed ; and, moreover, nothing would have been easier than to say, *Comme la soirée est déjà fort avancée*.

The travellers will sleep at Dunstable instead of going on the next stage, means, *Les voyageurs coucheront à Dunstable au lieu d'aller jusqu'au prochain relais*. The translator in writing *Les voyageurs se sont arrêtés au prochain relais*, says quite another thing, and completely misunderstands the passage ; for the old woman would never send the children to a stage perhaps ten miles off.

The translator should not have displaced by *this time*, which was so easy to retain at the end of the sentence.

Votre premier soin bears no relation to the idea, *All you can do* ; and, finally, we do not see why *gentleman* is translated by *voyageur*, and *chaise* by *voiture*.

§ 12. Here is the same extract translated according to the principles we have laid down—

“ Mes chers, mes braves enfants,” dit-elle, “ je suis très-contente que vous m'ayez dit tout cela ; je suis très-contente que vous n'ayez acheté ni les prunes ni la couverture avec cette guinée ; je suis sûre qu'elle ne nous appartient pas honnêtement ; ceux qui vous l'ont jetée, l'ont donnée par mégarde, je vous le garantis ; et ce que je voudrais vous voir faire, ce serait d'aller à Dunstable et de tâcher, si vous pouvez, en vous adressant à l'une ou à l'autre des deux auberges, de découvrir la personne qui vous a donné cette guinée. La soirée est maintenant si avancée, que peut-être les voyageurs coucheront à Dunstable au lieu d'aller jusqu'au prochain relais ; et il est vraisemblable que celui qui vous a donné la guinée au lieu d'un sou, s'est aperçu

de sa méprise à l'heure qu'il est. Tout ce que vous pouvez faire, c'est d'aller vous enquerir du monsieur qui lisait dans la chaise."

§ 13. It sometimes happens that we are puzzled by a word which does not permit us to preserve the English construction. In such cases we must have recourse to an expedient which demands a profound knowledge of both languages. We substitute one part of speech for another, and either give an adjective for a noun, or a noun for an adjective. Example: *How I love the fresh green fields and the shady trees!* It would here be impossible to follow the order of the words and to translate literally, *Combien j'aime les FRAIS VERTS champs et les OMBREUX arbres!* But, by means of the proceeding we have just indicated, we can say correctly, and even elegantly, without making any change in the order of the words: *Combien j'aime la FRAÎCHE VERDURE des champs et L'OMBRE des arbres!*

§ 14. Let us say, in conclusion, that accuracy must not be carried into singularity. Here, as in everything else, we must avoid exaggeration, and not sacrifice to the fidelity of the text, either the perspicuity of ideas or the genius of the French language. If the translator has at first difficulties to contend with, he should as soon as he has assured himself that it is impossible to retain the identity of the original and the translation, be satisfied with those turns of expression which best reproduce the English, and do so with as close analogies as he can find.

§ 15. One of our greatest prose writers, Chateaubriand, has attempted to translate Milton word for word, without paying any regard to the requirements of the French language. Notwithstanding all the resources of his great genius, he has completely failed; and his translation appears to have been undertaken merely to show what ought to have been avoided.

Three passages taken at random will supply striking examples:—

1. Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, heavenly Muse!

(*Paradise Lost*, Book i.)

La première désobéissance de l'homme, et le fruit de cet arbre défendu, dont le mortel goût apporta la mort dans le monde et tous nos malheurs, et la perte d'Eden, jusqu'à ce qu'un homme plus grand nous rétablît et reconquit le séjour bienheureux, chante, Muse céleste !

2. Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound

Within the visible diurnal sphere :

Standing on earth, not rapt above the pole,

More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchang'd

To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil days,

On evil days though fall'n and evil tongues ;

In darkness, and with dangers compass'd round,

And solitude : yet not alone, while thou

Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when morn

Purples the east.

(*Paradise Lost*, Book vii.)

La moitié de mon sujet reste encore à chanter, mais dans les bornes plus étroites de la sphère diurne et visible. Arrêté sur la terre, non ravi au-dessus du pôle, je chanterai plus sûrement d'une voix mortelle ; elle n'est devenue ni enrouée ni muette, quoique je sois tombé dans de mauvais jours, dans de mauvais jours quelque je sois tombé parmi des langues mauvaises, parmi les ténèbres et la solitude, et entouré de périls. Cependant je ne suis pas seul, lorsque la nuit tu visites mes sommeils, ou lorsque le matin empourpre l'orient.

3.

Me, of these

Nor skill'd nor studious, higher argument

Remains ; sufficient of itself to raise

That name unless an age too late, or cold

Climate, or years, damp my intended wing

Depress'd.

(*Paradise Lost*, Book ix.)

Pour moi (de ces choses ni instruit ni studieux), un sujet plus haut me reste, suffisant de lui-même pour immortaliser mon nom, à moins qu'un siècle trop tardif, le froid climat ou les ans n'engourdissent mon aile humiliée.

IV.—OF GRAMMATICAL CORRECTNESS.

§ 16. It is evident that, if the desire of accuracy ought not to allow the translator to forget the peculiarities and idioms of his own language, still less ought it to permit him to neglect grammatical correctness, from which no one can depart without offending common sense. Yet correctness is the chief stumbling-block in the way of those who practise translation. The habit of speaking their own language induces them to think, at first, that the forms which are so familiar to them are to be found in the syntax of another tongue also ; but this fallacy leads them to serious

mistakes. To instance all these errors would demand a summary of the rules of French grammar, which does not come within the plan of these preliminary remarks. As our book is intended for those who are already acquainted with the whole syntax, we shall only call their attention to some general facts, and point out those differences in the two languages which chiefly lead to the greater number of mistakes.

As for the general facts, everybody knows that we should never, in writing French, lose sight of the Gender of Nouns ; the placing of Adjectives, Adverbs, and Pronouns ; the Negative and Interrogative forms ; the Irregular Verbs ; the right use of the Preterite and Imperfect Tenses ; and, finally, of the rules on the Subjunctive and the Participle. It is by the help of a good grammar* that students must render themselves familiar with these principles.

But, besides these general facts, there are certain difficulties which often present themselves, and upon which we feel compelled to dwell a little longer.

We shall class them according to the parts of speech.

PRONOUNS.

§ 17. We cannot make use in French as in English of the ellipsis of the adjective, when the subject and verb are expressed. We must not, therefore, translate, *Our cousins are rich, but we are not*, by *Nos cousins sont riches, mais nous ne sommes pas*. It is necessary to recall the notion of the adjective by the invariable pronoun *le*, which answers to the English *it*, and in this case stands nearly for *so*. We must therefore say, *Nos cousins sont riches, mais nous ne LE sommes pas*.

§ 18. The pronoun *cela* is never used before an adjective followed by a verb in the infinitive mood. Do not then translate, *We have found it necessary to put off the meeting*, by *Nous avons jugé CELA nécessaire de remettre la réunion*, but simply say, *Nous avons jugé nécessaire de remettre la réunion*.

* Messrs Trübner & Co. have published a Grammar of the French language, written by Mons. Henri van Laun, French master at Cheltenham College, which has been adopted in many of the large educational establishments in England.

§ 19. At the beginning of a sentence, before the verb *être* followed by an adjective, *it* is translated by *il*, if the adjective is followed by the preposition *de*, or by the conjunction *que*.

EXAMPLES:

It is just to pay your debts.
Il est juste DE payer vos dettes.
It is just that you should pay him.
Il est juste QUE vous le payiez.

It would be a great mistake to say, *C'est juste DE payer vos dettes*; or, *C'est juste QUE vous le payiez*.

But, if the adjective stands alone, then translate *it* by *ce*.

EXAMPLES:

You paid him; it was just.
Vous l'avez payé; c'était juste.

§ 20. If a Cardinal number, an Adverb of quantity, or an Indefinite pronoun stand by themselves in English, never translate them without preceding the verb in the sentence by the pronoun *en*.

Do not therefore say :

1. *You have five apples, but SHE HAS TWENTY.*
Vous avez cinq pommes, mais ELLE A VINGT.

Neither say :

2. *I received the peaches, but YOU SENT TOO MANY; it would have been sufficient to HAVE SENT A FEW. J'ai reçu les pêches, mais VOUS AVEZ ENVOYÉ TROP; il suffirait d'ENVOYER QUELQUES-UNES.*

But translate thus :

1. *Vous avez cinq pommes, mais elle EN a VINGT.*
2. *J'ai reçu les pêches, mais vous EN avez envoyé TROP; il suffisait d'EN envoyer QUELQUES-UNES.*

§ 21. In English, the antecedent of the Relative pronoun is often preceded by the Demonstrative pronoun *that, those*. In French, the Article alone is sufficient.

This passage in Shakspeare, *Cherish THOSE hearts that hate thee*, ought not to be translated, *Chéris CES cœurs qui te haïssent*, but *Chéris LES cœurs qui te haïssent*.

Translate in the same way the following sentence :

They pray to THESE idols which can neither hear, nor see, nor give them any help.
Ils prient DES idoles que ne peuvent ni les entendre, ni les voir, ni leur donner aucun secours.

§ 22. The suppression of the Demonstrative *ce* before *qui* and *que* is impossible in French. Translate then—*You must do WHAT is right*, and *He did WHAT I told him*, by *Vous devez faire CE QUI est bien*; *Il a fait CE QUE je lui ai dit*.

§ 23. Do not say: *A friend OF MINE*, *Un ami DES MIENS*; but say, *Un DE MES AMIS*.

Translate in the same way: *A cousin OF OURS*, *Un DE NOS COUSINS*; *Two relations OF YOURS*, *Deux DE VOS PARENTS*, &c.

§ 24. In English, an adjective is never used by itself in the vocative; it always follows the pronoun. Example: *YE, WICKED, fear the last day*. In French we cannot say, *VOUS MÉCHANTS, craignez le dernier jour*. The pronoun is always suppressed, as the adjective acquires the power of a substantive; and we say, *MÉCHANTS, craignez le dernier jour*.

§ 25. Do not translate, *SUCH a bad man*, by *Un TEL méchant homme*, because an indefinite adjective cannot modify an adjective of quality, as that is the office of the adverb. Say, therefore, with an adverb, *Un SI méchant homme*.

VERBS.

§ 26. Some verbs which are *active* in English, are *neuter* in French. In such cases it would be a great mistake to translate their passive form literally.

Do not therefore say :

1. *I WAS very much PLEASED with that pupil.*
Je FUS très-PLU avec cet élève.

Nor :

2. *My letter HAS not BEEN ANSWERED.*
Ma lettre n'A pas été répondue.

But say :

1. *Cet élève m'A beaucoup PLU.*
2. *On n'A pas répondu à ma lettre.*

PREPOSITIONS.

§ 27. The prepositions, it will be remembered, serve to establish a connexion between nouns and other words. But, as these connexions are not always considered from the same point of view in all languages, it follows that there exist considerable diversities in the meaning of prepositions. Now, as these little words recur in almost every sentence, it is evident that if we do not take care to employ them correctly, we shall fall into mistakes as frequent as they are strange.

Here are some cases which most commonly mislead students :

For.

§ 28. Do not always translate *For* by *Pour*.

EXAMPLES:

1. They were at Windsor *for* three days.
Ils ont été à Windsor *pendant* trois jours.
2. I will not come *for* a week.
Je ne reviendrai pas *d'ici* à huit jours.
3. He inquired *for* you.
Il a demandé *après* vous.
4. Do it *for* charity.
Faites cela *par* charité.
5. *For* pity, *For* fear, *For* instance.
Par pitié, *Par* crainte, *Par* exemple.
6. Champion *for* liberty.
Champion *de* la liberté.

With.

§ 29. Do not always translate *With* by *Avec*.

EXAMPLES:

1. We must be contented *with* little.
Nous devons être contents *de* peu.
2. The table was covered *with* plate.
La table était couverte *d'*argenterie.
3. They fought *with* swords.
Ils se battirent *à* l'épée.
4. His name begins *with* a P.
Son nom commence *par* un P.
5. To fill a bottle *with* wine.
Remplir une bouteille *de* vin.

6. To starve *with* hunger.
Mourir *de* faim.
7. I am tired *with* walking.
Je suis fatigué *de* marcher.
8. She is gifted *with* a good memory.
Elle est douée *d'*une bonne mémoire.
9. Do not meddle *with* that affair.
Ne vous mêlez pas *de* cette affaire.
10. His horses cost him, one *with* the other, forty pounds.
Ses chevaux lui coûtent, l'un *dans* l'autre, quarante livres.
11. I am angry *with* you.
Je suis fâché *contre* vous.

In.

§ 30. Do not always translate *In* by *Dans*.

EXAMPLES :

1. Is he arrived *in* time ?
Est-il arrivé *à* temps ?
2. *In* a few minutes.
En quelques instants.
3. *In* the fifteenth century.
Au quinzième siècle.
4. *In* the reign of Tiberius.
Sous le règne de Tibère.
5. He lived *in* the country.
Il demeurait *à* la campagne.
6. My servant participated *in* that plot.
Mon domestique avait pris part *à* ce complot.
7. You must begin *in* that manner.
Vous devez commencer *de* cette manière.
8. You spend all your time *in* talking.
Vous perdez tout votre temps *à* causer.
9. He was five years *in* my service.
Il fut cinq ans *à* mon service.
10. The Spanish hats are much *in* fashion.
Les chapeaux espagnols sont fort *à* la mode.
11. My sister paints *in* oil.
Ma sœur peint *à l'*huile.
12. To be *in* the sun.
Être *au* soleil.
13. She was the best spinner *in* the parish.
C'était la meilleure fileuse *de* la paroisse.
14. It was five *in* the morning.
Il était cinq heures *du* matin.

By.

§ 31. Do not always translate *By* by *Par*.

E X A M P L E S :

1. He works too much *by* candlelight.
Il travaille trop à la chandelle.
2. Sit down *by* my side.
Asseyez-vous à côté de moi.
3. What time is it *by* your watch ?
Quelle heure est-il à votre montre ?
4. I must come back *by* seven o'clock.
Il faut que je revienne à sept heures.
5. You will oblige me *by* writing a note.
Vous m'obligerez en écrivant un petit mot.
6. They began *by* counting.
Ils commencèrent à compter.
7. *By* studying constantly you will improve.
À force d'étudier vous ferez des progrès.
8. She keeps money *by* herself.
Elle garde de l'argent *par* *devers* elle.

To and At.

§ 32. Do not always translate *To* and *At* by *À*.

E X A M P L E S :

1. You ought to be civil *to* everybody.
Vous devez être poli *envers* tout le monde.
2. Will you go *to* your brother's ?
Irez-vous *chez* votre frère ?
3. I was going *to* Italy.
J'allais *en* Italie.
4. He was *at* sea.
Il était *en* mer.
5. Wordsworth lived *to* a very great age.
Wordsworth vécut *jusqu'à* un âge très-avancé.
6. It is ten chances *to* one that he will succeed.
Il y a dix chances *contre* une qu'il réussira.
7. They were twenty *to* one.
Ils étaient vingt *contre* un.
8. They laughed *at* him.
Ils se moquèrent *de* lui.
9. We were *at* the 30th degree of latitude.
Nous étions *par* 30 degrés de latitude.
10. Heir *to* the crown.
Héritier *de* la couronne.

Of and From.

§ 33. Do not always translate *Of* and *From* by *De*.

E X A M P L E S :

1. I have been sensible *of* your kindness.
J'ai été sensible à vos bontés.

2. I thought *of* your advice.
Je pensais à votre conseil.
3. Take care *of* that mistake.
Prenez garde à cette faute.
4. His property consists *of* three farms.
Son bien consiste en trois fermes.
5. Do not take example *from* him.
Ne prenez pas exemple *sur* lui.

On and Upon.

§ 34. Do not always translate *On* and *Upon* by *Sur*

EXAMPLES :

1. *On* these solemn occasions.
Dans ces occasions solennelles.
2. *On* this condition.
À cette condition.
3. He lives *upon* bread and milk.
Il vit *de* pain et *de* lait.
4. It depends *upon* your conduct.
Cela dépend *de* votre conduite.
5. He plays *upon* the flute.
Il joue *de* la flûte.
6. *On* your return.
À votre retour.

§ 35.

About, Out of, Till, Under.

1. I have no money *about* me.
Je n'ai pas d'argent *sur* moi.
2. The pupil is *about* his exercises.
L'élève est *après* ses exercices.
3. His friends were all *about* him.
Ses amis étaient tous *autour de* lui.
4. I was looking *out of* the window.
Je regardais *par* la fenêtre.
5. They drank *out of* the bottle.
Ils burent à la bouteille.
6. I will not come *till* Monday.
Je ne viendrai pas *avant* lundi.
7. *Under* such circumstances.
Dans de pareilles circonstances.

1ST OBSERVATION.

§ 36. There are other cases where the English preposition is not to be translated at all.

EXAMPLES:

1. Listen *to* your master.
Écoutez votre maître.
2. Wait *for* your sister.
Attendez votre sœur.
3. We asked *for* the bill.
Nous avons demandé la note.
4. They looked *at* the flowers.
Ils regardèrent les fleurs.
5. I met *with* your father.
J'ai rencontré votre père.
6. We arrived early *in* the morning.
Nous sommes arrivés le matin de bonne heure.
7. I will come *on* Thursday.
Je viendrai jeudi.
8. He was born *on* the 9th of March 1814.
Il naquit le neuf Mars mil huit cent quatorze.
9. He pays too much *for* his whistle.
Il paie trop le sifflet.

2D OBSERVATION.

§ 37. Also, on the contrary, there are cases in which a preposition must be employed in French, though there is none in English.

EXAMPLES:

1. They enjoy all the comforts of this life.
Ils jouissent *de* tous les plaisirs de la vie.
2. We were approaching the cottage.
Nous nous approchions *de* la chaumière.
3. He does not remember you.
Il ne se souvient pas *de* vous.
4. He forgave his son.
Il a pardonné *à* son fils.
5. Obey your parents.
Obéissez *à* vos parents.
6. She pleased my mother.
Elle plut *à* ma mère.
7. Louis XIV. survived his grandson.
Louis XIV. survécut *à* son petit-fils.
8. We must repent our errors.
Nous devons nous repentir *de* nos fautes.
9. Henry VII. succeeded Richard III.
Henry VII. succéda *à* Richard III.
10. T. Moore opposed the king.
T. Moore résista *au* roi.
11. I asked my sister what it was.
Je demandai *à* ma sœur ce que c'était.
12. She entered a cottage.
Elle entra *dans* une chaumière.

CONJUNCTIONS.

§ 38. WHEN is not translated by *lorsque*, if preceded by a noun expressing time to which it relates. It would be a great mistake to translate the following phrase, *I was not at home THE DAY WHEN he arrived*, *Je n'étais pas à la maison LE JOUR LORSQU'il arriva*. It must be rendered, *Je n'étais pas à la maison LE JOUR QU'il arriva*.

§ 39. After the verb *attendre*, TILL must not be translated by *jusqu'à ce que*. *Que* alone is to be used.

EXAMPLE:

Wait TILL I have finished.

Attendez QUE j'aie fini.

In a negative sentence, do not employ the conjunctive expression, *jusqu'à ce que*; but make use of the prepositive form *avant de*. Example: *Never sign your name to a paper TILL you have read the contents of it.* *Ne signez jamais un papier AVANT d'en avoir lu le contenu*. It would not be French here to say, *JUSQU'À CE QUE vous en ayez lu le contenu*.

§ 40. Observe that the conjunctions, *quand*, *lorsque*, *aussitôt que*, and *dès que*, require the verb which follows to be in the future when the principal verb of the sentence is itself in the future or the imperative.

EXAMPLES:

I will pay you when you LIKE.

Je vous payerai quand vous VOUDREZ.

As soon as you HAVE DONE, come to me.

Aussitôt que vous AUREZ FINI, venez me trouver.

§ 41. In English, a conjunction may have several verbs depending on it. Examples: *As that affair is now public, and you have resolved to speak, I will be a witness to you.* *SINCE he wishes to come, and his father gives him leave, I shall be glad to receive him.* In French, whatever may be the first conjunction, the verbs that follow must always be preceded by *que*. Examples: *COMME cette affaire est maintenant publique, et QUE vous avez résolu de parler, je vous servirai de témoin.* *PUISQU'il desire venir, et QUE son père lui en donne la permission, je serai heureux de le recevoir.*

§ 42. The conjunction *THOUGH* has generally as a correspondent

the word YET. Example : *THOUGH all men are in arms against truth, YET this does not prevent its triumphing.* In French it would be a mistake, in that case, to translate *yet*, as it is too often rendered, by *cependant*. You must suppress it and say, *QUOIQUE tous les hommes soient armés contre la vérité, cela ne l'empêche pas de triompher.*

ADVERBS.

§ 43. NEARLY and ALMOST must not be translated indifferently by PRESQUE or PRÈS DE.

PRESQUE is an adverb which modifies an adjective, a participle, or another adverb. Examples : *Elle était PRESQUE FOLLE, She was nearly mad.—La maison est PRESQUE rebâtie, The house is almost rebuilt.—Ils vivaient PRESQUE somptueusement, They lived almost sumptuously.*

PRÈS DE is an adverb of quantity which is only found before a number. Examples : *Il a PRÈS DE quinze ans, He is nearly fifteen.—J'ai reçu PRÈS DE cent livres, I received nearly one hundred pounds.*

It would be wrong to say, *Il a PRESQUE quinze ans ; J'ai reçu PRESQUE cent livres.*

§ 44. The adverb NOW is frequently found in a sentence the verbs of which are in the past tense. Example : *This reply did not lessen the monarch's surprise, for he NOW began to suspect his preceptor of mental derangement.* In French, MAINTENANT is only used with the present tense ; it would be impossible to say, *MAINTENANT il commençait.* In this case we must make use of ALORS, and translate thus : *Cette réponse ne diminua pas la surprise du monarque, car ALORS il commençait à soupçonner son précepteur d'avoir l'esprit dérangé.*

V.

The translator must not only conform to the requirements of the syntax, but he must also carefully observe two laws which are paramount in French ; I mean *Clearness* and *Euphony*.

OF CLEARNESS.

§ 45. "What is not clear is not French," said Voltaire, and he was right; for clearness is the distinctive quality of the French language. The translator whose style remains obscure or equivocal commits an egregious mistake. In order to prevent it, he must above all things take the utmost care to make the mutual relation of words easy to grasp. This he will accomplish without much difficulty by avoiding long sentences, and by making the pronouns represent, without ambiguity, the nouns to which they relate.

§ 46. The relative pronoun WHICH permits constructions in English that would be impossible in French, because the pronouns *qui* and *que* refer equally to persons and things, and are at the same time of both genders and both numbers.

If, for example, we translate the following phrase, preserving the order of the construction, *Expect the same filial duty from your children WHICH you paid to your parents*, we should have, *Attendez le même respect de vos enfants QUE vous aurez eu pour vos parents*; which would be obscure, as *que* may refer as well to *enfants* as to *respect*. We must therefore change the order of the phrase, so as to place immediately before the pronoun *que* the noun which it represents. We should say then :

Attendez de vos enfants le même RESPECT QUE vous aurez eu pour vos parents.

§ 47. Sometimes the antecedent of the relative pronoun is followed by words which cannot be displaced. Example : *Il est une autorité bien plus puissante que CELLE des hommes, DONT la voix commande jusqu'au fond de nos cœurs.* *Dont*, which has *celle* for its antecedent, appears thus to relate rather to *hommes* than to *autorité*. As, in this case, the words *des hommes* cannot be displaced, we must repeat the antecedent substantive itself, and say, *Il est une autorité bien plus puissante que celle des hommes, AUTORITÉ DONT la voix commande jusqu'au fond de nos cœurs.*

§ 48. Personal pronouns also may render the phrase very obscure if they are not placed in such a manner as to recall

instantly to the mind the nouns which they represent. If we write, for example, *Les modernes sont supérieurs aux anciens dans tout ce qu'ILS ont écrit sur l'histoire naturelle*, the pronoun *ils* representing *les modernes* as well as *les anciens*, it may be doubted whether we mean that the *moderns* are superior to the *ancients* in all that the *ancients* have written, or, in all that the *moderns themselves* have written on natural history. To express the idea that it is the *MODERNS* who are superior, we must simply connect the personal pronoun *ils* with *les modernes*, and say, *Les modernes, dans tout ce qu'ILS ont écrit sur l'histoire naturelle, sont supérieurs aux anciens.*

§ 49. When it is not possible to displace the pronoun in order to bring it nearer to the noun it represents, the noun itself must be repeated. This difficulty will often present itself when we meet a construction in which the pronoun *it* is by chance found by the side of a masculine noun. An ambiguity, which is not possible in English on account of the difference of the pronouns *he* and *it*, appears instantly in the French, where there is only the word *il* to express both. Let us suppose that we have the following sentence :

Philip heard a noise in the distance, and listened to it attentively. As IT approached nearer, HE distinguished the merry voices of his companions.

If we translate the two pronouns *it* and *he* simply by the French pronoun *il*, this phrase will be very obscure.

Philippe entendit un bruit dans le lointain et prêta une oreille attentive. Comme IL approchait, IL distingua les voix joyeuses de ses compagnons.

In fact we could not tell whether it were the noise or Philip that approached. The only way to render the sense clear is to repeat the word *bruit*. We must therefore say :

Philippe entendit un bruit dans le lointain et prêta une oreille attentive. Comme CE BRUIT approchait, il distingua les voix joyeuses de ses compagnons.

OF EUPHONY.

§ 50. Euphony consists in avoiding the meeting of discordant sounds. We are often compelled to sacrifice to this, sometimes the expression, sometimes the order of words.

§ 51. When it is the literal expression which produces a meeting of sounds disagreeable to the ear, or an unpleasant repetition, we have recourse in the one case to a slight circumlocution, in the other to a synonym.

EXAMPLE :

The snow which falls so frequently in cold England is almost unknown in warm India.

The literal translation would give :

La neige qui tombe si fréquemment dans la froide Angleterre, est presque inconnue dans la CHAUDE INDE.

Chaude Inde produces such a discordance as would be unintelligible even to French ears. But by means of a slight alteration, this sentence may be neatly concluded thus : *La neige est presque inconnue dans les chaudes CONTRÉES DE L'INDE.*

OTHER EXAMPLES :

The children usually meet on the last day of April TO make up their nosegay FOR the next morning.

He left the cottage ABOUT one hour AFTER me.

The literal translation would give :

Les enfants se réunissent ordinairement le dernier jour d'avril POUR faire des bouquets POUR le lendemain matin.

Il quitta la chaumière à peu PRÈS une heure APRÈS moi.

The repetition of *pour* and of *près* at so short an interval produces a very disagreeable effect, which may be avoided by the use of synonyms as follows :

Les enfants se réunissent ordinairement le dernier jour d'avril AFIN DE faire des bouquets POUR le lendemain matin.

Il quitta la chaumière ENVIRON une heure après moi.

§ 52. We consider it sufficient to instance the concurrence of the following syllables in order to insure their careful avoidance.

Il alla à Arras.

L'été a été très-tardif.

C'est un homme *qui, quoiqu'il croie qu'il est habile, a fait de grandes fautes.*

Le lendemain, il obtint sa main.

Tout art t'est étranger.

Les dons dont vous m'avez comblé.

Les évêques opposants furent déposés.

Je me rendrai à Londres pour rendre visite à votre père.

§ 53. It is for the sake of euphony that we sacrifice the adverb of place *y* before *irai*, the future of the verb *aller*, so that *I will go there* is translated by *J'irai* instead of *J'y irai*.

Again, euphony restores the *s* to the second person of the imperative mood, in verbs of the first conjugation, before *y* and *en*. We could not say, *Va-y, Donne-en*, but we say, *Vas-y, Donnes-en*.

When it is the order of words alone which produces a discordant concurrence of syllables, nothing is easier than to avoid it by modifying the construction.

VI—OF IDIOMS.

§ 54. We have recommended that the value of the expression and the construction adopted by the English author should always be observed ; but we must add and insist that those two principles should only be adhered to when the genius of the French language permits them—that is to say, when the same laws govern the syntax of both idioms. To endeavour to go beyond this—to retain everything at the risk of falling into barbarisms—would be to write a jargon which would be neither French nor English.

In fact, every language has its peculiar features, which depend on the genius, origin, and habits of a people, as well as on their views, feelings, and modes of expression. Hence arise untranslatable forms, proceeding from a complex association of several of these causes, and deviating from general and common rules so

entirely that they can only be translated by equivalents. These forms, the elements of which often defy any analysis, and against which the translator would struggle in vain, are called *Idioms*. They are very numerous in English, and it would be impossible to give a complete list of them ; besides which, such a task would be unfit for the narrow limits of this present work. For Idioms, we must refer students to the dictionaries, and above all to the perusal of the best writers.

However, we cannot conclude without giving a certain number of Idioms, with their translation, that the importance and difficulty of this particular subject may be better understood.

§ 55. *Some English Idioms with the French translation.*

1. I was by myself.
J'étais seul.
2. It is all over.
C'en est fait.
3. I should do it but for hurting him.
Je le ferais si je ne craignais de le blesser.
4. It happened three years ago.
Cela est arrivé il y a trois ans.
5. It is five years since.
Il y a cinq ans de cela.
6. What will become of my children ?
Que deviendront mes enfans ?
7. He was wet through.
Il fut mouillé jusqu'aux os.
8. I was looking for you.
Je vous cherchais.
9. I sent for you.
Je vous ai envoyé chercher.
10. He is in my debt for six pounds.
Il me doit six livres.
11. Put out the candle.
Soufflez la chandelle.
12. The fire is going out.
Le feu va s'éteindre.
13. I must leave you.
Il faut que je vous quitte.
14. She is nine.
Elle a neuf ans.
15. What o'clock is it by your watch ?
Quelle heure est-il à votre montre ?
16. It is ten minutes past three.
Il est trois heures dix minutes.
17. It is ten minutes to four.
Il est quatre heures moins dix minutes.

18. They are all one with us.
Ils sont tous du même sentiment que nous
19. He frightened him out of the drawing-room.
Il lui fit quitter le salon en l'effrayant.
20. The rain pours down.
La pluie tombe à verse.
21. At these words, the prisoner turned very pale.
À ces mots, l'accusé devint très-pâle.
22. He has been run over.
Une voiture lui a passé sur le corps.
23. The old beggar shook his stick at her.
Le vieux mendiant la menaça de son bâton.
24. How will you meet such an expense ?
Comment ferez-vous face à une pareille dépense ?
25. What is the matter ?
Qu'y a-t-il ?
26. What is the matter with you ?
Qu'avez-vous ?
27. He walked up and down his room.
Il se promenait de long en large dans sa chambre ;
Or, Il allait et venait dans sa chambre.
28. It is a matter of course.
Cela va sans dire.
29. To show somebody in.
Faire entrer quelqu'un.
30. He looks very ill.
Il a l'air très-malade.
31. He pretends to be deaf.
Il fait semblant d'être sourd ;
Or, Il fait le sourd.
32. She was dressed up.
Elle était en grande toilette.
33. Are you glad to have a carriage of your own ?
Êtes-vous content d'avoir une voiture à vous ?
34. He frowned at him.
Il le regarda de travers.
35. I do not question his honour.
Je ne doute pas de son honneur ;
Or, Je ne mets pas son honneur en question.
36. She was taken ill.
Elle tomba malade.
37. The enemies fled for their lives.
Les ennemis cherchèrent leur salut dans la fuite.
38. You helped me out.
Vous m'avez tiré d'affaire.
39. He does not know how to read.
Il ne sait pas lire.
40. Your interest is at stake.
Il y va de votre intérêt.
41. Go and call your father.
Allez appeler votre père.

42. I am hungry, thirsty, cold, &c.
J'ai faim, soif, froid, &c.
43. His shoes let in water.
Ses souliers prennent l'eau.
44. They put the inhabitants to the sword.
Ils passèrent les habitants au fil de l'épée.
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GRADUATED EXERCISES FOR TRANSLATION.

EXTRACTS IN PROSE.

PART I.

THE GUINEA.

ANNE held¹ her brother's hat to the travellers in the carriages,² and money was thrown³ to her from each window. When they were out of sight, she and her brother sat down upon a large⁴ stone by the roadside to count their treasure. They began by counting⁵ what⁶ was in the hat—"One, two, three, four half-pence."

"But, O brother,⁷ look at⁸ this!" exclaimed Anne; "this is not like the other half-pence."

"No, indeed," cried Paul; "it is not a half-penny; it is a guinea—a bright golden guinea!"

"Is it?"⁹ said Anne, who had never seen a guinea before, and did not know its value; "and will it do as well as¹⁰ a half-penny to buy gingerbread? I'll run to¹¹ the fruit-woman, shall I?"¹²

¹ Held, Tendit.—² To the travellers in, Aux voyageurs qui étaient dans.—³ See § 6.—⁴ See § 3.—⁵ See § 31, 6.—⁶ See § 22.—⁷ O brother, Mon frère.—⁸ See § 36, 4.—⁹ Is it? Vraiment.—¹⁰ And will it do as well as, Et cela sera-t-il aussi bon que.—¹¹ See § 32, 2.—¹² Shall I? N'est-ce pas?

"No, no," said Paul, "you need not ask the fruit-woman ; I can tell you all about it,¹ as well as anybody in the whole world."²

"The whole world ! O Paul, you forget !—not so well as my grandmother."

"Why not so well as my grandmother ? I can tell you, Anne ; but you must listen to³ me quietly, or else you won't understand what I am going to tell you, for I can assure you that I don't think I quite understood it myself, Anne, the first time⁴ my grandmother told it to me, though I stood stock still,⁵ listening my best."

Prepared by this speech to hear something very difficult to be understood, Anne looked very grave ;⁶ and her brother explained to her that, with a guinea, she might buy two hundred and fifty-two times as many plums as she could get⁷ for a penny.

"Why,⁸ Paul, you know the fruit-woman said she would give us a dozen plums for a penny. Now for this little guinea, would she give us two hundred and fifty-two dozen ?"⁹

"To be sure she would,"¹⁰ said Paul ; "but I think we should not like to have two hundred and fifty-two dozen of plums ; we could not eat such a number."¹¹

"But we could give some of them to my grandmother," said Anne.

"But still there would be too many¹² for her and for us too," said Paul, "and when we had eaten¹³ the plums, there would be an end of all the pleasure ;¹⁴ but now I'll tell you what I am thinking of,¹⁵ Anne, that we might buy something for my grandmother that would be very useful to her indeed, with this guinea ; something that would last her a great while."

"What, brother ? what sort of thing ?"

"Something that she said she wanted very much one day last winter, when¹⁶ she was so ill of the rheumatism ;—something that

¹ *I can tell you all about it, Je puis vous expliquer cela.*—² *The whole world ! Personne au monde !*—³ *See § 36*—⁴ *The first time, La première fois.*—⁵ *Though I stood stock still, Quoique je me tinsse tranquille comme une souche.*—⁶ *Looked very grave, Prit un air très-sérieux.*—⁷ *As she could get, Qu'elle en aurait.*—⁸ *Why, Eh bien, mais.*—⁹ *See § 20.*—¹⁰ *To be sure she would, Certainement.*—¹¹ *See § 20.*—¹² *See § 20.*—¹³ *See § 40.*—¹⁴ *There would be an end of all the pleasure, Tout le plaisir serait passé.*—¹⁵ *See § 33, 2.*—¹⁶ *See § 38.*

she said yesterday, when you were making her bed ;¹ she wished she might be able to² buy before next winter."

"I know ! I know what you mean," said Anne ; "a blanket. Oh, yes, Paul, that will be much better than plums ; do let's buy a blanket for her ; how glad she will be to see it !—I will make her bed with the new blanket, and then bring her³ to look at it. But, Paul, how shall we buy a blanket ? Where are blankets to be got ?"⁴

"Leave that to me, I'll manage that⁵—I know where blankets can be got ; I saw one⁶ hanging out of a shop, the day I went last to Dunstable."

"You have seen a great many things at Dunstable, brother."

"Yes, a great many ; but I never saw anything there, or anywhere else, that I wished for half so much as I did for the blanket⁷ for my grandmother. Do you remember how she used to shiver with⁸ the cold last winter ? I'll buy the blanket to-morrow ; I'm going to Dunstable with her spinning."⁹

"And you'll bring the blanket to me, and I shall make the bed very neatly ; that will be all right,"¹⁰ said Anne, clapping her hands.

"But stay ! hush ! don't clap your hands so, Anne ; it will not be all right, I'm afraid," said Paul, "for there is one thing we have neither of us thought of, but that we ought to think about. We cannot buy the blanket, I'm afraid."

"Why Paul, why ?"

"Because I don't think this guinea is honestly ours !"¹¹

"But I'm sure it is honestly ours ; it was given to us, and grandmother said that all that¹² was given to us¹³ to-day was to be our own."¹⁴

"But who gave it to you, Anne ?"

¹ See § 41.—² *She wished she might be able to*, Elle voudrait avoir le moyen de.—³ See § 2, 1.—⁴ *Where are blankets to be got ?* Où trouve-t-on des couvertures ?—⁵ *Leave that to me, I'll manage that*, Laissez-moi faire, je m'en charge.—⁶ See § 20.—⁷ *I never saw anything there, or anywhere else, that I wished for half so much as I did for that blanket*, Je n'ai jamais rien vu, ni là, ni ailleurs, que j'aie désiré moitié autant que cette couverture.—⁸ See § 29.—⁹ *With her spinning*, Avec ce qu'elle a filé.—¹⁰ *That will be all right*, Ce sera parfait.—¹¹ *Ours*, à nous.—¹² See § 22.—¹³ See § 6, 2.—¹⁴ *Was to be our own*, Devait être pour nous.

"Some of the people in those chaises, Paul; I don't know which of them, but I dare say¹ it was the little rosy girl."²

"No," said Paul, "for when she called you to the chaise-door, she said, 'Here's some half-pence for you.' Now if she gave you the guinea, she must have given it to you by mistake."

"Well, but perhaps some of the people in the other chaises gave it to me, and did not give it to me by mistake, Paul. There was a gentleman reading in one of the chaises, and a lady who looked very good-naturedly at me, and then the gentleman put down his book and put his head out of the window, and threw a handful of half-pence into the hat, and I dare say he gave us the guinea along with them."

"Why," said Paul, "that might be, to be sure; but I wish I was quite certain of it."

"Then as we are not quite certain, had not we best go and ask³ my grandmother what⁴ she thinks about it?"⁵

Paul thought this was excellent advice; and as he was not a silly boy, who did not like to follow good advice, he went with his sister directly to his grandmother, showed her the guinea, and told her how they came by it.⁶

"My dear, honest children," said she, "I am very glad you told me all this; I am very glad that you did not buy either the plums or the blanket with this guinea; I'm sure it is not honestly ours; those who threw it to you, gave it by mistake, I warrant; and what I would have you do is, to go to Dunstable, and try, if you can, at either of the inns, to find out the person that gave it to you. It is now so late in the evening, that perhaps the travellers will sleep at Dunstable, instead of going on the next stage; and it is likely that whosoever gave you the guinea instead of a half-penny, has found out their mistake by this time. All you can do is, to go and inquire for the gentleman who was reading in the chaise."

"Oh!" interrupted Paul, "I know a good way of finding him

¹ *I dare say*, *Je crois bien que*.—² *The little rosy girl*, *La petite fille qui avait de si jolies couleurs*.—³ See § 37, 11.—⁴ See § 22.—⁵ *About it*, *En*.—⁶ *How they came by it*, *Comment elle leur était venue*.—⁷ See the translation of this piece, page 11.

out ; I remember it was a dark-green chaise, with red wheels ; and I remember I read the innkeeper's name upon the chaise, '*John Nelson,*' (I am much obliged to you for teaching¹ me to read, grandmother.) You told me yesterday, grandmother, that the names written upon chaises are the names of the innkeepers to whom they belong. I read the name of the innkeeper upon that chaise ; it was John Nelson. So Anne and I will go to both the inns in Dunstable, and try to find out this chaise—John Nelson's. Come, Anne, let us set out before it gets quite dark."²

Anne and her brother passed with great courage the tempting stall, that was covered with³ gingerbread and ripe plums, and pursued their way steadily through the streets of Dunstable ; but Paul, when he came to the shop where he had seen the blankets, stopped for a moment, and said, "It is a great pity Anne, that the guinea is not ours ; however, we are doing what is honest, and that is a comfort."⁴

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

1770-1849.

A TURKISH TALE.

WE are told that the Sultan Mahmoud, by his perpetual wars abroad⁵ and his tyranny at home,⁶ had filled his dominions with⁷ ruin and desolation, and half unpeopled the Persian empire. The vizier to⁸ this great sultan pretended to have learnt of a certain dervise to understand the language of birds, so that there was not a bird that could open his mouth but the vizier knew⁹ what it was he said. As he was one evening with the emperor, on¹⁰ their return from hunting, they saw a couple of owls upon a tree that grew near an old wall out of a heap of rubbish. "I would fain know,"¹¹ says the sultan, "what¹² those two owls are saying to one another ; listen to their discourse, and give me an account of

¹ For teaching me, De m'avoir enseigné à.—² Before it gets quite dark, Avant qu'il fasse tout à fait nuit.—³ See § 29, 2.—⁴ And that is a comfort, Et cela fait du bien.—⁵ Abroad, Au dehors.—⁶ At home, Au dedans.—⁷ See § 29, 5.—⁸ See § 32, 10.—⁹ But the vizier knew, Sans que le vizir sût.—¹⁰ See § 34, 6.—¹¹ I would fain know, Je voudrais bien savoir.—¹² See § 22.

it."¹ The vizier approached² the tree, pretending³ to be very attentive to the two owls. Upon his return to the sultan: "Sire," says he, "I have heard part of their conversation, but dare not tell you what it is." The sultan would not be satisfied with⁴ such an answer, but forced him to repeat, word for word, everything the owls had said. "You must know then," said the vizier, "that one of these owls has a son, and the other a daughter, between whom they are now upon a treaty of marriage.⁵ The father of the son said to the father of the daughter, 'Brother, I consent to this marriage, provided you will settle upon your daughter⁶ fifty ruined villages for her portion.'⁷ To which the father of the daughter replied, 'Instead of fifty, I will give her five hundred,⁸ if you please. God grant a long life to Sultan Mahmoud; whilst he reigns⁹ over us, we shall never want ruined villages.'⁹

The story says,¹⁰ the sultan was so touched with the fable, that he rebuilt the towns and villages which had been destroyed, and from that time forward consulted the good of his people.

ADDISON.
1672-1719.

THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER.

Mr Lovell and the Boy.

MR L. was one morning riding by himself,¹¹ when, dismounting¹² to gather a plant in the hedge, his horse got loose,¹³ and galloped away before him. He followed, calling the horse by name, but it was in vain. At length a little boy in a neighbouring meadow, seeing the affair,¹⁴ ran across¹⁵ where the road made a turn,¹⁶ and

¹ *And give me an account of it, Et viens m'en rendre compte.*—² See § 37, 2—³ *Pretending, Faisant semblant.*—⁴ *The sultan would not be satisfied with, Le sultan ne voulut pas se contenter de.*—⁵ *Between whom they are now upon a treaty of marriage, Dont ils font en ce moment le contrat de mariage.*—⁶ *Provided you will settle upon your daughter, Pourvu que vous assuriez à votre fille.*—⁷ *Portion, Dot.*—⁸ See § 20.—⁹ See § 40.—¹⁰ *The story says, On dit que.*—¹¹ See § 55, 1.—¹² *Dismounting, Mettant pied à terre.*—¹³ *Got loose, S'échappa.*—¹⁴ *Seeing the affair, Voyant ce qui se passait.*—¹⁵ *Ran across, Courut à travers champs.*—¹⁶ *Made a turn, Faisait un coude.*

getting before the horse, took him by the bridle, and held him till his owner came up. Mr L. looked at the boy, and admired his ruddy, cheerful countenance.¹

"Thank you, my good lad," said he, "you have caught² my horse very cleverly. What shall I give you for your trouble?"³ putting his hand into his pocket.

"I want nothing, sir," said the boy.

Mr L. Don't you?⁴ so much the better for you. Few men can say as much.⁵ But, pray,⁶ what were you doing in the field?

B. I was tending the sheep.

Mr L. And do you like this employment?

B. Yes, very well this fine weather.⁷

Mr L. But had you not rather play?⁸

B. This is not hard work; it is almost as good⁹ as play.

Mr L. Who set you to work?

B. My daddy, sir.

Mr L. Where does he live?¹⁰

B. Just by, among the trees there.

Mr L. What is his name?

B. Thomas Hurdle.

Mr L. And what is yours?

B. Peter, sir.

Mr L. How old are you?

B. I shall be eight¹¹ at Michaelmas.

Mr L. How long have you been out¹² in this field?

B. Ever since six in the morning.¹³

Mr L. And are you not hungry?¹⁴

B. Yes;¹⁵ I shall go to my dinner soon.

Mr L. If you had sixpence now, what would you do with it?

B. I don't know. I never had so much in my life.

Mr L. Have you no playthings?

¹ *His ruddy, cheerful countenance*, Ses belles couleurs et son air enjoué.—² *You have caught*, Tu as rattrapé.—³ See § 3, 20.—⁴ *Don't you?* Vraiment?—⁵ See § 20.—⁶ *Pray*, Dis-moi.—⁷ *Yes, very well, this fine weather*, Oui, beaucoup, par ce beau temps.—⁸ *But had you not rather play?* Mais n'aimerais-tu pas mieux jouer?—⁹ *Good*, Agréable.—¹⁰ See § 2, 3.—¹¹ See § 55, 14.—¹² *How long have you been out?* Depuis quand as-tu été?—¹³ See § 30, 14.—¹⁴ See § 55, 42.—¹⁵ *Yes*, Si.

B. Playthings ! what are those ?¹

Mr L. Such as balls,² ninepins, marbles, tops, and wooden horses.

B. No, sir ; but our Tom³ makes footballs to kick⁴ in the cold weather, and we set traps for birds ; and then I have a pair of stilts to walk through the dirt with ; and I had a hoop but it is broken.

Mr L. And do you want nothing else ?

B. No sir ; for I always ride the horses to field, and tend the cows, and run to the town for errands ;⁵ and that is as good as play, you know.⁶

Mr L. Well, but you could buy apples or gingerbread at the town, I suppose, if you had money ?

B. Oh ! I can get apples at home ; and as for gingerbread, I don't mind it much,⁷ for my mother gives me a pie now and then, and that is as good.

Mr L. Would you not like a knife to cut sticks ?

B. I have one—here it is—brother Tom gave it me.

Mr L. Your shoes are full of holes—don't you want a better pair ?⁸

B. I have a better pair for Sundays.

Mr L. But these let in water.⁹

B. Oh, I don't care for that.¹⁰

Mr L. Your hat is all torn, too.

B. I have a better at home ; but I had as lief have none at all,¹¹ for it hurts my head.

Mr L. What do you do when it rains ?

B. If it rains very hard, I get under the hedge till it is over.

Mr L. What do you do when you are hungry before it is time to go home ?

B. I sometimes eat a raw turnip.

¹ *What are those ?* Qu'est-ce que cela ?—² *Such as balls,* Par exemple des balles.—³ *Our Tom,* Mon frère Tom.—⁴ *Footballs to kick,* Des ballons qu'on lance à coups de pied.—⁵ *For errands,* Pour faire des commissions.—⁶ *You know,* Voyez-vous.—⁷ *I don't mind it much* Je n'y tiens pas beaucoup.—⁸ See § 20.—⁹ See § 55, 43.—¹⁰ *I don't care for that,* Cela m'est bien égal.—¹¹ *I had as lief have none at all,* J'aimerais autant n'en pas avoir du tout.

Mr L. But if there are none?

B. Then I do as well as I can; I work on, and never think of it.¹

Mr L. Are you not dry sometimes this hot weather?

B. Yes, but there is water enough.

Mr L. Why, my little fellow, you are quite a philosopher.²

B. Sir?

Mr L. I say, you are a philosopher, but I am sure you do not know what that means.

B. No sir—no harm, I hope!³

Mr L. No, no! (*laughing.*)⁴ Well, my boy, you seem to want nothing at all, so I shall not give you money to make you want anything. But were you ever at school?

B. No, sir; but daddy says I shall go⁵ after harvest.

Mr L. You will want books then?

B. Yes, the boys have all a spelling-book⁶ and a New Testament.

Mr L. Well, then, I'll give you them. Tell your daddy so,⁷ and that it is⁸ because you are a very good little boy. So now go to your sheep again.

B. I will,⁹ sir. Thank you.

Mr L. Good-bye, Peter.

B. Good-bye, sir.

J. AIKIN.

1747-1822.

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE TUDORS.

It has long been the fashion, a fashion introduced by Mr Hume, to describe the English monarchy in the sixteenth century¹⁰ as an absolute monarchy. And such undoubtedly it appears to¹¹ a superficial observer. Elizabeth, it is true, often spoke to her parliament in language as haughty and imperious as that which the

¹ See § 33, 2.—² *You are quite a philosopher*, Tu es un vrai philosophe.—³ *No harm, I hope!* Ce n'est rien de mal j'espère.—⁴ *Mr L. No, no, (laughing.)* Mr L. (*riant*) Non, certainement.—⁵ See § 53.—⁶ *A spelling-book*, Un A B C.—⁷ *Tell your daddy so*, Dis-le à ton papa.—⁸ *And that it is*, Et ajoute que c'est.—⁹ *I will, J'y vais.*—¹⁰ See § 30, 3.—¹¹ *And such undoubtedly it appears to*, Et cela paraît sans doute ainsi à.

Great Turk would use to his divan.¹ She punished with great severity members of the House of Commons who, in her opinion, carried the freedom of debate² too far. She assumed³ the power of legislating by means of proclamations. She imprisoned her subjects without bringing them to a legal trial.⁴ Torture was often employed, in defiance of the laws of England, for the purpose of extorting confessions from those who were shut up in her dungeons. The authority of the Star Chamber,⁵ and of the Ecclesiastical Commission, was at its highest point.⁶ Severe restraints were imposed on political and religious discussion. The number of presses was limited. No man could print without a license; and every work had to undergo the scrutiny⁷ of the Primate or the Bishop of London. Persons whose writings were displeasing to the Court were cruelly mutilated, like Stubbs, or put to death, like Penry. Nonconformity⁸ was severely punished. The Queen prescribed the exact rule of religious faith and discipline; and whoever departed⁹ from that rule, either to the right or the left, was in danger¹⁰ of severe penalties.

Such was her government. Yet we know that it was loved by the great body of those who lived under it.¹¹ We know that, during the fierce contests of the sixteenth century, both the hostile parties spoke of the time of Elizabeth as of a golden age. That great queen has now been lying two hundred and thirty years in Henry the Seventh's Chapel. Yet her memory is still dear to the heart of a free people.

MACAULAY.

1808-1860.

INVASION OF THE BARBARIANS.

INURED by the rigour of their climate, or the poverty of their soil, to hardships,¹² which rendered their bodies firm, and their minds

¹ *To his divan*, Avec son divan.—² *The freedom of debate*, La liberté de discussion.—³ *She assumed*, Elle s'arrogea.—⁴ *Without bringing them to a legal trial*, Sans observer les formes légales.—⁵ *The Star Chamber*, La Chambre Étoilée.—⁶ *Was at its highest point*, Était dans toute sa force.—⁷ *The scrutiny*, L'examen.—⁸ *Nonconformity*, La non-conformité.—⁹ *Departed*, S'écartait.—¹⁰ *Was in danger of*, S'exposait à.—¹¹ *Under it*, Sous ce régime.—¹² *To hardships*, Aux privations.

vigorous ; accustomed to a course of life which was a continual preparation for action ; and disdaining every occupation but¹ that of war or of hunting ; the barbarous nations undertook and prosecuted their military enterprises with an ardour and impetuosity, of which men, softened by the refinements of more polished times, can scarcely form any idea.

Their first inroads into the empire proceeded² rather from the love of plunder, than from the desire of new settlements. Roused to arms³ by some enterprising or popular leader, they sallied out of their forests ; broke in upon⁴ the frontier provinces with irresistible violence ; put all⁵ who opposed them⁶ to the sword ;⁷ carried off the most valuable effects of the inhabitants ; dragged along multitudes of captives in chains ; wasted all before them with fire or sword ; and returned in triumph to their wilds and fastnesses. Their success, together with the accounts which they gave of the unknown conveniences and luxuries that abound in countries better cultivated, or blessed with⁸ a milder climate than their own, excited new adventurers, and exposed the frontier to new devastations.

When nothing was left to plunder in the adjacent provinces ravaged by frequent excursions, they marched farther from home, and finding it⁹ difficult or dangerous to return, they began to settle in the countries which they had subdued. The sudden and short excursions in quest of¹⁰ booty, which had alarmed and disquieted the empire, ceased ; a more dreadful calamity impended. Great bodies of armed men, with their wives and children, and slaves and flocks, issued forth, like regular colonies, in quest of new settlements. People who had no cities, and seldom any fixed habitation, were so little attached to their native soil, that they migrated without reluctance from one place to another. New adventurers followed them. The lands which they deserted were occupied by more remote tribes of barbarians. These, in their turn, pushed forward into more fertile countries, and, like a torrent

¹ Every occupation but, Toute autre occupation.—² Proceeded, Provenaient.—

³ Roused to arms, Appelés aux armes.—⁴ Broke in upon, Se jetèrent sur.—⁵ All, Tous ceux.—⁶ See § 37, 10.—⁷ See § 55, 44.—⁸ Blessed with, Favorisés de. See also § 29.—⁹ See § 18.—¹⁰ In quest of, En quête de.

continually increasing, rolled on¹ and swept everything before them. In less than two centuries from their first irruption, barbarians of various names and lineage plundered and took possession of² Thrace, Pannonia, Gaul, Spain, Africa, and at last of Italy, and Rome itself. The vast fabric³ of the Roman power, which it had been the work of ages to perfect,⁴ was in that short period overturned from the foundation.⁵

W. ROBERTSON.

1721-1793.

GULLIVER AT BROBDINGNAG.

I SHOULD have lived happily enough in that country, if my littleness had not exposed me to several ridiculous and troublesome accidents, some of which I shall venture to relate. Glumdalclitch often carried me into the gardens of the court in my smaller box, and would sometimes take me out of it,⁶ and hold me in her hand, or set me down to walk.⁷ I remember, before the dwarf left the queen, he followed us one day into those gardens, and my nurse having set me down, he and I being close together,⁸ near some dwarf apple trees, I must needs show my wit,⁹ by a silly allusion between him and the trees, which happens to hold in their language as it doth in ours.¹⁰ Whereupon the malicious rogue, watching his opportunity, when I was walking under one of them, shook it directly over my head, by which a dozen apples, each of them near as large as a Bristol barrel, came tumbling about my ears;¹¹ one of them¹² hit me on the back as I chanced to stoop, and knocked me down flat on my face; but I received no other

¹ *Rolled on*, Refoulaient.—² *Plundered and took possession of*, Ravagèrent et prirent.—³ *The vast fabric*, Le grand édifice.—⁴ *The work of ages to perfect*, L'œuvre des siècles.—⁵ *From the foundation*, De fond en comble.—⁶ *Would sometimes take me out of it*, Quelquefois elle m'en faisait sortir.—⁷ *Or set me down to walk*, Ou me mettait à terre pour me faire marcher.—⁸ *Being close together*, Nous trouvant à côté l'un de l'autre.—⁹ *I must needs show my wit*, Je ne pus résister à la tentation de montrer mon esprit.—¹⁰ *Which happens to hold in their language as it doth in ours*, Allusion qui, par hasard, se trouve dans leur langue comme dans la nôtre.—¹¹ *By which a dozen apples, each of them near as large as a Bristol barrel, came tumbling about my ears*, Ce qui fit tomber à nos oreilles une douzaine de pommes, dont chacune, &c.—¹² *One of them*, Il y en eut une qui.

hurt, and the dwarf was pardoned at¹ my desire, because I had given the provocation.

But a more dangerous accident happened to me in the same garden, when my little nurse, believing she had put me in a secure place, which I often entreated her to do, that I might enjoy my own thoughts,² and having left my box at home to avoid the trouble of carrying it, went to another part of the garden with her governess, and some ladies of her acquaintance. While she was absent, and out of hearing,³ a small white spaniel belonging⁴ to one of the chief gardeners, having got by accident into the garden, happened to range near the place where I lay;⁵ the dog, following the scent, came directly up,⁶ and taking me in his mouth, ran straight to his master, wagging his tail, and set me gently on the ground. By good fortune he had been so well taught,⁷ that I was carried between his teeth without the least hurt, or even tearing my clothes. But the poor gardener, who knew me well, and had a great kindness for me, was in a terrible fright; he gently took me up in both his hands, and asked me how I did;⁸ but I was so amazed and out of breath that I could not speak a word.⁹ In a few minutes¹⁰ I came to myself, and he carried me to my little nurse, who by this time had returned to the place where she left me, and was in cruel agonies¹¹ when I did not appear, nor answer when she called. She severely reprimanded the gardener on account of his dog. But the thing was hushed up, and never known at Court; for the girl was afraid of the Queen's anger; and truly, as to myself,¹² I thought it would not be for my reputation that such a story should go about.¹³

I cannot tell whether I were more pleased or mortified to observe in those solitary walks that the smaller birds did not

¹ See § 26, 2.—² *That I might enjoy my own thoughts*, Afin de me livrer à mes pensées.—³ *And out of my hearing*, Et hors de la portée de ma voix.—⁴ *Belonging*, Qui appartenait.—⁵ *Happened to range near the place where I lay*, Rôdait par hasard près de l'endroit où j'étais couché.—⁶ *The dog, following the scent, came directly up*, Le chien, guidé par son odorat, vint droit à moi.—⁷ *So well taught*, Si bien dressé.—⁸ *How I did*, Comment je me trouvais.—⁹ *Speak a word*, Dire un mot.—¹⁰ See § 30, 2.—¹¹ *Agonies*, Angoisses.—¹² *As to myself*, Quant à moi.—¹³ *It would not be for my reputation that such a story should go about*, Ma réputation n'aurait qu'à perdre si une telle histoire se répandait.

appear to be at all afraid of me, but would hop about me, within a yard's distance, looking for worms and other food with as much indifference and security as if no creature at all were near them. I remember a thrush had the confidence to snatch out of my hand,¹ with his bill, a piece of cake that Glumdalclitch had just given me for my breakfast. When I attempted to catch any of these birds, they would boldly turn against me, endeavouring to peck my fingers, which I durst not venture² within their reach; and then they would hop back unconcerned,³ to hunt for worms or snails, as they did before. But one day I took a thick cudgel, and threw it with all my strength so luckily at a linnet, that I knocked him down, and seizing him by the neck with both my hands, ran with him in triumph to my nurse.⁴ However, the bird, who had only been stunned, recovering himself, gave me so many boxes with his wings on both sides of my head and body, though I held him at arm's length,⁵ that I was twenty times thinking to let him go. But I was soon relieved by one of our servants, who wrung off the bird's neck, and I had him next day for dinner by the Queen's command. The linnet, as near as I can remember,⁶ seemed to be somewhat larger⁷ than an English swan.

As I sat one day quietly meditating at my table, I heard something bounce in at my closet window, and skip about from one side to the other. Although I were much alarmed, yet⁸ I ventured to look out, but not stirring from my seat; and then I saw a frolicsome monkey frisking and leaping up and down, till at last he came to my box, which he seemed to view with great pleasure and curiosity,⁹ peeping in at the door and every window. I retreated to the farther corner of my box, but the monkey looking in at every side put me into such a fright that I wanted presence of mind to conceal myself under the bed, as I might

¹ *To snatch out of my hand, Pour m'arracher de la main.*—² *Which I durst not venture within their reach, Que je me gardais bien de mettre à leur portée.*—³ *Unconcerned, Sans s'inquiéter de moi.*—⁴ *I ran with him in triumph to my nurse, Je le portai en triomphe à ma bonne.*—⁵ *Though I held him at arm's length, Quoique je le tinsse à distance de toute la longueur de mon bras.*—⁶ *As near as I can remember, Autant que je puis m'en souvenir.*—⁷ *See § 3, 19.*—⁸ *See § 42.*—⁹ *With great pleasure and curiosity, Avec autant de plaisir que de curiosité.*

easily have done.¹ After some time spent in peeping, grinning, and chattering, he at last espied me, and reaching one of his paws in at the door, as a cat does when she plays² with a mouse, although I often shifted place to avoid him, he at length seized the lappet of my coat, (which, being made of that country's silk, was very thick and strong,) and dragged me out. He took me up in his right fore-foot, just as I have seen the same sort of creature do³ with a kitten in Europe; and when I offered to struggle, he squeezed me so hard, that I thought it more prudent to submit. I have good reason to believe that he took me for a young one of his own species, by his often stroking my face⁴ very gently with his other paw. In these diversions he was interrupted⁵ by a noise at the closet door, as if somebody had opened it; whereupon he suddenly leaped up to the window at which he had come in, and thence upon the leads and gutters, walking upon three legs, and holding me in the fourth, till he clambered to a roof that was next to ours; but an honest lad, one of my nurse's footmen, climbed up, and putting me in his pocket, brought me down safe.⁶

SWIFT.

1667-1745.

THE ESCAPE OF MARY FROM LOCHLEVEN CASTLE.

THE laird of Lochleven discharged with severe fidelity the task⁷ of Mary's jailer; but his youngest brother, George Douglas, became more sensible to the queen's distress than to the interests of the Regent Murray, or of his own family. A plot laid by him for the queen's deliverance was discovered, and he was expelled from the island in consequence. But he kept up a correspondence with a kinsman of his own,⁸ called little Douglas, a boy of fifteen

¹ *As I might easily have done*, Comme j'aurais pu le faire aisément.—² *As a cat does when she plays*, Comme fait une chatte qui joue.—³ *Just as I have seen the same sort of creature do*, Comme j'ai vu faire à la même créature.—⁴ *By his often stroking my face*, Parcequ'il me caressait souvent la figure.—⁵ *In these diversions he was interrupted*, Ce divertissement fut interrompu.—⁶ *Brought me down safe*, Me fit descendre en sûreté.—⁷ *Discharged with severe fidelity the task*, Remplassait avec fidélité, mais avec rigueur, l'emploi de.—⁸ *A kinsman of his own*, Un de ses parents.

or sixteen, who had remained in the castle. On¹ the 2d of May 1568, this little William Douglas contrived to steal² the keys of the castle while the family were at supper. He let Mary and her attendant out of the tower when all had gone to rest, locked the gates of the castle to prevent pursuit, placed the queen and her waiting-woman in a little skiff, and rowed them to the shore,³ throwing the keys of the castle into the lake in the course of their passage. Just when they were about to set out on this adventurous voyage, the youthful pilot made a signal by a light in a particular window visible at the upper end of the lake, to intimate that all was safe.⁴ Lord Seaton and a party of the Hamiltons were waiting at the landing-place. The queen instantly mounted, and hurried off to Niddry,⁵ in West Lothian, from which⁶ she went next day to Hamilton. The news flew like lightning throughout the country, and spread enthusiasm everywhere. The people remembered Mary's gentleness, grace, and beauty : they remembered her misfortunes also ; and, if they reflected on her errors, they thought they had been punished with sufficient severity. On Sunday,⁷ Mary was a sad and helpless captive in a lonely tower. On the Saturday following, she was at the head of a powerful confederacy, by which nine earls, nine bishops, eighteen lords, and many gentlemen of high rank, engaged to defend her person and restore her power. But this gleam of success was only temporary.⁸

WALTER SCOTT.
1771-1832.

THE WHISTLE.

WHEN I was a child, of seven years of age, my friends, on a holiday,⁹ filled my pockets with coppers.¹⁰ I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children ; and, being charmed with the sound of a whistle, that I saw on the way in the hands of

¹ See § 86, 8.—² *Contrived to steal*, Parvint à dérober.—³ *And rowed them to the shore*, Puis il se mit à ramer dans la direction du rivage.—⁴ *That all was safe*, Que tout allait bien.—⁵ *And hurried off to Niddry*, Et se dirigea en toute hâte sur Niddry.—⁶ *From which*, D'où.—⁷ See § 86, 8.—⁸ *Was only temporary*, Ne devait durer que bien peu de temps.—⁹ *Holiday*, Jour de fête.—¹⁰ *With coppers*, De sous.

another boy, I voluntarily offered him¹ all my money for it.² I then came home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my whistle, but disturbing all the family. My brothers, and sisters, and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth.³ This put me in mind what good things⁴ I might have bought with the rest of the money;⁵ and they laughed at⁶ me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation,⁷ and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the whistle gave me pleasure.

This, however, was afterwards of use to me,⁸ the impression continuing on my mind; so that often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, "Don't give too much for the whistle;" and so I saved my money.

As I grew up, and observed the actions of men, I met with⁹ many, very many,¹⁰ who gave too much for their whistle.

When I saw any one too ambitious of court favours, sacrificing his time in attendance on levees,¹¹ his repose, his liberty, his virtue and perhaps his friends, I have said to myself, "This man gives too much for his whistle."

When I saw another¹² fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles,¹³ neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect: "He pays, indeed," said I, "too much for¹⁴ his whistle."

If I knew a miser, who gave up every kind of comfortable living,¹⁵ all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth: "Poor man," said I, "you do indeed pay too much for your whistle."

If I saw one fond of fine clothes, fine furniture, fine equipages,

¹ I voluntarily offered him, Je lui proposai.—² For it, Pour l'avoir.—³ I had given four times as much for it as it was worth, Que j'en avais donné quatre fois plus qu'il ne valait.—⁴ This put me in mind what good things, Cela me fit réfléchir à toutes les bonnes choses que.—⁵ The rest of the money, Le surplus de l'argent.—⁶ See § 32, 8.—⁷ With vexation, De dépit.—⁸ Was of use to me, Me fut utile.—⁹ See § 36, 5.—¹⁰ Very many, Un très-grand nombre.—¹¹ In attendance on levees, En assiduités aux levers.—¹² See § 20.—¹³ Political bustles, Discussions politiques.—¹⁴ See § 36, 9.—¹⁵ Every kind of comfortable living, Toute espèce de bien-être.

all above his fortune, for which he contracts debts, and ends his career in prison : " Alas ! " said I, " he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle."

In short, I conceived that a great part of the miseries of mankind were brought upon them by the false estimates they had made of the value of things, and by¹ their giving too much for their whistles.

B. FRANKLIN.

1706-1790.

CATHARINE I. EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

CATHARINE, born near Derpat, a little city in Livonia, was heiress to no other inheritance than² the virtues and frugality of her parents. Her father being dead, she lived with her aged mother in their cottage covered with straw ;³ and both, though very poor, were very contented. There, retired from the gaze of the world, by the labour of her hands, she supported⁴ her mother, who was now incapable of supporting herself.⁵ While Catharine spun, the old woman would sit by and read some book of devotion ;⁶ thus, when the fatigues of the day were over,⁷ both would sit down contentedly by their fireside.

Though her face and person were models of perfection, yet,⁸ her whole attention seemed bestowed upon her mind ; her mother taught her to read, and an old Lutheran minister instructed her in the maxims and duties of religion. Nature had furnished her not only with a strong but a right understanding. Such accomplishments⁹ procured her several solicitations of marriage¹⁰ from the peasants of the neighbourhood ; but their offers were refused ; for she loved her mother too tenderly to think of¹¹ a separation.

Catharine was fifteen¹² when her mother died ; she now therefore left her cottage, and went to live with the Lutheran minister, by whom she had been instructed from her childhood. In his

¹ See § 31, 5.—² *Was heiress to no other inheritance than*, N'eut pas d'autre héritage que.—³ See § 29, 2.—⁴ See § 3, 9.—⁵ *Of supporting herself*, De se suffire à elle-même.—⁶ See § 4.—⁷ *When the fatigues of the day were over*, Après les fatigues de la journée.—⁸ See § 42.—⁹ *Accomplishments*, Talents.—¹⁰ *Solicitations of marriage* Demandes en mariage.—¹¹ See § 33, 2.—¹² See § 55, 14.

house she resided in quality of governess to his children, at once reconciling in her character¹ unerring prudence with surprising vivacity.

The old man, who regarded her as one of his own children,² had her instructed in³ dancing and music by the masters who attended the rest⁴ of the family; thus she continued to improve⁵ till he died, by which accident she was once more reduced to⁶ pristine poverty. The country of Livonia was at this time wasted by war, and lay in a most miserable state of desolation. Those calamities are ever most heavy upon the poor; wherefore Catharine, though possessed of⁷ so many accomplishments, experienced all the miseries of hopeless indigence. Provisions becoming every day more scarce, and her private stock⁸ being exhausted, she resolved to travel to⁹ Marienburgh, a city of greater plenty.¹⁰

With her scanty wardrobe packed up in a wallet, she set out on her journey on foot; she had to walk through a region miserable by nature, but rendered still more hideous by the Swedes and Russians, who plundered it at discretion: but hunger had taught her to despise the dangers and fatigues of the way.

One evening as she entered¹¹ a cottage by the wayside, to take up her lodging for the night,¹² she was insulted by two Swedish soldiers, but a subaltern officer, accidentally passing by, came in to her assistance; upon his appearing,¹³ the soldiers immediately desisted; but her thankfulness was hardly greater than her surprise, when she instantly recollected in her deliverer the son of the Lutheran minister, her former instructor and friend.

This was a happy interview¹⁴ for Catharine; her little stock of money was by this time quite exhausted; her clothes were gone, piece by piece,¹⁵ in order to satisfy those who had entertained her

¹ *At once reconciling in her character*, Sachant concilier à la fois dans sa conduite.
² *Of his own children*, De ses filles.—³ *Had her instructed in*, Lui fit apprendre.—
⁴ *Who attended the rest*, Qui donnaient des leçons aux membres.—⁵ *To improve*, À se perfectionner.—⁶ *By which accident she was once more reduced to*, Malheur qui la réduisit encore une fois à.—⁷ *Possessed of*, Douée de.—⁸ *Her private stock*, Sa réserve personnelle.—⁹ *To travel to*, De se diriger sur.—¹⁰ *Of greater plenty*, Qui offrait plus de ressources.—¹¹ *See* § 37, 12.—¹² *To take up her lodging for the night*, Pour y passer la nuit.—¹³ *Upon his appearing*, À son aspect.—¹⁴ *A happy interview*, Une heureuse rencontre.—¹⁵ *Her clothes were gone, piece by piece*, Ses vêtements s'en étaient allés un à un.

in their houses: her generous countryman parted with what he could spare¹ to buy her clothes, furnished her with a horse,² and gave her letters of recommendation to Mr Gluck, a faithful friend of his father's, and superintendent at Marienburgh. Our beautiful stranger had only to appear to be well received; she was immediately admitted into the superintendent's family, as governess to³ his two daughters.

In the meantime⁴ Marienburgh was taken by the Russians; and such was the fury of the assailants, that not only the garrison, but almost all the inhabitants, men, women, and children, were put to the sword;⁵ at length, when the carnage was pretty well over, Catharine was found hid in an oven.

She had been hitherto poor, but still was free; she had now to learn what it was to be a slave;⁶ in this situation, however, she behaved with piety and humility; and though misfortunes abated her vivacity, yet she was cheerful.⁷ The fame of her merit and resignation reached Prince Menzikoff, the Russian General; he desired to see her, was struck with her beauty, bought her of the soldier her master,⁸ and placed her under the direction of his own sister. Here she was treated with all the respect which her merit deserved,⁹ while her beauty every day improved with her good fortune.

She had not been long¹⁰ in this situation, when Peter the Great, paying the Prince a visit,¹¹ Catharine happened to come in with¹² some dry fruits, which she served round with peculiar modesty. The mighty monarch¹³ returned the next day, called for¹⁴ the beautiful slave, asked¹⁵ her several questions, and found her understanding even more perfect than her person.

He had been forced, when young, to marry from motives of

¹ Parted with what he could spare, Se défit de tout ce dont il put disposer.—

² Furnished her with a horse, Lui procura un cheval.—³ See § 32, 10.—⁴ In the meantime, Sur ces entrefaites.—⁵ See § 65, 44.—⁶ What it was to be a slave, Ce que c'était que d'être esclave.—⁷ She was cheerful, Elle conserva sa gaîté.—⁸ Of the soldier her master, Au soldat à qui elle appartenait. See also § 33.—⁹ Which her merit deserved, Dû à son mérite.—¹⁰ She had not been long, Il n'y avait pas longtemps qu'elle était.—¹¹ See § 3, 3.—¹² Catharine happened to come in with, Catharine entra par hasard portant.—¹³ See § 3, 1.—¹⁴ Called for, Fit venir.—¹⁵ Asked, Fit.

interest ; he was now resolved to marry pursuantly to¹ his own inclinations. He immediately inquired the history of the fair Livonian, who was not yet eighteen. He traced her through all the vicissitudes of her fortune,² and found her truly great in them all. The meanness of her birth was no obstruction to his design : their nuptials were solemnised in private ; the Prince assuring his courtiers, that virtue alone was the most proper ladder to a throne.³

GOLDSMITH.

1729-1774.

THE DERVISE.

A DERVISE, travelling through Tartary, being arrived at the town of Balk, went into the king's palace by mistake, as thinking it to be⁴ a public inn or caravansary.

Having looked about him for⁵ some time, he entered into a long gallery, where he laid down his wallet, and spread his carpet, in order to repose himself upon it, after the manner⁶ of the Eastern nations.

He had not been long⁷ in this posture before he was discovered by some of the guards, who asked him what was his business⁸ in that place ? The Dervise told them he intended to take up his night's lodging in that caravansary. The guards let him know, in a very angry manner, that the house he was in⁹ was not a caravansary, but the king's palace. It happened that the king himself passed through the gallery during this debate, and smiling at the mistake of the Dervise, asked him how he could be so dull as not to distinguish a palace from a caravansary ?¹⁰ "Sire," says the Dervise, "give me leave to ask your majesty a question¹¹ or two. Who were the persons that lodged in this house when it was first

¹ Pursuantly to, Selon.—² He traced her through all the vicissitudes of her fortune, Il la suivit à travers toutes les vicissitudes de sa destinée.—³ That virtue alone was the most proper ladder to a throne, Que les vertus seules sont les plus sûrs degrés pour arriver au trône.—⁴ As thinking it to be, Pensant que c'était.—⁵ See § 28, 1.—

⁶ After the manner, À la manière.—⁷ Long, Longtemps.—⁸ What was his business, Ce qu'il faisait.—⁹ The house he was in, La maison où il se trouvait.—¹⁰ See § 1.—

¹¹ A question or two, Une ou deux questions.

built?"¹ The king replied, "His ancestors."² "And who," says the Dervise, "was the last person that lodged here?" The king replied, "His father." "And who is it," says the Dervise, "that lodges here at present?" The king told him "That it was he himself." "And who," says the Dervise, "will be here after you?" The king answered, "The young prince, his son." "Ah! sire," said the Dervise, "a house that changes its inhabitants so often, and receives such a perpetual succession of guests,³ is not a palace, but a caravansary."

J. ADDISON.

1672-1719.

MAHOMET.

MAHOMET, or more properly Mohammed, the only son of Abdallah and Amina, was born at Mecca,⁴ four years after the death of Justinian, and two months after the defeat of the Abyssinians, whose victory would have introduced into the Caaba the religion of the Christians. In his early infancy, he was deprived of his father, his mother, and his grandfather; his uncles were strong and numerous; and in the division of the inheritance, the orphan's share was reduced to five camels and an Æthiopian maid-servant. Abu Taleb, the most respectable of his uncles, was the guide and guardian of his youth. Mahomet, in his twenty-fifth year, entered into the service of Cadijah, a rich and noble widow of Mecca, who soon rewarded his fidelity with the gift of her hand and fortune. The marriage contract describes him as the most accomplished of the tribe of Koreish; and stipulates a dowry of twelve ounces of gold and twenty camels, which was supplied by the liberality of his uncle. By this alliance, the son of Abdallah was restored to the station of his ancestors;⁵ and the judicious Cadijah⁶ was con-

¹ *When it was first built, Aussitôt qu'elle fut bâtie.*—² *The king replied, his ancestors, Le roi répondit que c'étaient ses ancêtres.*—³ *And receives such a perpetual succession of guests, Et reçoit ainsi continuellement de nouveaux hôtes.*—⁴ *Was born at Mecca, Naquit à la Mecque.*—⁵ *Was restored to the station of his ancestors, Fut rétabli dans la position de ses ancêtres.*—⁶ *The judicious Cadijah, La sensée Cadijah.*

tent with his domestic virtues, till, in the fortieth year of his age, he assumed the title of a prophet, and proclaimed the religion of the Koran.

According to the tradition of his companions, Mahomet was distinguished by¹ the beauty of his person, an outward gift that is seldom despised, except by those to whom it has been refused. Before he spoke, the orator engaged on his side the affections² of a public or private audience. They applauded his commanding presence,³ his majestic aspect, his piercing eye, his gracious smile, his flowing beard, his countenance that painted every sensation of the soul, and his gestures that enforced⁴ each expression of the tongue. In the familiar offices⁵ of life he scrupulously adhered to the grave and ceremonious politeness of his country : his respectful attention to the rich and powerful was dignified by⁶ his condescension and affability to the poorest citizens of Mecca ; the frankness of his manner concealed the artifice of his views. His memory was capacious and retentive ;⁷ his imagination sublime ; his judgment clear, rapid, and decisive. He possessed the courage both of thought and action ; and, although his designs might gradually expand with his success, the first idea which he entertained of his divine mission⁸ bears the stamp of an original and superior genius. The son of Abdallah was educated in the bosom of the noblest race, in the use of the purest dialect of Arabia. With these powers of eloquence,⁹ Mahomet was an illiterate barbarian ; his youth had never been instructed in the arts of reading and writing ;¹⁰ the common ignorance exempted him from shame or reproach, but he was reduced to a narrow circle of existence, and deprived of those faithful mirrors which reflect to our mind the minds of sages and heroes. From¹¹ his earliest youth Mahomet was addicted to

¹ *Was distinguished by*, Se faisait remarquer pour.—² *The orator engaged on his side the affections*, Il avait gagné les sympathies.—³ *His commanding presence*, Son air imposant.—⁴ *That enforced*, Qui donnaient de la force à.—⁵ *In the familiar offices*, Dans les rapports familiaux.—⁶ *His respectful attention to . . . was dignified by*, Ses égards respectueux pour . . . étaient relevés par.—⁷ *Capacious and retentive*, Vaste et fidèle.—⁸ *Divine mission*, Mission divine.—⁹ *With these powers of eloquence*, Avec toutes ces qualités d'orateur.—¹⁰ *His youth had never been instructed in the arts of reading and writing*, Dans sa jeunesse on ne lui avait jamais enseigné à lire ou à écrire.—¹¹ *From*, Dès.

religious contemplation ; each year, during the month of Ramadan, he withdrew from the world, and in the cave of Hera, three miles from Mecca, he consulted the spirit of fraud or enthusiasm, whose abode is not in the heavens, but in the mind of the Prophet. The faith which, under the name of *Islam*, he preached to his family and nation, is compounded of an eternal truth, and a necessary fiction, THAT THERE IS ONLY ONE GOD, AND THAT MAHOMET IS THE APOSTLE OF GOD.

GIBBON.

1737-1794.

THE VULTURE AND HIS CHILDREN.

"My children," said an old vulture to his young ones, "you will the less want my instructions, because you have had my practice¹ before your eyes. You have seen me snatch from the farm the household fowls, you have seen me seize the leveret in the bush, and the kid in the pasture ; and you know how² to fix your talons,³ and how to take your flight when you are laden with your prey. But you remember the taste of more delicious food. I have often regaled you with the flesh of man." "Tell us," said the young vultures, "where man may be found, and how he may be known ; his flesh is surely the natural food of the vulture. Why have you never brought a man in your talons to the nest ?" "He is too bulky," said the vulture ; "when we find a man we can only tear away his flesh, and leave his bones upon the ground." "Since man is so big," said the young ones, "how do you kill him ? You are afraid of the wolf and of the bear ; by what power are vultures superior to man ? Is man more defenceless⁴ than a sheep ?" "We have not the strength of man," returned the vulture, "and I am sometimes in doubt whether we have the subtlety ;⁵ and the vultures would seldom feast upon his flesh, had not nature,⁶ that devoted him⁷ to our uses, infused into him

¹ *My practice*, Mon exemple.—² See § 55, 39.—³ *To fix your talons*, Enfoncer vos serres.—⁴ *Is more defenceless*, A moins de défense.—⁵ *And I am sometimes in doubt whether we have the subtlety*, Et je doute quelquefois que nous ayons autant de finesse.—⁶ See § 5, 8.—⁷ *That devoted him*, Qui l'a destiné.

a strange ferocity, which I have never observed in any other being that feeds upon the earth. Two herds of men will often meet and shake the earth with noise, and fill the air with fire. When you hear¹ noise, and² see fire, with flashes along the ground, hasten to the place with your swiftest wing,³ for men are surely destroying one another; you will then find the ground smoking with blood, and covered with carcasses, of which many are dismembered and mangled for the convenience of the vulture." "But when men have killed their prey," said the pupil, "why do they not eat it? When the wolf has killed a sheep, he suffers not the vulture to touch it till⁴ he has satisfied himself. Is not man another kind of wolf?" "Man," said the old vulture, "is the only beast who kills that which he does not devour, and this quality makes him so much a benefactor to⁵ our species."—"If man kill our prey, and⁶ lay it in our way," said the young one, "what need shall we have of labouring for ourselves?"—"Because man will, sometimes, remain for a long time quiet in his den. The old vultures will tell you when you are to watch his motions. When you see men in great numbers moving close together,⁸ like a flight of storks, you may conclude that they are hunting, and that you will soon revel in human blood."—"But still," said the young one, "I would gladly know the reason of this mutual slaughter; I would never kill what I could not eat."—"My child," said the vulture, "this is a question which I cannot answer,⁹ though I am reckoned the most subtle bird of the mountain. When I was young, I used frequently to visit the eyry of an old vulture, who dwelt upon the Carpathian rocks;¹⁰ he had made many observations; he knew the places that afforded prey round his habitation, as far in every direction as the strongest wing can fly between the rising and the setting of the summer sun; he had fed year after year on¹¹ the entrails of men. His opinion was, that men had only the appearance of animal life, being really vegetables with a power of

¹ See § 40.—² See § 41.—³ *Hasten to the place with your swiftest wing*, Dirigez-vous vers cet endroit à tire d'aile.—⁴ See § 39.—⁵ See § 32, 10.—⁶ See § 41.—⁷ *What need shall we have of labouring for ourselves?* À quel bon nous donner de la peine? —⁸ *Moving close together*, Marchant en lignes serrées.—⁹ See § 37.—¹⁰ *Carpathian rocks*, Les monts Carpathes.—¹¹ See § 34, 5

motion ;¹ and that, as the boughs of an oak are dashed together by the storm, that swine may fatten upon the fallen acorns, so men are by some unaccountable power driven one against another, till they lose their motion, that vultures may be fed. Others think they have observed something of contrivance and policy² among these mischievous beings ; and those that hover most closely round them pretend that there is, in every herd, one that gives directions to the rest, and seems to be more eminently delighted with a wide carnage. What it is that entitles him to³ such pre-eminence we know not ; he is seldom the biggest or the swiftest, but he shows by his eagerness and diligence that he is, more than any of the others, a friend to⁴ the vultures."

S. JOHNSON.

1709-1784.

THE DEATH OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

SOME incidents happened which revived her tenderness for Essex, and filled her with the deepest sorrow for the consent which she had unwarily given to his execution.

The Earl of Essex, after his return from the fortunate expedition against Cadiz, observing the increase of the queen's fond attachment towards him, took occasion to regret that the necessity of her service required him often to be absent from her person, and exposed him to all those⁵ ill offices which his enemies, more assiduous in their attendance,⁶ could employ against him. She was moved with⁷ this tender jealousy ; and, making him the present of a ring, desired him to keep that pledge of her affection, and assured him that into whatever disgrace he should fall, whatever prejudices she might be induced to entertain against him,⁸ yet⁹ if he sent her that ring, she would immediately, upon sight

¹ *With a power of motion*, Avec la faculté de se mouvoir.—² *Something of contrivance and policy*, Une sorte d'arrangement et d'organisation.—³ *Entitles him to*, Lui donne droit à.—⁴ See § 32, 10.—⁵ See § 11.—⁶ *More assiduous in their attendance*, Plus assidus auprès d'elle.—⁷ See § 29.—⁸ *Whatever prejudices she might be induced to entertain against him*, Quelques préventions qu'on pût lui inspirer contre lui.—⁹ See § 42.

of it, recall her former tenderness, and would lend a favourable ear to his apology. Essex, notwithstanding all his misfortunes, reserved this precious gift to the last extremity ; but after his trial and condemnation, he resolved to try the experiment, and he committed the ring to the Countess of Nottingham, whom he desired to deliver it to the queen. The countess was prevailed on by her husband, the mortal enemy of Essex, not to¹ execute the commission ; and Elizabeth, who still expected that her favourite would make this last appeal to her tenderness, and who ascribed the neglect of it² to his invincible obstinacy, was, after much delay and many internal combats, pushed by resentment and policy to sign the warrant for his execution. The Countess of Nottingham falling into sickness, and affected with³ the near approach of death, was seized with remorse for her conduct ; and, having obtained a visit from the queen, she craved her pardon, and revealed to her the fatal secret. The queen, astonished with this incident, burst into a furious passion ; she shook the dying countess in her bed ; and crying to her that God might pardon her,⁴ but she never could, she broke from her, and thenceforth resigned herself over to the deepest and most incurable melancholy. She rejected all consolation ; she even refused food and sustenance ;⁵ and throwing herself on the floor she remained sullen and immovable, feeding her thoughts on her afflictions, and declaring life and existence an insufferable burden to her. Few words she uttered, and they were all expressive of some inward grief which she cared not to reveal ; but sighs and groans were the chief vent which she gave to her despondency.⁶ Ten days and nights she lay upon the carpet, leaning on cushions which her maids brought her ; and her physicians could not persuade her to allow herself to be put to bed, much less to make trial of any remedies which they prescribed to her. Her anxious mind at last had so long preyed on her

¹ *The Countess was prevailed on by her husband not to, La Comtesse se laissa persuader par son mari de ne pas.*—² *Who ascribed the neglect of it, Qui attribua son silence.*—³ *Affected with, Effrayée de.*—⁴ See § 37, 4.—⁵ *She even refused food and sustenance, Elle refusa même tout ce qui pouvait la nourrir et soutenir ses forces.*—⁶ *But sighs and groans were the chief vent which she gave to her despondency, Mais c'est surtout par des soupirs et des gémissements qu'elle exhalait son désespoir.*

frail body, that¹ her end was visibly approaching; and the council being assembled, sent the keeper, admiral, and secretary, to know her will with regard to her successor. She answered with a faint voice that as she had held a regal sceptre, she desired no other than a royal successor. Cecil requesting her to explain herself more particularly, she subjoined that she would have a king to succeed her; and who should that be but her nearest kinsman, the King of Scots? Being then advised by the Archbishop of Canterbury to fix her thoughts upon God, she replied that she did so, nor did her mind in the least wander from Him. Her voice soon after left her; her senses failed; she fell into a lethargic slumber, which continued some hours, and she expired gently, without further struggle or convulsion (March 24), in the seventieth year of her age and forty-fifth of her reign.

D. HUMF.
1711-1776.

THE MONKEY AND THE TWO CATS.

Two cats, having stolen some cheese, could not agree about dividing their prize. In order, therefore, to settle the dispute, they consented to refer the matter to a monkey.² The proposed arbitrator very readily accepted the office,³ and, producing a balance,⁴ put a part into each scale. "Let me see," said he, "ay! this lump outweighs the other;"⁵ and immediately he bit off⁶ a considerable piece in order to reduce it, he observed, to an equilibrium.⁷ The opposite scale was now become the heaviest; which afforded our conscientious judge an additional reason for a second mouthful. "Hold! hold!" said the two cats, who began to be alarmed for the event, "give us our respective shares, and we are

¹ *Her anxious mind at last had so long preyed on her frail body, that,* Enfin ses peines morales avaient si longtemps miné sa frêle constitution, que.—² *To refer the matter to a monkey,* À soumettre le cas à un singe.—³ *The proposed arbitrator very readily accepted the office,* Notre arbitre accepta avec empressement.—⁴ *Producing a balance,* Prenant une balance.—⁵ *This lump outweighs the other,* Ce morceau est plus lourd que l'autre.—⁶ *He bit off,* Il enleva d'un coup de dent.—⁷ *To reduce it to an equilibrium,* Pour rétablir l'équilibre.

satisfied." "If you are satisfied," returned the monkey, "justice is not ;¹ a case of this intricate nature is by no means so soon determined." Upon which he continued to nibble first at one piece and then the other, till the poor cats, seeing their cheese gradually diminishing, entreated him to give himself no further trouble, but deliver to them what remained. "Not so fast, I beseech you friends," replied the monkey ; "we owe justice to ourselves as well as to you ; what remains is due to me in right of my office." Upon which he crammed the whole into his mouth, and with great gravity dismissed the court.²

DODSLEY.

1703-1764.

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S CLOTHES, UMBRELLA, AND PARROT.

I HAVE mentioned that I saved the skins of all the creatures that I killed, I mean four-footed ones, and I had them hung up stretched out with sticks in the sun, by which means some of them were so dried and hard that they were fit for little, but others were very useful. The first thing I made of these was a great cap for my head, with the hair on the outside, to shoot off the rain ; and this I performed so well, that, after, I made me a suit of clothes³ wholly of the skins. I must not omit to acknowledge that they were wretchedly made ; for if I was a bad carpenter, I was a worse tailor. However they were such as I made a very good shift with,⁴ and when I was out, if it happened to rain, the hair of my waistcoat and cap being outermost, I was kept very dry.

After this, I spent a great deal of time to make an umbrella. I was indeed in great want of one, and had a great mind to make one. I had seen them made in the Brazils, where they are very useful in the great heats there, and I felt the heats every jot as

¹ See § 17.—² *Dismissed the court*, Il leva l'audience.—³ *A suit of clothes*, Un habillement complet.—⁴ *I made a very good shift with*, Je m'en arrangeai fort bien.

great here, and greater too, being nearer the equinox ; besides, as I was obliged to be much abroad, it was a most useful thing to me, as well for the rains as the heats. I took a world of pains with it,¹ and was a great while before I could make anything likely to hold : nay, after I thought I had hit the way, I spoiled two or three before I made one to my mind ;² but at last I made one that answered indifferently well ; the main difficulty I found was to make it let down.³ I could make it spread, but if it did not let down too, and draw in, it was not portable for me any way but just over my head, which would not do.⁴ However at last, as I said, I made one to answer, and covered it with skins, the hair upwards, so that it cast off the rain like a pent-house, and kept off the sun so effectually, that I could walk out in the hottest of the weather with greater advantage than I could before in the coolest, and when I had no need of it, could close it and carry it under my arm.

Some time after, as I was very weary, I laid me down in the shade to rest my limbs, and fell asleep ; but judge you, if you can, that read my story, what a surprise I must be in, when I was awaked out of my sleep by a voice calling me by my name several times, "Robin, Robin, Robin Crusoe ; poor Robin Crusoe ! Where are you, Robin Crusoe ? Where are you ? Where have you been ?" I was so dead asleep,⁵ being fatigued with rowing the first part of the day, and with walking the latter part, that I did not wake thoroughly ; but dozing between sleeping and waking, thought I dreamed that somebody spoke to me ; but as the voice continued to repeat, "Robin Crusoe, Robin Crusoe," at last I began to wake more perfectly, and was at first dreadfully frightened, and started up in the utmost consternation ; but no sooner were my eyes open, but I saw my Poll sitting⁶ on the top of the hedge, and immediately knew that it was he that spoke to me ; for just in such bemoaning language I had used to talk to

¹ *I took a world of pains with it, J'y pris une infinité de peines.*—² *To my mind, À mon idée.*—³ *To make it let down, De le faire fermer.*—⁴ *It was not portable for me any way but just over my head, which would not do, Je ne pouvais le porter autrement qu'au-dessus de ma tête, ce qui ne remplissait pas mon but.*—⁵ *So dead asleep, Si profondément endormi.*—⁶ *Sitting, Perché.*

him, and teach him ; and he had learned it so perfectly that he would sit upon my finger, and lay his bill close to my face, and cry, "Poor Robin Crusoe ! Where are you ? Where have you been ? How came you here ?" and such things as I had taught him.

DANIEL DE FOE.

1663-1731.

THE NATIVE VILLAGE.

A KIND of dread had hitherto kept me back ;¹ but I was restless now, till I had² accomplished my wish. I set out one morning to walk ; I reached Widford about eleven in the forenoon ; after a slight breakfast at my inn, where I was mortified to perceive the old landlord did not know me again (old Thomas Billet, he has often made angle-rods³ for me when a child,) I rambled over all my accustomed haunts.⁴

Our old house was vacant, and to be sold ; I entered, unmolested,⁵ into the room that had been my bed-chamber. I kneeled down on the spot where my little bed had stood : I felt like a child ; I prayed like one. It seemed as though old times were to return again ; I looked round involuntarily, expecting to see some face I knew ; but all was naked and mute. The bed was gone. The little pane of painted window, through which I loved to look at the sun, when I awoke in a fine summer's morning, was taken out, and had been replaced by one of common glass.

I visited by turns every chamber ;⁶ they were all desolate and unfurnished, one excepted, in which the owner had left a harpsichord, probably to be sold : I touched the keys ; I played some

¹ *Had hitherto kept me back*, M'avait jusque-là empêché d'avancer.—² *But I was restless now, till I had*, Mais dès ce moment je n'eus pas de repos que je n'eusse.—³ *Angle-rods*, Manches de lignes.—⁴ *All my accustomed haunts*, Tous les lieux que j'avais si souvent fréquentés.—⁵ *Unmolested*, Sans obstacle.—⁶ *Chamber*, Piece.

old Scottish tunes, which had delighted me when a child. Past associations¹ revived with the music, so that I rushed out of the room to give vent to my feelings.

I wandered scarce knowing where, into an old wood, that stands at the back of the house ; we called it the *Wilderness*. A well-known form² was missing that used to meet me in this place : it was thine, Ben Moxam, the kindest, gentlest, politest of human beings, yet was he nothing higher than a gardener in the family. Honest creature, thou didst never pass me in my childish rambles without a soft speech and a smile. I remember thy good-natured face. But there is one thing for which I can never forgive thee, Ben Moxam, that thou didst join with an old maiden aunt of mine in a cruel plot to³ lop away the hanging branches of the old fir-trees. I remember them sweeping to the ground.

I have often left my childish sports to ramble in this place ; its glooms and its solitude had a mysterious charm for my young mind, nurturing within me that love of quietness and lonely thinking, which have accompanied me to maturer years.

In this *Wilderness* I found myself after ten years' absence. Its stately fir-trees were yet standing, with all their luxuriant company of underwood :⁴ the squirrel was there, and the melancholy cooings of the wood-pigeon ; all was as I had left it ; my heart softened⁵ at the sight ; it seemed as though my character had been suffering a change since I forsook these shades.

My parents were both dead ; I had no counsellor left, no experience of age to direct me, no sweet voice of reproof.⁶ The Lord had taken away my friends, and I knew not where He had laid them. I paced round the *Wilderness*, seeking a comforter.

This state of mind could not last long, and I returned, with languid feelings to my inn. I ordered my dinner, green peas and a sweetbread : it had been a favourite dish with me in my child-

¹ *Past associations*, Mes souvenirs.—² *A well-known form*, Une figure bien connue.—³ *That thou didst join with an old maiden aunt of mine in a cruel plot to*, C'est que tu as conspiré avec une vieille fille de tante à moi pour. See also § 23.—⁴ *With all their luxuriant company of underwood*, Avec leur accompagnement de taillis touffu.—⁵ *My heart softened*, Mon cœur se fondit.—⁶ *No sweet voice of reproof*, Pas une douce voix pour me reprendre.

hood ; I was allowed to have it on my birthdays.¹ I was impatient to see it come upon the table ; but, when it came, I could scarce eat a mouthful ; my tears choked me.

CHARLES LAMB.

1775-1834.

THE BEGGING-LETTER WRITER.²

I OUGHT to know something of the Begging-Letter Writer. He has besieged my door at all hours of the day and night ; he has fought my servant ; he has lain in ambush for me, going out and coming in ; he has followed me out of town into the country ; he has written to me from immense distances when I have been out of England. He has fallen sick ; he has died, and been buried ; he has come to life again, and again departed from this transitory scene ; he has been his own son, his own mother, his own baby, his idiot brother, his uncle, his aunt, his aged grandfather. He has wanted a great-coat, to go to India in ; a pound, to set him up in life for ever ;³ a pair of boots to take him to the coasts of China ; a hat, to get him into⁴ a permanent situation⁵ under Government. He has frequently been exactly seven-and-sixpence short of independence.⁶ He has had such openings at Liverpool—posts of great trust and confidence in merchants' houses, which nothing but seven-and-sixpence was wanting to him to secure⁷—that I wonder he is not mayor of that flourishing town at the present moment.

The natural phenomena, of which he has been the victim, are of a most astounding nature. He has had two children, who have never grown up ; who have never had anything to cover them

¹ *I was allowed to have it on my birthdays*, On ne m'en servait qu'aux anniversaires de ma naissance.—² *The begging-letter writer*, Le mendiant par lettres.—

³ *To set him up in life for ever*, Pour l'établir à tout jamais.—⁴ *To get him into*, Pour le faire entrer dans.—⁵ *A permanent situation*, Une place fixe.—⁶ *He has frequently been exactly seven-and-sixpence short of independence*, Il lui est souvent arrivé, faute de sept shillings sixpence, de manquer sa fortune.—⁷ *Which nothing but seven-and-sixpence was wanting to him to secure*, Que la bagatelle de sept shillings sixpence aurait suffi pour lui assurer.

at night ; who have been continually driving him mad, by asking in vain for food ; who have never come out of fever or measles, which, I suppose, has accounted for his fuming his letters with tobacco smoke as a disinfectant.¹ As to his wife, what that suffering woman has undergone nobody knows. His devotion to her has been unceasing. He has never cared for himself ; he could have perished—he would rather—in short—but was it not his Christian duty as a man, a husband, and a father, to write begging-letters when he looked at² her ?

He has been attached to every conceivable pursuit.³ He has been in the army, in the navy, in the church, in the law ; connected with the press, the fine arts, public institutions, every description and grade of business. He has been brought up as a gentleman ;⁴ he has been at every college in Oxford and Cambridge ; he can quote Latin in his letters, but generally misspells some minor English word ; he can tell you what Shakespeare says about begging better than you know it.

Sometimes, when he is sure that I have found him out, and that there is no chance of money, he writes to inform me that I have got rid of him at last ; he has enlisted⁵ into the Company's service, and is off directly—but he wants a cheese. He is informed by the sergeant that it is essential to his prospects⁶ in the regiment that he should take out a single Gloucester cheese, weighing from twelve to⁷ fifteen pounds. Eight or nine shillings would buy it.⁸ He does not ask for money, after what has passed ; but if he calls at nine to-morrow⁹ morning, may he hope to find a cheese ? and is there anything he can do to show his gratitude in Bengal ?

On a Sunday morning, he called with a letter (having first dusted himself all over,) in which he gave me to understand that,

¹ Which, I suppose, has accounted for his fuming his letters with tobacco smoke as a disinfectant. Ce qui, je suppose, explique pourquoi il parfume ses lettres de l'odeur du tabac comme désinfectant.—² See § 36, 4.—³ He has been attached to every conceivable pursuit. Il a suivi toutes les carrières imaginables.—⁴ As a gentleman. Comme un jeune homme de bonne famille.—⁵ To enlist. S'enrôler.—⁶ To his prospects. Pour son avenir.—⁷ Weighing from twelve to. Du poids de douze à.—⁸ Eight or nine shillings would buy it. Cela coûterait huit ou neuf shillings.—⁹ To-morrow. Le lendemain.

being resolved to earn an honest livelihood,¹ he had been travelling about the country with a cart of crockery—that he had been doing pretty well until the day before, when his horse had dropped down dead near Chatham, in Kent—that this had reduced him to the unpleasant necessity of getting into the shafts himself, and drawing the cart of crockery to London—a somewhat exhausting pull of thirty miles²—that he did not venture to ask again for money, but that if I would have the goodness to leave him out a donkey,³ he would call for the animal⁴ before breakfast.

A little while afterwards he wrote me a few broken-hearted lines, informing me that the dear partner of his sorrow died in his arms last night⁵ at nine o'clock. I despatched a trusty messenger to comfort the bereaved mourner⁶ and his poor children ; but the messenger went so soon that the play was not ready to be played out⁷ ; my friend was not at home, and his wife was in a most delightful state of health.

Next day came to me a friend of mine,⁸ the governor of a large prison, who said : “ I know all about him and his frauds.⁹ He lodged in the house of one of my warders at the very time when he first wrote to you ; and then he was eating spring lamb at eightpence a pound, and early asparagus¹⁰ at I don't know how much a bundle ! Apparent misery is always part of¹¹ his trade, and real misery very often is, in the intervals of spring lamb and early asparagus. It is naturally an incident of his dissipated and dishonest life.”

CH. DICKENS.

¹ *To earn an honest livelihood*, De gagner honnêtement sa vie.—² *A somewhat exhausting pull of thirty miles*, Coup de collier de trente milles quelque peu fatigant.—³ *To leave him out a donkey*, De mettre un âne à sa disposition.—⁴ *He would call for the animal*, Il viendrait chercher la bête.—⁵ *Last night*, La nuit précédente.—⁶ *Bereaved mourner*, Mari désolé.—⁷ *That the play was not ready to be played out*, Qu'on n'avait pas encore distribué les rôles pour la comédie.—⁸ See § 23.—⁹ *I know all about him and his frauds*, Je le connais sur le bout du doigt, lui et ses manœuvres.—¹⁰ *Early asparagus*, Asperges nouvelles.—¹¹ *Is always part of*, Fait toujours partie de.

LITTLE EPPIE'S MISCHIEF.

SILAS had chosen a broad strip of linen as a means of fastening little Eppie to his loom when he was busy : it made a broad belt round her waist, and was long enough to allow of her reaching the truckle-bed and sitting down on it, but not long enough for her to attempt any dangerous climbing.¹ One bright summer's morning, the weaver had been more engrossed than usual in "setting up" a new piece of work,² an occasion on which his scissors were in requisition. These scissors had been kept carefully out of Eppie's reach ; but the click of them had a peculiar attraction for her ear, and, watching the results of that click, she had derived the philosophic lesson that³ the same cause would produce the same effect. Silas had seated himself in his loom, and the noise of the weaving had began, but he had left his scissors on a ledge⁴ which Eppie's arm was long enough to reach ; and now, like a small mouse watching her opportunity, she stole quietly from her corner, secured the scissors, and toddled to the bed again, setting her back as a mode of concealing the fact. She had distinct intention as to the use of the scissors ; and having cut the linen strip in a jagged, but effectual manner, in two moments she ran out at the open door where the sunshine was inviting her, while poor Silas believed her to be a better child than usual.⁵

It was not until he happened to need⁶ his scissors that the terrible fact burst upon him : Eppie had run out by herself—had perhaps fallen into the stone-pit. Silas, shaken by the worst fear that could have befallen him, rushed out calling "Eppie !" and ran eagerly about the unenclosed space, exploring the dry cavities into which she might have fallen, and then gazing with questioning dread⁷ at the smooth surface of the water. The cold drops stood on his

¹ *For her to attempt any dangerous climbing,* Pour lui permettre de grimper dans des endroits dangereux.—² *In setting up a new piece of work,* À monter une nouvelle pièce d'étoffe.—³ *She had derived the philosophic lesson that,* Elle en avait tiré cette conséquence philosophique, que.—⁴ *On a ledge,* Sur une tablette.—⁵ *A better child than usual,* Bien plus sage qu'à l'ordinaire.—⁶ *It was not until he happened to need,* Ce ne fut que lorsqu'il eut besoin de.—⁷ *Gazing with questioning dread,* Interrogeant d'un regard effrayé.

brow.¹ How long had she been out? There was one hope, that² she had crept through the stile and got into the fields where he habitually took her to stroll. But the grass was high in the meadow, and there was no descrying her,³ if she were there, except by a close search that would be a trespass on Mr Osgood's crop. Still the misdemeanour must be committed, and poor Silas, after peering all round the hedgerows, traversed the grass, beginning with perturbed vision to see⁴ Eppie behind every group of red sorrel, and to see her moving always farther off as he approached. The meadow was searched in vain; and he got over the stile into the neat field, looking with dying hope towards a small pond which was now reduced to summer shallowness, so as to leave a wide margin⁵ of good adhesive mud. Here, however, sat Eppie, discoursing cheerfully to her own small boot, which she was using as a bucket to convey the water into a deep hoof-mark, while her naked foot was planted comfortably on a cushion of olive-green mud. A red-headed calf was observing her with alarmed doubt through the opposite hedge.

Here was clearly a case of aberration in a child which demanded severe treatment, but Silas, overcome with convulsive joy at finding his treasure again, could do nothing but snatch her up and cover her with half-sobbing kisses. It was not until he had carried her home, and had begun to think of the necessary washing that he recollected the need that he should punish Eppie, and "make her remember." The idea that she might run away again and come to harm,⁶ gave him unusual resolution, and for the first time he determined to try the coal-hole, a small closet near the hearth. "Naughty, naughty Eppie," he suddenly began, holding her on his knee, and pointing to her muddy feet and clothes—"Naughty to cut with scissors and run away. Eppie must go into the coal-hole for being naughty. Daddy must put her in the coal-hole."

¹ *The cold drops stood on his brow, Une sueur froide couvrait son front.*—² *There was one hope, that,* Il restait une espérance, c'était que.—³ *There was no descrying her,* Il n'y avait rien qui pût la faire distinguer.—⁴ *Beginning with perturbed vision to see,* Croyant d'abord, dans son trouble, voir.—⁵ *Which was reduced to its summer shallowness, so as to leave a wide margin,* Dont l'étés diminuait la profondeur en laissant une large bordure.—⁶ *And come to harm,* Et qu'il pourrait lui arriver du mal.

He half expected that this would be shock enough,¹ and that Eppie would begin to cry. But instead of that, she began to shake herself on his knee, as if the proposition opened a pleasing novelty.² Seeing that he must proceed to extremities,³ he put her into the coal-hole, and held the door closed, with a trembling sense that he was⁴ using a strong measure. For a moment there was silence, but then came a little cry, "Opy, opy," and Silas let her out again, saying, "Now Eppie will never be naughty again, else she must go in the coal-hole—a black, naughty place." The weaving must stand still a long while this morning, for now Eppie must be washed and have clean clothes on; but it was to be hoped that this punishment would have a lasting effect, and save time in future—though, perhaps, it would have been better if Eppie had cried more.

In half-an-hour she was clean again, and, Silas having turned his back to see what he could do with the linen band, threw it down again, with the reflection that Eppie would be good without fastening for the rest of the morning, he turned round again, and was going to place her in her little chair near the loom, when she peeped out at him with black face and hands again, and said, "Eppie in de toal-hole." This total failure of the coal-hole discipline shook Silas's belief in its efficacy.⁵ "She takes it all for fun," he observed to himself.

So Eppie was reared without punishment, the burden of her misdeeds being borne vicariously by father Silas.

G. ELIOT.

(SILAS MARNER.)

¹ *That this would be shock enough*, Que cela ferait une impression suffisante.—

² *Opened a pleasing novelty*, Lui offrait la perspective d'un nouvel amusement.—

³ *Proceed to extremities*, En venir aux extrémités.—⁴ *With a trembling sense that he was*, En tremblant d'avoir.—⁵ *This total failure of the coal-hole discipline shook Silas's belief in its efficacy*, L'emploi du trou à charbon ayant ainsi manqué complètement son effet, la confiance de Silas dans l'efficacité de cette punition se trouva fort ébranlée.

CASE OF LORD MANSFIELD'S WIG.

THIS was a case which, by the parties concerned,¹ was considered of no small importance, and which, to the auditors,² in the course of its discussion, excited no small merriment. Mr Williams, who is what is vulgarly called a barber, but in more refined language is termed *perruquier*,³ appeared in the court a few days back, and obtained a summons against the defendant,⁴ Mr Laurence, who is clerk to Reeves, an attorney⁵ in Tottenham Court Road, calling upon him to attend on a given day, to show cause why he should not pay a debt of thirty-nine shillings and elevenpence three farthings.

Mr Williams, who spoke with a sort of lisping squeak,⁶ garrulously addressed the Commissioner⁷ :—"He had (he said) been a hairdresser for sixty-eight years. He had served his time⁸ in the Temple, where he had had the honour of making wigs for some of the greatest men as ever lived—of all professions and of all ranks—judges, barristers, and commoners—churchmen as well as laymen—illiterate men as well as literate men, and, among the latter, he had to rank the immortal Dr Johnson ; but of all the wigs he had ever set comb to, there was none on which he so prided himself as a full State wig⁹ which he had made for Lord Mansfield. It was one of the earliest proofs of his genius ; it had excited the warm commendations of his master, and the envy of his shopmates ; but, above all, it had pleased and even delighted the noble and learned judge himself."—"Oh, gemmen !" exclaimed Mr Williams, "if you had known what joy I felt when I first saw his noble Lordship on the bench with that wig on his head !"—(In an under-tone, but rubbing his hands with ecstasy)—"Upon my say-so, I was fuddled for three days after !"

The Commissioner. What has the wig to do with the defendant's debt ?

¹ *The parties concerned*, Les parties intéressées.—² *The auditors*, L'audience.—

³ *Is termed perruquier*, Est appelé perruquier.—⁴ *The defendant*, Le défendeur.—

⁵ *Attorney*, Procureur.—⁶ *Lisping squeak*, Grasseyement.—⁷ *Commissioner*, Juge-commissaire.—⁸ *He had served his time*, Il avait fait son apprentissage.—⁹ *A full State wig*, Une perruque de cérémonie.

Mr Williams. A great deal ; that's the very point of contention.

Com. Doubtless ; but you must come to it, if you can, as soon as possible.

Mr W. I will. Well, as I was saying—where did I leave off—Oh ! when I was fuddled—

Com. I hope you have left off that habit now, my good man.

Mr W. Upon my say-so, I have—trust me ; but, as I was saying, to make a long story short, in course of time I left my master in the Temple, set up for myself,¹ and did a great stroke of business.² Ay, I could tell you such a list of customers ! There was—

Com. Never mind ;³ we don't want your list ; go, on.

Mr W. Well, then, at last I set up at Boswell Court, Queen Square. Oh ! what alterations I have seen in that square, surely, in my time ! I remember when I used to go to shave old Lord—

Com. There, there ! Come to the end of your story.

Mr W. Well, I will. Where was I ?—Oh ! in Boswell Court.

Com. (aside.) I wish you were there now.

Mr W. Well, then, you must know, when Lord Mansfield (God rest his soul !) died, his wig—the very, very wig I made—got back to my old master's shop ; and he kept it as a pattern for other judges' wigs ; and at last my master died himself—ay, it's what we must all come to.

Com. Go on ! go on, man ! and come to the end of your story.

Mr W. I will, I will ! Well, where was I ?—Oh ! in my poor master's shop. Well, so when he died, my mistress gave me—for she knew, poor soul ! how I loved it—this identical wig ; and I carried it home with as much delight as if it had been one of my children. Ah ! poor little things ! they are all gone before me.

Com. Come, if you don't cut this matter short, I must, and send you after.

¹ Set up for myself, Je me suis établi.—² And did a great stroke of business, Je fis beaucoup d'affaires.—³ Never mind, N'importe.

Mr W. Dear me! You put me out. Well, as I was saying, I kept this here wig as the apple of my eye; when, as ill luck would have it,¹ that ere Mr Laurence came to my shop, and often asked me to lend it to him to act in a play. I think he called it "Shycock," or "Shylock," for he said he was to play the judge. I long refused; but he over-persuaded me, and, on an unlucky day, I let him have it, and have never (weeping and wiping his little eyes with his white apron) seen it since.

Com. And so you have summoned him for the price of the wig?

Mr W. You have just hit the nail on the head.²

Com. Well, Mr Laurence, what have you to say to this?

Mr L. (with great pomposity.) Why, sir,³ I have a great deal to say.

Com. Well, then, sir, I desire you will say as little as you can, for there are a great many persons waiting here, whose time is very precious.

Mr L. Not more precious than mine, I presume, sir. I submit that this case is to recover possession of the wig; and, this admitted, sir, I have humbly to contend that the plaintiff⁴ must be nonsuited, for, sir, you will not find one word concerning a wig in this declaration. The plaintiff must not——

Com. Sir, I desire you will confine yourself to this case.

Mr L. What says Kitty upon the nature of these pleadings?

Com. And pray, who is Kitty?

Mr L. The most eminent pleader of the present day.

Com. I never heard of a woman being a barrister.

Mr L. He is not a woman, sir. He is a man, sir; and a great man, sir; and a man, sir——

Com. Do you mean Mr Chitty?

Mr L. I mean the gentleman you call Chitty, and most erroneously so call him; for you ought to know that the *ch* in Italian sounds like an English *k*; and Mr Kitty, by lineal descent, is an

¹ *As ill luck would have it*, Comme le malheur l'a voulu.—² *You have just hit the nail on the head*, Vous avez mis le doigt dessus (a French saying corresponding to the above English one.)—³ *Why, sir*, Mais, Monsieur.—⁴ *The plaintiff*, Le demandeur.

Italian. It is a vulgar error to spell his name with a *y* final, it ought to be *i*, and then it would properly sound *Kitteri*.

Com. I should rather take Mr Chitty's authority for this than yours.

Mr L. (with anger.) Sir, do you contradict me?

Com. Sir, I will bring this case to a short issue. Did you borrow this man's wig?

Mr L. I did.

Com. Do you mean to return it?

Mr L. It is destroyed.

Com. How destroyed?

Mr L. It was burnt by accident.

Com. Who burnt it?

Mr L. I did, in performing the part of the *Judge* in Shakespeare's inimitable play of the *Merchant of Venice*. While too intent on the pleadings of *Portia*, the candle caught the curls, and I with difficulty escaped having my eyes burned out.

Com. Well, then, sir, I have only to tell you, you are responsible for¹ the property thus intrusted to your care; and, without further comment, I order and adjudge that you pay to the plaintiff the sum of 39s. 11½d., which is the sum he is prepared to swear it is worth.

Mr W. Swear! to be sure. No money can compensate me for its loss.

A long dispute followed as to the value of the wig, when Mr Williams ultimately agreed to take 20s. and costs; and the parties were dismissed, mutually grumbling at each other.

S. SMITH.
1769-1845.

ROBERT AND FRANK.

"COME," said Robert to Frank, "there is Trusty lying beside the fire asleep; let us go and waken him, and he will play with us."

¹ See § 28, G.

"Oh yes, do let us," said Frank. So they both ran together towards the hearth to awake the dog. There was a basin of milk upon the hearth, and the little boys did not see it. As they were both playing with the dog, they kicked it with their feet, and threw it down; the basin broke, and all the milk ran out; and when the little boys saw what they had done, they were very sorry and frightened. Robert spoke first. "So¹ we shall have no milk for supper to-night," said he and sighed. "No milk for supper! Why not?" said Frank; "is there no milk in the house?" "Yes;² but we shall have none of it; for do not you remember last Monday, when we threw down the milk, mother said we were very careless, and that the next time we did so³ we should have no milk for supper?" "Well, then," said Frank, "we must do without it, that's all; we will take more care another time; come, let's run and tell mother. You know she bids us always tell her directly when we break anything." "I will come just now," said Robert; "don't be in such a hurry,⁴ Frank—can't you stay a minute?" So Frank stayed; and then he said, "Come now, Robert." But Robert answered, "Stay a little longer, for I dare not go yet. I am afraid."

I advise you never to be afraid to tell the truth; never say "Stay a minute," and "Stay a little longer;" but run directly, and tell what you have done wrong. The longer you stay, the more afraid you will grow; till at last, perhaps, you will not dare to tell the truth at all. Hear what happened to Robert. The longer he⁵ stayed, the more unwilling he was⁶ to go to tell his mother that he had thrown the milk down; and at last Frank went without him in search of his mother.

Whilst Frank was gone, Robert was left in the room by himself;⁶ and all the while he was alone, he was thinking of⁷ some excuses to make to his mother. He said to himself, "If Frank and I both were to say that we did not throw down the basin, she would believe us, and we should have milk for supper. I am

¹ So, Eh bien.—² Yes, Si.—³ The next time we did so, La première fois que cela nous arriverait.—⁴ Don't be in such a hurry, Ne te dépêche pas tant.—⁵ The more unwilling he was, Moins il voulut.—⁶ See § 55, 1.—⁷ See § 32, 2.

very sorry Frank would go to tell her about it." Just as he said this to himself, he heard his mother coming down stairs. "Oh ho!" said he to himself, "and so Frank has not met her, and cannot have told her; so I may say what I please." Then this cowardly boy determined¹ to tell his mother a lie.

She came into the room; but when she saw the broken basin and the milk spilled, she stopped short, and cried, "Dear, dear, what a piece of work² is here!—who did this, Robert?" "I don't know, mother," said Robert in a very low voice. "You don't know, Robert? Tell me the truth—I shall not be angry with you.³ I would rather have you break all the basins I have than to tell one lie. I ask you, Robert, did you break the basin?" "No, mother, I did not," said Robert, and he coloured as red⁴ as fire. "Then where's Frank? Did he do it?" "No, mother, he did not," said Robert; for he was in hopes that when Frank came in he should persuade him to say that he did not do it. "How do you know," said his mother, "that Frank did not do it?" "Because—because—because, mother," said Robert, hesitating as liars do for an excuse, "because I was in the room all the time, and I did not see him do it." "Then how was the basin thrown down? If you have been in the room all the time, you can tell." Then Robert, going on from one lie to another, answered, "I suppose the dog must have done it." "Did you see him do it?" said his mother. "Yes," said this wicked boy. "Trusty, Trusty," said his mother, turning round: "Fie! fie! Trusty; get me a switch out of the garden, Robert; Trusty must be beat for this." Robert ran for the switch, and in the garden he met his brother; he stopped him, and told him in a great hurry all that he had said to his mother, and begged of him not to tell the truth, but to say the same that he had done. "No, I will not tell a lie," said Frank. "What! and is Trusty to be beat? He did not throw down the milk, and he shan't be beat for it. Let me go to my mother." They both ran towards the house. Robert got first home, and he locked the house door, that Frank might not come in. He gave

¹ See § 3.—² *Piece of work*, Chef-d'œuvre.—³ See § 29, 11.—⁴ *He coloured as red*, Il devint aussi rouge.

the switch to his mother. Poor Trusty! he looked up as the switch was lifted over his head; but HE could not speak to tell the truth. Just as the blow was falling upon him, Frank's voice was heard at the window. "Stop, stop! dear mother, stop!" cried he as loud as ever he could call; "Trusty did not do it—I and Robert did it; but do not beat Robert." "Let us in, let us in," cried another voice, which Robert knew to be his father's voice; for his father always whipped him when he told a lie. His mother went to the door and unlocked it. "What's all this?" cried his father as he came in; so his mother told him all that had happened. "Where is the switch with which you were going to beat Trusty?" said their father. Then Robert, who saw by his father's looks that he was going to beat him, fell upon his knees and cried for mercy, saying, "Forgive me this time, and I will never tell a lie again." But his father caught hold of him by the arm:¹ "I will whip you now," said he, "and then I hope you will not." So Robert was whipped till he cried so loud with the pain that the whole neighbourhood could hear him. "There," said his father, when he had done; "now go without supper; you are to have no milk to-night, and you have been whipped. See how liars are served." Then turning to Frank: "Come here and shake hands with me, Frank: you will have no milk for supper, but that does not signify; you have told the truth, and have not been whipped, and everybody is pleased with you. And now I will tell you what I will do for you—I will give you the little dog Trusty to be your own dog; you have saved him a beating, and I'll answer for it you'll be a good master to him."

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

1770-1849.

¹ *Caught hold of him by the arm, Le prit par le bras.*

EXTRACTS IN PROSE.

PART II.

THE BROKEN FLOWER-POT.

My father was seated on the lawn before the house, his straw hat over his eyes (it was summer), and his book on his lap. Suddenly a beautiful Delft¹ blue-and-white flower-pot, which had been set on the window-sill of an upper story fell to the ground with a crash, and the fragments spluttered up round my father's legs.² Sublime in his studies,³ as Archimedes in the siege, he continued to read. *Inpavidum ferient ruinæ!*

"Dear, dear!"⁴ cried my mother, who was at work in the porch; "my poor flower-pot, that I prized so much! who could have done this? Primmins, Primmins!"

Mrs Primmins popped her head out of the fatal window, nodded to the summons,⁵ and came down in a trice, pale and breathless.

"Oh!" said my mother mournfully, "I would rather have lost⁶ all the plants in the greenhouse in the great blight last May—I would rather the best teasel were broken! The poor geranium I reared myself, and the dear, dear flower-pot which Mr Caxton bought for me my last birthday! that naughty child must have done this!"

Mrs Primmins was dreadfully afraid of my father, why, I know not, except that very talkative social⁷ persons are usually afraid

¹ Delft, En falence de Delft.—² Spluttered up round my father's legs, S'éparpillèrent aux pieds de mon père.—³ Sublime in his studies, Transporté dans une autre sphère par ses études.—⁴ Dear, dear! Miséricorde!—⁵ Nodded to the summons, Répondit à cet appel.—⁶ I would rather have lost, J'aurais préféré perdre.—⁷ Social, Communicatif.

of very silent shy ones.¹ She cast a hasty glance at her master, who was beginning to evince signs of attention, and cried promptly, "No, ma'am, it was not the dear boy—it was I!"

"You? How could you be so careless? and you knew how I prized them both.² Oh! Primmins!"

Primmins began to sob.

"Don't tell fibs,³ nurse," said a small shrill voice; and Master Sisty (coming out of the house as bold as brass⁴) continued rapidly, "don't scold Primmins, mamma; it was I who pushed out the flower-pot."

"Hush!" said nurse, more frightened than ever, and looking aghast towards my father, who had very deliberately taken off his hat,⁵ and was regarding the scene with serious eyes wide-awake.⁶

"Hush! And if he did break it, ma'am, it was quite an accident; he was standing so,⁷ and he never meant it.⁸ Did you, Master Sisty? Speak! (this in a whisper⁹) or pa will be so angry."

"Well," said my mother, "I suppose it was an accident; take care in future, my child. You are sorry, I see, to have grieved me. There's a kiss; don't fret."

"No, mamma, you must not kiss me; I don't deserve it. I pushed out the flower-pot on purpose."

"Ha! and why?" said my father, walking up.¹⁰

Mrs Primmins trembled like a leaf.

"For fun!" said I, hanging my head—"just to see how you'd look,¹¹ papa; and that's the truth of it. Now beat me, do beat me."

My father threw his book fifty yards off, stooped down, and caught me to his breast. "Boy," he said, "you have done wrong;

¹ *Of very silent shy ones*, Des gens silencieux et réservés.—² *And you knew how I prized them both*, Et vous saviez combien j'y tenais.—³ *Don't tell fibs*, Ne dis donc pas de menteries, (childish and familiar expression instead of *mensonges*).—⁴ *As bold as brass*, Hardi comme un page.—⁵ *Who had very deliberately taken off his hat*, Qui s'était décidé à retirer son chapeau.—⁶ *Wide-awake*, Tout grands ouverts.—⁷ *He was standing so*, Il était là tout à côté.—⁸ *And he never meant it*, Et il ne l'a pas fait exprès.—⁹ *This in a whisper*, Ajouta-t-elle tout bas.—¹⁰ *Walking up*, En s'approchant.—¹¹ *To see how you'd look*, Pour voir quelle figure vous feriez.

you shall repair it by remembering all your life that your father blessed God for giving him a son who spoke truth in spite of fear. Oh ! Mrs Primmins, the next fable of this kind you try to¹ teach him, and we part for ever."

Not long after² that event, Mr Squills, who often made me little presents, gave me one far exceeding in value those usually bestowed on children—it was a beautiful large domino-box in cut ivory, painted and gilt. This domino-box was my delight. I was never weary of playing at dominoes with Mrs Primmins, and I slept with the box under my pillow.

"Ah !" said my father one day when he found me ranging the ivory parallelograms in the parlour—"ah ! you like that better than all your playthings, eh ?"

"Ah ! yes, papa."

"You would be very sorry if your mamma was to throw that box out of the window and break it for fun." I looked beseechingly³ at my father, and made no answer.

"But perhaps you would be very glad," he resumed, "if suddenly one of those good fairies you read of⁴ could change the domino-box into a beautiful geranium in a beautiful blue-and-white flower-pot, and that you could have the pleasure of putting it on your mamma's window-sill."

"Indeed I would !" said I, half crying.⁵

"My dear boy, I believe you ; but good wishes don't mend bad actions—good actions mend bad actions."

So saying, he shut the door and went out. I cannot tell you how puzzled I was to make out what my father meant by his aphorism.⁶ But I know that I played at dominoes no more that day. The next morning my father found me seated by myself⁷ under a tree in the garden ; he paused and looked at me with his grave bright eyes very steadily.

"My boy," said he, "I am going to walk to —, a town about

¹ *The next fable of this kind you try to*, à la première histoire pareille que vous essaieriez d'. See also § 40.—² *Not long after*, Peu de temps après.—³ *Beseechingly*, D'un air suppliant.—⁴ *You read of*, Dont vous lisez les histoires.—⁵ *Half crying*, Les larmes aux yeux.—⁶ *Aphorism*, Aphorisme, (phrase sentencieuse).—⁷ See § 55, 1.

two miles off; will you come? And, by the by,¹ fetch your domino-box; I should like to show it to a person there."² I ran in for the box,³ and not a little proud of walking with my father on the high road, we set out.

"Papa," said I by the way,⁴ "there are no fairies now."

"What then, my child?"⁵

"Why, how then can my domino-box be changed into⁶ a geranium and a blue-and-white flower-pot?"

"My dear," said my father, leaning his hand on my shoulder, "everybody who is in earnest to be good⁷ carries two fairies about with him—one here," and he touched my forehead; "and one here," and he touched my heart.

"I don't understand, papa."

"I can wait till you do,⁸ Pisistratus!"

My father stopped at a nursery gardener's, and, after looking over the flowers, paused before a large double geranium. "Ah, this is finer than that which your mamma was so fond of. What is the cost, sir?"

"Only 7s. 6d.," said the gardener.

My father buttoned up his pocket. "I can't afford it to-day," said he gently, and we walked out.

On entering the town, we stopped again at a china warehouse. "Have you a flower-pot like that I bought some months ago? Ah, here is one marked 3s. 6d. Yes, that is the price. Well, when⁹ your mamma's birthday comes again, we must buy her another. That is some months to wait. And we can wait, Master Sisty. For truth that blooms all the year round is better than a poor geranium; and a word that is never broken is better than a piece of Delft."

My head, which had dropped before, rose again; but the rush of joy at my heart almost stifled me.¹⁰

¹ *By the by*, Par la même occasion.—² *To a person there*, À quelqu'un de cet endroit.—³ *I ran in for the box*, Je courus à la maison chercher la boîte.—⁴ *By the way*, Chemin faisant.—⁵ *What then, my child?* Pourquoi cette question, mon enfant?—⁶ *Why, how then can my domino-box be changed into*, C'est que comment alors ma boîte de dominos peut-elle se changer en.—⁷ *Everybody who is in earnest to be good*, Celui qui veut sérieusement devenir bon.—⁸ See § 39.—⁹ See § 40.—¹⁰ *The rush of joy at my heart almost stifled me*, La joie qui vint affluer à mon cœur, faillit m'étouffer.

"I have called to pay your little bill," said my father, entering the shop¹ of one of those fancy stationers² common in country towns, and who sell all kinds of pretty toys and nick-nacks.³ "And by the way,"⁴ he added, as the smiling shopman looked over his books for the entry,⁵ "I think my little boy here⁶ can show you a much handsomer specimen of French workmanship than that workbox which you enticed Mrs Caxton into raffling for last winter.⁷ Show your domino-box, my dear."

I produced my treasure, and the shopman was liberal in his commendations.⁸ "It is always well, my boy, to know what a thing is worth, in case one wishes to part with it. If my young gentleman gets tired of his plaything, what will you give him for it?"

"Why, sir," said the shopman, "I fear we could not afford to give more than eighteen shillings for it, unless the young gentleman took some of those pretty things in exchange."

"Eighteen shillings!" said my father; "you would give that. Well, my boy, whenever you do grow tired of your box, you have my leave to sell it."

My father paid his bill, and went out. I lingered behind a few moments, and joined him at the end of the street.

"Papa, papa!" I cried, clapping my hands, "we can buy the geranium—we can buy the flower-pot." And I pulled a handful of silver from my pocket.

"Did I not say right?" said my father, passing his handkerchief over his eyes. "You have found the two fairies!"

Ah! how proud, how overjoyed I was,⁹ when, after placing vase and flower on the window-sill, I plucked my mother by the gown, and made her follow me to the spot.

¹ See § 37.—² *Fancy stationers*, Marchands d'articles de fantaisie.—³ *All kinds of pretty toys and nick-nacks*, Toutes sortes de jouets et de jolis riens.—⁴ *And by the way*, À propos.—⁵ *Looked over his books for the entry*, Cherchait le compte dans ses livres.—⁶ *My little boy here*, Mon petit garçon que voici.—⁷ *That work-box which you enticed Mrs Caxton into raffling for last winter*, Cette boîte à ouvrage qui fut mise en loterie l'hiver dernier et dont vous avez engagé Mrs Caxton à prendre quelques billets.—⁸ *Was liberal in his commendations*, N'épargna pas ses éloges.—⁹ *How proud, how overjoyed I was*, Comme j'étais fier, comme j'étais transporté de joie.

"It is his doing and his money!" said my father, "good actions have mended the bad."

"What!" cried my mother, when she had learned all; "and your poor domino-box that you were so fond of! We will go back to-morrow, and buy it back, if it costs us double."¹

"Shall we buy it back, Pisistratus?" asked my father.

"Oh, no—no—no!—it would spoil all," I cried, burying my face on my father's breast.

"My wife," said my father solemnly, "this is my first lesson to our child—the sanctity and happiness of self-sacrifice—undo not what it should teach him to his dying hour."²

And that is the history of the broken flower-pot.

SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

THE DECLINE OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

SINCE Romulus, with a small band of shepherds and outlaws, fortified himself on the hills near the Tiber, ten centuries had already elapsed. During the four first ages, the Romans, in the laborious school of poverty, had acquired the virtues of war and government: by the vigorous exertion³ of those virtues, and by the assistance of fortune, they had obtained, in the course of the three succeeding centuries, an absolute empire over many countries of Europe, Asia, and Africa. The last three hundred years had been consumed in apparent prosperity and internal decline. The nation of soldiers, magistrates, and legislators who composed the thirty-five tribes of the Roman people, was dissolved⁴ into the common mass of mankind, and confounded with the millions of servile provinces, who had received the name, without adopting the spirit of Romans. A mercenary army, levied among the subjects and barbarians of the frontier, was the only order of men who preserved and abused their independence. By their tumult-

¹ *If it costs us double, Dût-elle nous coûter le double.*—² *Undo not what it should teach him to his dying hour, Ne détruisez pas les effets que cette leçon doit produire jusqu'à l'heure de sa mort.*—³ *By the vigorous exertion, Par la constante pratique.*

—⁴ *Was dissolved, Était fondue.*

tuary election, a Syrian, a Goth, or an Arab was exalted to the throne of Rome, and invested with despotic power over the conquests and over the country of the Scipios. The limits of the Roman empire still extended from the Western Ocean to the Tigris, and from Mount Atlas to the Rhine and the Danube. To the undiscerning eye of the vulgar,¹ Philip appeared a monarch no less powerful than Hadrian or Augustus had formerly been. The form was still the same, but the animating health and vigour were fled. The industry of the people was discouraged and exhausted by a long series of oppressions. The discipline of the legions, which alone, after the extinction of every other virtue, had propped the greatness of the State, was corrupted by the ambition, or relaxed by the weakness of the emperors. The strength of the frontiers, which had always consisted in arms rather than in fortifications, was insensibly undermined; and the fairest provinces were left exposed to the rapaciousness or ambition of the barbarians, who soon discovered the decline of Rome.

From the reign of Augustus to the time of Alexander Severus, the enemies of Rome were in her bosom; the tyrants, and the soldiers; and her prosperity had a very distant and feeble interest in the revolutions that might happen beyond the Rhine and the Euphrates. But when the military order had levelled, in wild anarchy, the power of the prince, the laws of the senate, and even the discipline of the camp, the barbarians of the north and of the east, who had long hovered on the frontier, boldly attacked the provinces of a declining monarchy. Their vexatious inroads were changed into formidable irruptions, and, after a long vicissitude of mutual calamities, many of the tribes of the victorious invaders established themselves in the provinces of the Roman empire.

GIBBON.

1737-1794.

¹ *To the undiscerning eye of the vulgar, Pour l'œil sans pénétration du vulgaire.*

LORD CHESTERFIELD TO HIS SON.

I WILL suppose you at Rome, studying six hours uninterruptedly with Mr Harte every morning, and passing your evenings with the best company of Rome, observing their manners, and forming your own ; and I will suppose a number of idle, sauntering, illiterate English, as there commonly is there, living entirely with one another,¹ supping, drinking, and sitting up late at each other's lodgings.² I will take one of these pretty fellows, and give you the dialogue between him and yourself, such as I dare say it would be on his side, and such as I hope it would be on yours.

Englishman. Will you come and breakfast with me to-morrow ? there will be four or five of our countrymen ; we have provided chaises, and we will drive somewhere out of town after breakfast.

Stanhope. I am very sorry I cannot ; but I am obliged to be at home all morning.

Englishman. Why, then, we will come and breakfast with you.

Stanhope. I cannot do that either ; I am engaged.

Englishman. Well, then, let it be the next day.

Stanhope. To tell you the truth, it can be no day in the morning ; for I neither go out nor see anybody at home before twelve.

Englishman. And what do you do with yourself till twelve o'clock.

Stanhope. I am not by myself ; I am with Mr Harte.

Englishman. Then what do you do with him ?

Stanhope. We study different things ; we read, we converse.

Englishman. Very pretty amusement, indeed ! Are you to take orders then ?³

Stanhope. Yes, my father's orders I believe I must take.⁴

Englishman. And pray, are you to obey your nurse,⁵ too, this same, what's his name—Mr Harte ?

¹ *With one another,* Entre eux.—² *And sitting up late at each other's lodgings,* Et restant jusqu'à une heure indue les uns chez les autres.—³ *Are you to take orders, then ?* Allez-vous donc prendre les ordres ?—⁴ *Yes, my father's orders, I believe I must take,* Oui, les ordres de mon père ; je crois que je dois les prendre.—⁵ *Your nurse,* Votre bonne.

Stanhope. Yes.

Englishman. So he stuffs you all morning with Greek and Latin and logic, and all that. I have a nurse, too; but I never looked into a book with him in my life;¹ I have not so much as seen the face of him this week, and don't care a bit if I never see it again.

Stanhope. My tutor never desires anything of me that is not reasonable, and for my own good; and therefore I like to be with him.

Englishman. Very sententious² and edifying, upon my word! At this rate,³ you will be reckoned "a very good young man."

Stanhope. Why, that will do me no harm.

Englishman. Will you be with us to-morrow in the evening, then? We shall be ten with you;⁴ and I have got some excellent good wine; and we'll be very merry.⁵

Stanhope. I am very much obliged to you; but I am engaged for all the evening, to-morrow; first at Cardinal Albani's, and then to sup at the Venetian ambassadress's.

Englishman. How can you like being always with these foreigners? I never go amongst them, with all their formalities and ceremonies. I am never easy in company with them; and I don't know why, but I am ashamed.⁶

Stanhope. I am neither ashamed nor afraid; I am very easy with them; they are very easy with me; I get the language, and I see their characters, by conversing with them; and that is what we are sent abroad for, is it not?

Englishman. I hate your fine women's company; your women of fashion as they call 'em. I don't know what to say to them for my part.

Stanhope. Have you ever conversed with them?

Englishman. No, I never conversed with them; but I have been sometimes in their company, though much against my will.

Stanhope. But at least they have done you no hurt; which is,

¹ *In my life, De ma vie.*—² *Very sententious, Très-moral.*—³ *At this rate, À ce train là.*—⁴ *With you, En vous comptant.*—⁵ *And we'll be very merry, Et nous nous amuserons beaucoup.*—⁶ *Ashamed, Tout décontenancé.*

probably, more than you can say of the persons you do converse with.

Englishman. That's true, I own; but for all that, I would rather keep company with my surgeon half the year, than with your women of fashion the year round.

Stanhope. Tastes are different you know, and every man follows his own.

Englishman. That's true; but thine's an odd one, Stanhope. All morning with the nurse, all the evening in formal fine company, and all day long afraid of old daddy¹ in England. Thou art a queer fellow, and I am afraid there's nothing to be made of thee.

Stanhope. I am afraid so too.

Englishman. Well, then, good night to you; you have no objection, I hope, to my being drunk to-night, which I certainly will be?²

Stanhope. Not in the least; nor to your being sick to-morrow, which you as certainly will be;—and so good night too.

You will observe that I have not put into your mouth those³ good arguments which upon such an occasion would, I am sure, occur to you; as piety and affection toward me; regard and friendship for Mr Harte; respect for your own moral character, and for all the relative duties of man, son, pupil, and citizen. Such⁴ solid arguments would be thrown away upon such shallow puppies.⁵ Leave them to their ignorance, and to their dirty, disgraceful vices.

CHESTERFIELD.

1694-1773.

THE EXECUTION OF QUEEN MARY.

ON Tuesday the 7th of February 1587, the two earls arrived at Fotheringay, and demanded access to the queen, read in her presence the warrant for execution,⁶ and required her to prepare

¹ *Of old daddy, Du vieux papa.*—² *You have no objection, I hope, to my being drunk to-night, which I certainly will be, Vous ne trouverez pas mauvais, je l'espère que je m'enivre ce soir, ce que je ferai bien certainement.*—³ See § 21.—⁴ See § 25.—

⁵ *Shallow puppies, Sots personnages.*—⁶ *The warrant for execution, L'ordre d'exécution.*

to die next morning. Mary heard them to the end without emotion, and crossing herself in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, "That soul," said she, "is not worthy the joys of Heaven, which repines because the body must endure the stroke of the executioner; and, though I did not expect that the Queen of England would set the first example of violating the sacred person of a sovereign prince, I willingly submit to that which Providence has decreed to be my lot." And, laying her hand on a Bible, which happened to be near her, she solemnly protested that she was innocent of that conspiracy which Babington had carried on against Elizabeth's life. She then mentioned the request contained in her letter to Elizabeth, but obtained no satisfactory answer. She entreated, with particular earnestness,¹ that now, in her last moments, her almoner might be suffered to attend her,² and that she might enjoy the consolation of those pious institutions prescribed by her religion. Even this favour, which is usually granted to the vilest criminal, was absolutely denied.

Her attendants, during this conversation, were bathed in tears, and though overawed by the presence of the two earls, with difficulty suppressed their anguish; but no sooner did Kent and Shrewsbury withdraw, than they ran to their mistress, and burst out into the most passionate expressions³ of tenderness and sorrow. Mary, however, not only retained perfect composure of mind, but endeavoured to moderate their excessive grief; and falling on her knees, with all her domestics around her, she thanked Heaven that her sufferings were now so near an end, and prayed that she might be enabled to endure what still remained with decency and with fortitude. The greater part of the evening she employed in settling her worldly affairs. She wrote her testament with her own hand. Her money, her jewels, and her clothes, she distributed among her servants, according to their rank or merit. She wrote a short letter to the King of France, and another to the Duke of Guise, full of tender but magnanimous sentiments, and recom-

¹ *She entreated, with particular earnestness, Elle demanda, avec des instances toutes particulières.*—² *To attend her, De l'assister.*—³ *The most passionate expressions Les expressions les plus énergiques.*

mended her soul to their prayers, and her afflicted servants to their protection. At supper, she ate temperately, as usual, and conversed not only with ease, but with cheerfulness ; she drank to¹ every one of her servants, and asked their forgiveness if ever she had failed in any part of her duty towards them. At her wonted time she went to bed, and slept calmly a few hours. Early in the morning she retired into her closet, and employed a considerable time in devotion. At eight o'clock, the High Sheriff and his officers entered her chamber, and found her still kneeling at the altar. She immediately started up, and with a majestic mien, and a countenance undismayed and even cheerful, advanced towards the place of execution, leaning on two of Paulet's attendants.

She was dressed in a mourning habit, but with an elegance and splendour which she had long laid aside, except on a few festival days. An *Agnus Dei* hung by a pomander chain at her neck, her beads at her girdle, and in her hand she carried a crucifix of ivory. At the bottom of the stairs, the two earls, attended by several gentlemen from the neighbouring counties, received her ; and there Sir Andrew Melvil, the master of her household, who had been secluded for some weeks from her presence, was permitted to take his last farewell. At the sight of a mistress whom he tenderly loved, in such a situation, he melted into tears ; and as he was bewailing her condition, and complaining of his own hard fate in being appointed to carry the account of such a mournful event into Scotland, Mary replied : " Weep not, good Melvil, there is at present greater cause for rejoicing ; thou shalt this day see Mary Stuart delivered from all her cares, and such an end put to her tedious sufferings as she has long expected. Bear witness that I die constant in my religion, firm in my fidelity towards Scotland, and unchanged in my affection to France. Commend me to my son : tell him I have done nothing injurious to his kingdom, to his honour, or to his right ; and God forgive all those who have thirsted, without cause, for my blood ! "

¹ *She drank to, Elle but à la santé de.*

With much difficulty, and after many entreaties, she prevailed on the two earls to allow Melvil, together with three of her men-servants and two of her maids, to attend her to the scaffold. It was erected in the same hall where she had been tried, raised a little above the floor, and covered, as well as a chair, the cushion, and block, with black cloth. Mary mounted the steps with alacrity, beheld all this apparatus of death with an unaltered countenance, and signing herself with the cross, she sat down in the chair. Beale read the warrant for execution with a loud voice, to which she listened with a careless air, and like one occupied in other thoughts. Then, the Dean of Peterborough began a devout discourse, suitable to¹ her present condition, and offered up prayers to Heaven in her behalf; but she declared that she could not in conscience hearken to the one nor join in the other,² and falling on her knees, repeated a Latin prayer. When the Dean had finished his devotions, she, with an audible voice, and in the English tongue, recommended unto God the afflicted state of the Church, and prayed for prosperity to her son, and for a long life and peaceful reign to Elizabeth. She declared that she hoped for mercy only through³ the death of Christ, at the foot of whose image she now willingly shed her blood; and lifting up and kissing the crucifix, she thus addressed it: "As Thy arms, O Jesus! were extended on the cross, so with the out-stretched arms of Thy mercy receive me, and forgive my sins."

She then prepared for the block by taking off her veil and upper garments, and one of the executioners rudely endeavouring to assist, she gently checked him, and said with a smile that she had not been accustomed to undress before so many spectators, nor to be served by such valets. With calm but undaunted fortitude she laid her neck on the block, and while one executioner held her hands, the other, at the second stroke, cut off her head, which, falling out of its attire,⁴ discovered her hair already grown quite gray with cares and sorrows. The executioner held it up,

¹ Suitable to, En accord avec.—² That she could not in conscience hearken to the one, nor join in the other, Que sa conscience lui défendait d'écouter ses paroles et de s'unir à ses prières.—³ Through, Par le mérite de.—⁴ Of its attire, De sa coiffure.

still streaming with blood, and the Dean crying out, "*So perish all Queen Elizabeth's enemies!*" the Earl of Kent alone answered: "*Amen!*" The rest of the spectators continued silent and drowned in tears, being incapable at that moment of any other sentiments but those of pity or admiration.

ROBERTSON.

1721-1793.

THE NORMANS.

THE Normans were then the foremost race of Christendom. Their valour and ferocity had made them conspicuous among the rovers whom Scandinavia had sent forth to ravage Western Europe. Their sails were long the terror of both coasts of the Channel. Their arms were repeatedly carried far into the heart of the Carlovingian empire, and were victorious under the walls of Maestricht and Paris. At length, one of the feeble heirs of Charlemagne ceded to the strangers a fertile province, watered by a noble river, and contiguous to the sea, which was their favourite element. In that province they founded a mighty State, which gradually extended its influence over the neighbouring principalities of Brittany and Maine. Without laying aside that dauntless valour which had been the terror of every land from the Elbe to the Pyrenees, the Normans rapidly acquired all, and more than all, the knowledge and refinement¹ which they found in the country where they had settled. Their courage secured their territory against foreign invasion. They established internal order, such as had been long unknown in the Frank empire. They embraced Christianity, and with Christianity they learned a great part of what the clergy had to teach.² They abandoned their native speech,³ and adopted the French tongue, in which Latin was the predominant element. They speedily raised their new language to a dignity and importance which it had never

¹ *The Normans rapidly acquired all, and more than all, the knowledge and refinement,* Les Normands s'étaient promptement approprié et même avaient accru toutes les connaissances et tous les raffinements.—² *Had to teach,* Pouvaient enseigner.—

³ *Native speech,* Idiotisme national.

before possessed. They found it a barbarous jargon; they fixed it in writing;¹ and they employed it in legislation, in poetry, and in romance. They renounced that brutal intemperance to which all the other branches of the great German family were too much inclined. The polite luxury² of the Norman presented a striking contrast to the coarse voracity and drunkenness of his Saxon and Danish neighbours. He loved to display his magnificence, not in huge piles of food and hogsheads of strong drink, but in large and stately edifices, rich armour, gallant horses, choice falcons, well-ordered tournaments, banquets delicate rather than abundant, and wines remarkable rather for their exquisite flavour³ than for their intoxicating power. That chivalrous spirit which has exercised so powerful an influence on the politics, morals, and manners of all European nations, was found in the highest exaltation⁴ among the Norman nobles. These nobles were distinguished by their graceful bearing⁵ and insinuating address.⁶ They were distinguished also by their skill in negotiation, and by a natural eloquence which they assiduously cultivated. It was the boast of one of their historians,⁷ that the Norman gentlemen were orators from the cradle. But their chief fame was derived from their military exploits. Every country, from the Atlantic Ocean to the Dead Sea, witnessed the prodigies of their discipline and valour. One Norman knight, at the head of a handful of warriors, scattered the Celts of Connaught. Another founded the monarchy of the Two Sicilies, and saw the emperors, both of the East and of the West, fly before his arms. A third, the Ulysses of the first Crusade, was invested by his fellow-soldiers⁸ with the sovereignty of Antioch; and a fourth, the Tancred whose name lives in the great poem of Tasso,⁹ was celebrated through Christendom as the bravest and most generous of the champions of the Holy Sepulchre.

¹ *They found it a barbarous jargon; they fixed it in writing,* Ils le trouvèrent à l'état de jargon, et en firent une langue écrite.—² *Polite luxury,* Luxe raffiné.—

³ *Exquisite flavour,* Bouquet délicieux.—⁴ *Was found in the highest exaltation,* Se trouvait au plus haut degré.—⁵ *Bearing,* Tournure.—⁶ *Address,* Manières.—⁷ *It was the boast of one of their historians,* Aussi un de leurs historiens a-t-il dit avec orgueil.—⁸ *Fellow-soldiers,* Compagnons d'armes.—⁹ *Tasso,* Le Tasse.

The vicinity of so remarkable a people early began to produce an effect on the public mind of England. Before the Conquest, English princes received their education in Normandy. English sees and English estates were bestowed on¹ Normans. Norman-French was familiarly spoken in the palace of Westminster. The court of Rouen seems to have been to the court of Edward the Confessor what the court of Versailles long afterwards was to the court of Charles II.

MACAULAY.
1808-1859.

WILLIAM WALLACE.²

WILLIAM WALLACE was none of the high nobles of Scotland, but the son of a private gentleman called Wallace of Ellerslie, in Renfrewshire, near Paisley. He was very tall and handsome, and one of the strongest and bravest men that ever lived. He had a very fine countenance, with a quantity of fair hair, and was particularly dexterous in the use of all weapons which were then employed in battle. Wallace, like all Scotsmen of high spirit,³ had looked with great indignation upon the usurpation of the crown by Edward, and upon the insolencies which the English soldiers committed on his countrymen.

The action which occasioned his finally rising in arms happened in the town of Lanark. Wallace was at this time married to a lady of that place, and residing there with his wife. It chanced, as he walked in the market-place, dressed in a green garment with a rich dagger by his side, that an Englishman came up⁴ and insulted him on account of his finery : saying, a Scotchman had no business to wear so gay a dress, or carry so handsome a weapon. It soon came to a quarrel,⁵ and Wallace having killed the Englishman, fled to his own house, which was speedily as-

¹ Bestowed on, *Conférés à*.—² A.D. 1300.—³ All Scotsmen of high spirit, Tous les Écossais de cœur.—⁴ Came up, *Survint*.—⁵ It soon came to a quarrel, On en vint bientôt à une querelle.

saulted by all the English soldiers. The governor of Lanark, whose name was Hazelrigg, burned the house, and put his wife and servants to death. He also proclaimed Wallace an outlaw,¹ and offered a reward to any one who should bring him to an English garrison, alive or dead.

On the other hand, Wallace soon collected a body of men outlawed like himself. One of his earliest expeditions was directed against Hazelrigg, whom he killed. He fought skirmishes with the soldiers who were sent against him, and often defeated them; and in time became so well known and so formidable, that multitudes began to resort to his standard, until at length he was at the head of a considerable army, with which he proposed to restore his country to independence.

At length, an opportunity presented itself near Stirling to engage² the English army under the Earl of Surrey; and the Scotch were victorious.

The remains of Surrey's great army fled out of Scotland after this defeat; and the Scots, taking arms on all sides, attacked the castles in which the English soldiers continued to shelter themselves, and took most of them by force or stratagem. Wallace defeated the English in several combats, chased them almost entirely out of Scotland, regained the towns and castles of which they had possessed themselves, and recovered for a time the complete freedom of the country. He even marched into England, and laid Cumberland and Northumberland waste, where the Scottish soldiers, in revenge for the mischief which the English had done in their country, committed great cruelties. Wallace did not approve of their killing³ the people who were not in arms, and he endeavoured to protect the clergymen and others, who were not able to defend themselves. "Remain with me," he said to the priests of Hexham, a large town in Northumberland, "for I cannot protect you from my soldiers when you are out of my presence." The troops who followed Wallace received no pay,

¹ *He also proclaimed Wallace an outlaw, Il déclara aussi Wallace proscrit.*—² *To engage, D'en venir aux mains avec.*—³ *Wallace did not approve of their killing, Wallace ne les approuva pas de tuer.*

because he had no money to give them ; and that was one great reason why he could not keep them under restraint, or prevent them doing much harm to the defenceless country people. He remained in England more than three weeks, and did a great deal of mischief to the country.

Edward I. was in Flanders when all these events took place in 1298. You may suppose he was very angry when he heard that Scotland, which he thought completely subdued, had risen into a great insurrection against him, defeated his armies, killed his treasurer, chased his soldiers out of their country, and invaded England with a great force. He came back from Flanders in a mighty rage, and determined not to leave that rebellious country until it was finally conquered, for which purpose he assembled a very fine army and marched into Scotland.

In the meantime the Scots prepared to defend themselves, and chose Wallace to be governor or protector of the kingdom, because they had no king at the time. But although, as we have seen, he was the best soldier and bravest man in¹ Scotland, and therefore the most fit to be placed in command at this critical period, when the king of England was coming against them with such great forces, yet² the nobles of Scotland envied him this important situation because he was not a man born in high rank, or enjoying a large estate. So great was their jealousy of³ Sir William Wallace, that many of these great barons did not seem very willing to bring forward their forces, or to fight against the English. Yet, notwithstanding this unwillingness of the great nobility to support him, Wallace assembled a large army ; for the middle, but especially the lower classes, were very much attached to him. He marched boldly against the king of England, and met him near the town of Falkirk. Most of the Scottish army were on foot, because in those days only the nobility and great men of Scotland fought on horseback.

The English king, on the contrary, had a very large body of the finest cavalry in the world, Normans and English, all clothed in complete armour. He had also the celebrated archers of England,

¹ See § 30, 2.—² See § 42.—³ *Their jealousy of, Leur jalousie contre.*

each of whom was said to carry twelve Scotchmen's lives under his girdle ; because every archer carried twelve arrows.

The Scots had some good archers from the forest of Ettrick, who fought under command of Sir John Stewart of Bonkill ; but they were not nearly equal in number to the English. The greater part of the Scotch, armed with long spears, were placed so thick and close together, that it seemed as difficult to break through them as through the wall of a strong castle. The English made the attack. King Edward, though he saw the close ranks and undaunted appearance of the Scottish infantry, resolved nevertheless to try whether he could ride them down with his fine cavalry. He therefore gave his horsemen orders to advance. They charged accordingly at full gallop. It must have been a terrible thing to have seen these fine horses riding as hard as they could against the long lances which were held out by the Scots to keep them back, and a dreadful cry arose when they came against each other.

The Scottish spearmen being thrown into some degree of confusion by the loss of those who were slain by the arrows of the English, the heavy cavalry of Edward again charged, with more success than formerly, and broke through the ranks, which were already disordered. Sir John Grahame, Wallace's great friend and companion, was slain, with many other brave soldiers ; and the Scots, having lost a very great number of men, were at length obliged to take flight.

After this fatal defeat of Falkirk, Sir William Wallace seems to have resigned his office of Governor of Scotland. And the King of England obliged all its nobles and great men, one after another, to submit themselves once more to his yoke. Wallace alone refused either to acknowledge the usurper, Edward, or to lay down his arms. He continued to maintain himself among the woods and mountains of his native country for no less than seven years after the battle of Falkirk. Many proclamations were sent out against him by the English, and a great reward was set upon his head. For the sake of this reward Wallace was basely betrayed by a pretended friend, and led prisoner to the Tower of London.

Edward caused this gallant defender of his country to be

brought to trial in Westminster Hall before English judges ; and produced him there, crowned in mockery with a green garland, because they said he had been king of outlaws and robbers among the Scottish woods. Wallace was accused of having been a traitor to the English crown, to which he answered, "I could not be a traitor to Edward, for I was never his subject." He was then charged with¹ having taken and burnt towns and castles, with having killed many men, and done much violence. He replied, with the same calm resolution, "That it was true he had killed very many Englishmen, but it was because they had come to subdue and oppress his native country of Scotland ; and, far from repenting what he had done, he declared he was only sorry that he had not put to death many more of them."

Notwithstanding that Wallace's defence was a good one, both in law and in common sense (for surely every one has not only a right to fight in defence of his native country, but is bound in duty to do so,) the English judges condemned him to be executed. So this brave patriot was dragged upon a sledge to the place of execution, where his head was struck off and his body divided into four quarters, which, according to the cruel custom of the time, were exposed upon spikes of iron on London Bridge.

WALTER SCOTT.
1771-1832.

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

ON² the 7th of October 1492, they had come seven hundred and fifty leagues,³ the distance at which Columbus had computed to find the island of Cipango. There were great flights of small birds to the south-west,⁴ which seemed to indicate some neighbouring land in that direction, where they were sure⁵ of food and a resting-place. Yielding to the solicitations of Martin Alonzo

¹ See § 6.—² See § 26, 7.—³ *They had come seven hundred and fifty leagues, Ils avaient fait sept cent cinquante lieues.*—⁴ *Great flights of small birds to the south-west, De longues volées de petits oiseaux qui se dirigeaient vers le sud-ouest.*

⁵ *Where they were sure, Où ils étaient certains de trouver.*

Pinzon and his brother, Columbus, on the evening of the 7th, altered his course to the south-west.¹ As he advanced, the signs of land increased; the birds came singing about the ships, and herbage floated by as fresh and green² as if recently from shore. When, however, on the evening of the third day of this new course, the seamen beheld the sun go down upon a shoreless horizon, they again broke forth into loud clamours,³ and insisted upon abandoning the voyage. Columbus endeavoured to pacify them by gentle words and liberal promises; but finding these only increased⁴ their violence, he assumed a different tone, and told them it was useless to murmur; the expedition had been sent by the sovereigns to seek the Indies, and, happen what might,⁵ he was determined to persevere until, by the blessing of God, he should accomplish the enterprise.

He was now⁶ at open defiance with his crew, and his situation would have been desperate; but, fortunately, the manifestations⁷ of land on the following day were such as no longer to admit of doubt. A fish, such as keeps about rocks, swam by the ships; and a branch of thorn, with berries on it, floated by; they picked up also a reed, a small board, and, above all, a staff artificially⁸ carved. All gloom and murmuring was now at an end, and throughout the day each one was on the watch for the long-sought land.

In the evening, when, according to custom, the mariners had sung the *Salve Regina*, or vesper hymn to the Virgin, Columbus made an impressive address to his crew, pointing out⁹ the goodness of God in thus conducting them, by soft and favouring breezes, across a tranquil ocean to the promised land. He expressed a strong confidence of making land that very night, and ordered that a vigilant look-out should be kept from the fore-castle, promising

¹ *Altered his course to the south-west*, Changea de route et se dirigea vers le sud-ouest.—² *As fresh and green*, Aussi fraîche et aussi verte.—³ *They again broke forth into loud clamours*, Ils recommencèrent à pousser de grands cris.—⁴ *But finding these only increased*, Mais voyant que cela ne faisoit qu'augmenter.—⁵ *Happen what might*, Quoi qu'il pût arriver.—⁶ See § 44.—⁷ *Manifestations*, Indices.—⁸ *Artificially*, Avec art.—⁹ *Columbus made an impressive address to his crew, pointing out*, Colomb prononça un discours à son équipage et produisit une vive impression en faisant voir.

to whomsoever made the discovery, a doublet of velvet, in addition to the pension to be given by the sovereigns.

The breeze had been fresh all day, with more sea than usual : at sunset, they stood again to the west, and were ploughing the waves at a rapid rate, the *Pinta* keeping the lead from her superior sailing.¹ The greatest animation prevailed throughout the ships ; not an eye was closed that night. As the evening darkened, Columbus took his station on the poop of his vessel. However he might carry a cheerful and confident countenance during the day, it was to him a time of the most painful anxiety ; and now, when he was wrapped from observation by the shades² of night, he maintained an intense and unremitting watch, ranging his eyes³ along the dusky horizon in search of the most vague indications of land. Suddenly, about ten o'clock, he thought he beheld a light glimmering at a distance. Fearing that his eager hopes might deceive him, he called to Pedro Gutierrez, gentleman of the king's bedchamber, and demanded whether he saw a light in that direction ; the latter replied in the affirmative. Columbus, yet doubtful whether it might not be some delusion of the fancy, called Rodrigo Sanchez of Segovia, and made the same inquiry. By the time the latter had ascended the round-house, the light had disappeared. They saw it once or twice afterwards in sudden and passing gleams, as if it were a torch in the bark of a fisherman, rising and sinking with the waves ; or in the hands of some person on shore, borne up and down as he walked from house to house. So transient and uncertain were these gleams, that few attached any importance to them ; Columbus, however, considered them as certain signs of land, and, moreover, that the land was inhabited.⁴

They continued their course until two in the morning, when a gun from the *Pinta* gave the joyful signal of land. It was first

¹ *From her superior sailing, À cause de la supériorité de sa voile.*—² *Wrapped from observation by the shades, Caché aux regards par les ombres.*—³ *He maintained an intense and unremitting watch, ranging his eyes, Il ne cessa de veiller avec la plus grande attention, promenant ses yeux.*—⁴ *As certain signs of land, and, moreover, that the land was inhabited, Comme des indices certains d'une terre, et même d'une terre habitée.*

discovered by a mariner named Rodriguez Bermejo, resident of Triana, a suburb of Seville, but native of Alcala de la Guadaira ; but the reward was afterwards adjudged to the admiral, for having previously perceived the light. The land was now clearly seen, about two leagues distant ; whereupon they took in sail, and laid to,¹ waiting impatiently for the dawn.

The thoughts and feelings of Columbus in this little space of time must have been tumultuous and intense. At length, in spite of every difficulty and danger, he had accomplished his object. The great mystery of the ocean was revealed ; his theory, which had been the scoff of sages, was triumphantly established ; he had secured to himself a glory which must be as durable as the world itself !²

It is difficult even for the imagination to conceive the feelings of such a man at the moment of so sublime a discovery. What a bewildering crowd of conjectures must have thronged upon his mind as to the land which lay before him, covered with darkness ! That it was fruitful was evident from the vegetables which floated from its shores. He thought too, that he perceived in the balmy air the fragrance of aromatic groves. The moving light which he had beheld proved that it was the residence of man. But what were its inhabitants ? Were they like those of other parts of the globe, or were they some strange and monstrous race, such as the imagination in those times was prone to give to all remote and unknown regions ? Had he come upon some wild island far in the Indian seas, or was this the famed Cipango itself, the object of his golden fancies ? A thousand speculations of the kind must have swarmed upon him,³ as he watched for the night to pass away, wondering whether the morning light would reveal a savage wilderness, or dawn upon spicy groves, and glittering fanes, and gilded cities, and all the splendours of oriental civilisation.

W. IRVING.

1782-1859.

¹ *Whereupon they took in sail, and laid to, Alors on serra les voiles et l'on mit en panne.*—² *He had secured to himself a glory, which must be as durable as the world itself, Il s'était assuré une gloire, qui durerait aussi longtemps que le monde.*—³ *A thousand speculations of the kind must have swarmed upon him, Mille réflexions de cette nature, doivent s'être présentées en foule à son esprit.*

MURDER OF ARTHUR OF BRITTANY.¹

PRINCE ARTHUR was the right heir to the throne of England, and went to war against his uncle John, who had usurped. Arthur and his army were resting at Mirebeau, a town near Poitiers in France, when one summer night, King John, by treachery, got his men into the town, and surprised Arthur's force. He took two hundred of Arthur's knights, and seized the prince himself in bed. The knights were put in heavy irons,² and driven away in open carts drawn by bullocks, to various dungeons, where they were most inhumanly treated, and where some of them were starved to death. Prince Arthur was sent to the castle of Falaise.

One day, while he was in prison in that castle, mournfully thinking it strange that one so young should be in³ so much trouble, and looking out of the small window in the deep dark wall, at the summer sky, and the birds, the door was softly opened, and he saw his uncle the king standing in the shadow of the archway, looking very grim.⁴

"Arthur," said the king, with his wicked eyes more on the stone floor than on his nephew, "will you not trust to the gentleness, and the friendship, and the truthfulness of your loving uncle?"

"I will tell my loving uncle that," replied the boy, "when he does me right. Let him restore to me my kingdom of England, and then come to me and ask the question."

The king looked at⁵ him, and then went out. "Keep that boy close prisoner,"⁶ said he to the warden of the castle.

Then the king took secret counsel with the worst of his nobles, how the prince was to be got rid of.⁷ Some said, put out his eyes and keep him in prison, as Robert of Normandy was kept; others said, have him stabbed; others, have him hanged; others, have him poisoned.

¹ A.D. 1200.—² Put in heavy irons, Chargés de lourdes chaînes.—³ Mournfully thinking it strange that one so young should be in, Pensant tristement combien il était étrange que, si jeune, il eût.—⁴ See § 55, 30.—⁵ See § 36, 4.—⁶ Close prisoner, Etroitement prisonnier.—⁷ How the prince was to be got rid of, Pour savoir comment se débarrasser du prince.

King John sent certain ruffians to Falaise, to blind the boy with red-hot irons—but Arthur so feelingly entreated them, and shed such piteous tears,¹ and so trustfully appealed to Hubert de Bourg, the warden of the castle, who had a love for him, and was an honourable tender man, that Hubert could not bear it. To his eternal honour, he prevented the torture from being performed, and at his own risk sent the savages away.

The chafed and disappointed king bethought himself of the stabbing suggestion next; and, with his shuffling manner and his cruel face, proposed it to one William de Bray. "I am a gentleman, and not an executioner," said William de Bray, and left the presence with disdain.

But it was not difficult for a king to hire a murderer in those days. King John found one for his money, and sent him down to the castle of Falaise. "On what errand dost thou come?" said Hubert to this fellow. "To despatch young Arthur," he returned.

"Go back to him who sent thee," answered Hubert, "and say that I will do it."

King John, very well knowing that Hubert would never do it, but that he courageously sent this reply to save the prince or gain time, despatched messengers to convey the young prisoner to the castle of Rouen.

Arthur was soon forced from the good Hubert, of whom he had never stood in greater need than then; carried away by night, and lodged in his new prison, where through his grated window he could hear the deep waters of the river Seine rippling against the stone wall below.

One dark night, as he lay sleeping, dreaming perhaps of rescue by those unfortunate gentlemen who were obscurely suffering and dying in his cause, he was roused and bidden by his jailer to come down the staircase to the foot of the tower; he hurriedly dressed himself and obeyed. When they came to the bottom of the winding stairs, and the night air from the river blew upon their faces, the jailer trod upon his torch, and put it out. Then Arthur

¹ *Piteous tears, Larmes attendrissantes.*

in the darkness was drawn into a solitary boat ; and in that boat he found his uncle and another man.

He knelt to them, and prayed them not to murder him. Deaf to his entreaties they stabbed him, and sunk his body in the river with heavy stones. When the spring morning broke, the tower door was closed, the boat was gone, the river sparkled on its way, and never more was any trace of the poor boy beheld by mortal eyes.

CHAS. DICKENS.

(*Child's History of England.*)

SYDNEY SMITH BUILDS HIS HOUSE.

I WAS suddenly caught up by the Archbishop of York, and transported to my living¹ in Yorkshire, where there had not been a resident clergyman for a hundred and fifty years. Fresh from London,² not knowing a turnip from a carrot, I was compelled to farm³ three hundred acres, and without capital to build a parsonage-house.⁴

I asked and obtained three years' leave from the archbishop, in order to effect an exchange, if possible, and fixed myself meantime at a small village two miles from York, in which was a fine old house of the time of Queen Elizabeth, where resided the last of the squires with his lady, who looked as if she had walked straight out of the ark, or had been the wife of Enoch. He was a perfect specimen of old !⁵ he smoked, hunted, drank beer at his door with his grooms and dogs, and spelt over the county paper on Sundays.

At first he heard⁶ I was a Jacobin and a dangerous fellow, and turned aside as I passed ; but at length, when he found the peace of the village undisturbed, harvests as usual, he first bowed, then called, and at last reached such a pitch of confidence⁷ that he used to bring the papers, that I might explain the difficult words

¹ *My living*, Mon bénéfice.—² *Fresh from London*, Fraîchement arrivé de Londres.—³ *To farm*, De prendre à ferme.—⁴ *A parsonage-house*, Un presbytère.—⁵ *Of old*, Des anciens temps.—⁶ *He heard*, On lui avait dit.—⁷ *Reached such a pitch of confidence*, En vint à un tel degré de confiance.

to him ; actually discovered that¹ I had made a joke, laughed till I thought² he would have died of convulsions, and ended by inviting me to see his dogs.

All my efforts for an exchange having failed, I asked and obtained from my friend the archbishop another year to build in. And I then set my shoulder to the wheel in good earnest ;³ sent for⁴ an architect ; he produced plans which would have ruined me. I made him my bow : " You build for glory, sir ; I for use." I returned him his plans, with five and twenty pounds, and sat down in my thinking-chair ;⁵ and in a few hours Mrs Sydney and I concocted a plan which has produced what I call the model of parsonage-houses.

I then took to horse, to provide bricks and timber ; was advised to make my own bricks of my own clay ;⁶ of course, when the kiln was opened, all bad ; mounted my horse again, and in twenty-four hours had bought thousands of bricks and tons of timber. Was advised by neighbouring gentlemen to employ oxen ; bought four : Tug and Lug, Haul and Crawl ; but Tug and Lug took to fainting,⁷ and required buckets of sal volatile, and Haul and Crawl to lie down in the mud. So I did as I ought to have done at first—took the advice of the farmer instead of the gentleman ; sold my oxen, bought a team of horses, and at last, in spite of a frost which delayed me six weeks,⁸ in spite of walls running down with wet,⁹ in spite of the advice and remonstrances of friends who predicted our death, in spite of an infant six months old, who had never been out of doors, I landed my family in my new house nine months after laying the first stone, on the 20th of March ; and performed my promise to the letter to¹⁰ the archbishop, by issuing forth at midnight with a lantern to meet the last cart, with the cook and the cat, which had stuck in the mud, and fairly

¹ *Actually discovered that*, Il découvrit un beau jour que.—² *Laughed till I thought*, Il se mit à rire au point que.—³ *I set my shoulder to the wheel in good earnest*, Je me mis sérieusement à l'œuvre.—⁴ See § 55, 9.—⁵ *And sat down in my thinking-chair*, Et je m'enfonçai dans mon grand fauteuil.—⁶ *Clay*, Argile.—⁷ *Took to fainting*, Tombaient en syncope.—⁸ *Delayed me six weeks*, Me retarda de six semaines.—⁹ *Walls running down with wet*, Murs tout ruisselants d'humidité.—¹⁰ *Performed my promise to the letter to*, Je remplis à la lettre la promesse que j'avais faite à.

established myself and them before twelve o'clock at night in the new parsonage-house ; a feat, taking ignorance, inexperience, and poverty into consideration, requiring, I can assure you, no small degree of energy.¹

It made me a very poor man for many years, but I never repented it. I turned schoolmaster to educate my son, as I could not afford to send him to school. Mrs Sydney turned schoolmistress, to educate my girls, as I could not afford a governess. I turned a farmer, as I could not let my land. A manservant was too expensive ; so I caught up a little garden-girl, made like a milestone, christened her *Bunch*,² put a napkin in her hand, and made her my butler. The girls taught her to read, Mrs Sydney to wait, and I undertook her morals ; Bunch became the best butler in the country.

I had little furniture, so I bought a cart-load of deals ; took a carpenter, (who came to me for parish relief,) called Jack Robinson, with a face like a full-moon, into my service, established him in a barn, and said, " Jack, furnish my house."

At last it was suggested that a carriage was much wanted in the establishment. After diligent search, I discovered in the back settlements³ of a York coachmaker an ancient green chariot, supposed to have been the earliest invention of the kind. I brought it home in triumph to my admiring family. Being somewhat dilapidated,⁴ the village tailor lined it, the village blacksmith repaired it : nay, but for Mr Sydney's earnest entreaties, we believe the village painter would have exercised his genius upon the exterior ; it escaped this danger, however, and the result was wonderful. Each year added to its charms ; it grew younger and younger ; a new wheel, a new spring. I christened it the *Immortal*. It was known all over the neighbourhood ; the village boys cheered it, and the village dogs barked at it ;⁵ but "*Faber meæ fortunæ*" was my motto, and we had no false shame.

¹ A feat, taking ignorance into consideration, requiring no small degree of energy, Ce qui, si l'on tient compte de mon ignorance, emendait une certaine dose d'énergie.—² Christened her Bunch, Je la baptisai du nom de Fagot.—³ In the back settlements, Dans le fonds de magasin.—⁴ Being somewhat dilapidated, Cette voiture étant en assez mauvais état.—⁵ The village boys cheered it, and the village dogs barked at it, Les enfants du village criaient après, et les chiens aboyaient.

My house was considered the ugliest in the country, but all admitted it was one of the most comfortable ; and we did not die, as our friends had predicted, of the damp walls of the parsonage.

SYDNEY SMITH.

1769-1845.

INDUSTRY RECOMMENDED.

VERY few people are good economists¹ of their fortune, and still fewer of their time ; and yet, of the two, the latter is the most precious. I heartily wish you to be a good economist of both ; and you are now of an age to begin to think seriously of these two important articles.² Young people are apt to think they have so much time before them, that they may squander what they please of it, and³ yet have enough left ;⁴ as very great fortunes have frequently seduced people to a ruinous profusion. Fatal mistakes, always repented of,⁵ but always too late ! Old Mr Lowndes, the famous Secretary of the Treasury, in the reigns of King William, Queen Anne, and King George the First, used to say : "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves."

This holds equally true as to time ; and I most earnestly recommend to you the care of those minutes and quarters of hours, in the course of the day, which people think too short to deserve their attention ; and yet, if summed up at the end of the year, would amount to a very considerable portion of time. For example : you are to be at such a place at twelve, by appointment ; you go out at eleven, to make two or three visits first ; those persons are not at home ; instead of sauntering away that intermediate time at a coffee-house, and possibly none, return home, write a letter beforehand for the ensuing post or take up a good book, I do not mean Descartes, Malebranche Locke, or Newton, but some book of detached pieces, as Horace, Boileau, Waller, La Bruyère, &c. This will be so much time saved, and by no means ill-employed.

¹ Good economists, Ménagers d'—² These two important articles, Ces deux points importants.—³ See § 41.—⁴ Have enough left, Ils en ont assez de reste.—⁵ Always repented of, Dont on se repent toujours.

... a great deal of time by reading ; for they read
 ... books, such as the absurd romances of the two
 ... characters, that never existed, are insipidly
 ... sentiments, that never were felt, pompously de-
 ... oriental ravings and extravagance of the Arabian
 ... such sort of idle frivolous stuff that nourishes and
 ... mind just as much as whipped cream would the
 ... k to the best established books in every language, the
 ... poets, historians, orators, and philosophers. By these
 ... use a city metaphor, you will make fifty per cent. of
 ... e, of which others do not make above three or four, or
 ... y nothing at all.

... y people lose a great deal of their time by laziness : they
 ... nd yawn in a great chair, tell themselves that they have not
 ... to begin anything then, and that it will do as well another
 ... ie. This is a most unfortunate disposition, and the greatest
 ... obstruction to both knowledge and business. At your age you
 ... have no right or claim to laziness. You are but just listed in the
 world,⁴ and must be active, diligent, indefatigable. If ever you
 purpose commanding with dignity, you must serve up to it with
 diligence. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.

Despatch is the soul of business ; and nothing contributes more
 to despatch⁵ than method. Lay down a method for everything,
 and stick to it inviolably, as far as unexpected incidents may allow.
 Fix one certain hour and day in the week for your accounts, and
 keep them together in their proper order, by which means they
 will require very little time, and you can never be much cheated.
 Whatever letters and papers you keep, docket and tie them⁶ up in
 their respective classes, so that you may instantly have recourse to
 any one. Lay down a method also for your reading, for which
 you allot a certain share of your mornings ; let it be in a consis-
 tent and consecutive course, and not in that desultory and imme-

¹ *Idle, Oiseux.*—² *The Arabian Nights, Les Mille et Une Nuits.*—³ *That nourishes and improves the mind just as much as whipped cream would the body, Qui apporte à l'esprit juste autant de nourriture et de force que de la crème fouettée en apporterait au corps.*—⁴ *You are but just listed in the world, Vous ne faites que d'entrer dans le monde.*—⁵ *To despatch, À rendre expéditif.*—⁶ *Docket them, Étiqueter-les.*

thodical manner in which many people read scraps of different authors,¹ upon different subjects. Never read history without having maps and a chronological book or tables lying by you, and constantly recurred to, without which history is only a confused heap of facts. One method more I recommend to you, by which I have found great benefit, even in the most dissipated part of my life : that is, to rise early and at the same hour every morning, how late soever you may have sat up the night before.

You may say, it may be, as many young people would, that all this order and method is very troublesome, and only fit for dull people, and a disagreeable restraint upon the noble spirit and fire of youth. I deny it, and assert, on the contrary, that it will procure you both more time and more taste for your pleasures ; and, so far from being troublesome to you, that, after you have pursued it a month, it would be troublesome to you to lay it aside.

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

1694-1773.

THE STORY OF A DISABLED SOLDIER.²

I WAS born³ in Shropshire ; my father was a labourer,⁴ and died when I was five years old : so I was put upon the parish.⁵ As he had been a wandering sort of man,⁶ the parishioners were not able to tell to what parish I belonged, or where I was born ; so they sent me to another parish, and that parish sent me to a third. I thought in my heart, they kept sending me about so long, that they would not let me be born in any parish at all ;⁷ but at last,

¹ *Let it be in a consistent and consecutive course, and not in that desultory and immethodical manner in which many people read scraps of different authors,* Que vos lectures soient régulières et suivies ; ne les faites pas d'une manière décousue et sans méthode, comme beaucoup de gens qui lisent des bribes de différents auteurs.

—² *A disabled soldier,* Un invalide.—³ See § 3, 6.—⁴ See § 3, 8.—⁵ *So I was put upon the parish,* De sorte que je fus mis à la charge de la paroisse.—⁶ *As he had been a wandering sort of man,* Comme c'était un de ces hommes qui n'ont pas de domicile fixe.—⁷ *I thought in my heart, they kept sending me about so long, that they would not let me be born in any parish at all,* Je pensai en moi-même, tant ils persistèrent à m'envoyer à droite et à gauche, qu'ils auraient bien voulu que je ne fusse né sous aucune paroisse.

however, they fixed me.¹ I had some disposition to be a scholar,² and was resolved at least to know my letters ; but the master of the workhouse put me to business as soon as I could handle a mallet ; and here I lived an easy kind of life for five years. I only wrought ten hours in the day, and had my meat and drink provided for my labour. It is true, I was not suffered to stir out of the house, for fear, as they said, I should run away ; but what of that ?³ I had the liberty of the whole house, and the yard before the door ; and that was enough for me. I was then bound out to a farmer,⁴ where I was up both early and late : but I ate and drank well, and liked my business well enough, till he died, when⁵ I was obliged to provide for myself ;⁶ so I was resolved to go to seek my fortune.

In this manner, I went from town to town, worked when I could get employment, and starved when I could get none ; when happening one day to go through a field belonging to a justice of the peace,⁷ I spied a hare crossing the path just before me, and I flung my stick at it. I killed the hare, and was bringing it away, when the justice himself met me ; he called me a poacher and a villain. I fell upon my knees, begged his worship's pardon, and began to give a full account of all that I knew of myself, and my generation ; but though I gave a very true account, the justice said I could give no account ; so I was indicted at sessions,⁸ found guilty of being poor, and sent up to London to Newgate, in order to be transported as a vagabond.

People may say this and that of being in jail, but, for my part, I found Newgate as agreeable a place as ever I was in in all my life. I had plenty to eat and drink, and did no work at all. This kind of life was too good to last for ever ; so I was taken out of prison, after five months,⁹ put on board a ship,¹⁰ and sent off with two hundred more to the plantations. We had but an indifferent passage, for being all confined in the hold, more than a hundred

¹ *They fixed me, Ils m'en trouvèrent une.*—² *To be a scholar, Pour faire des études.*—³ *But what of that ? Mais à quoi bon ?*—⁴ *I was then bound out to a farmer, Je fus placé chez un fermier.*—⁵ *When, Mais alors.*—⁶ *To provide for myself, De me suffire.*—⁷ *Justice of peace, Juge de paix.*—⁸ *I was indicted at sessions, Je fus renvoyé devant les assises.*—⁹ *After five months, Au bout de cinq mois.*—¹⁰ *On board a ship, À bord d'un vaisseau.*

of our people died for want of sweet air,¹ and those that remained were sickly enough, God knows. When we came ashore, we were sold to the planters, and I was bound for seven years more. As I was no scholar, for I did not know my letters, I was obliged to work among the negroes ; and I served out my time,² as in duty bound to do.

When my time was expired, I worked my passage home,³ and glad to see old England again, because I loved my country. I was afraid, however, that I should be indicted for a vagabond once more ; so I did not much care to go down into the country, but kept about the town, and did little jobs when I could get them.

I was very happy in this manner for some time ; till one evening, coming home from work, two men knocked me down. I was carried before the justice, and, as I could give no account of myself,⁴ I had my choice left, whether to go on board a man-of-war, or list for a soldier. I chose the latter ; and in this post of a gentleman, I served two campaigns in Flanders, was at the battles of Val and Fontenoy, and received but one wound through the breast ; but the doctor of our regiment soon made me well again.

When the peace came on I was discharged ;⁵ and as I could not work, because my wound was sometimes troublesome, I listed for a landsman in the East India Company's service. I have fought the French in three pitched battles ; and I verily believe that, if I could read or write, our captain would have made me a corporal. But it was not my good fortune to have any promotion, for I soon fell sick, and so got leave to return home again with forty pounds in my pocket. This was at the beginning of the present war, and I hoped to be set on shore, and to have the pleasure of spending my money ; but the government wanted men, and so I was pressed for a sailor,⁶ before ever I could set foot on shore.

¹ Sweet air, Air pur.—² I served out my time, Je servis tout mon temps.—³ I worked my passage home, Je m'engageai sur un vaisseau pour le prix de mon passage.—⁴ As I could give no account of myself, Comme je ne pus pas rendre compte de mes antécédents.—⁵ I was discharged, Je fus licencié.—⁶ I was pressed for a sailor, Je fus forcé de m'engager comme matelot.

The boatswain found me, as he said, an obstinate fellow : he swore he knew I understood my business well, but that I shammed,¹ to be idle ; but, God knows, I knew nothing of sea-business ; and he beat me, without considering what he was about.² I had still, however, my forty pounds, (and that was some comfort to me under every beating,) and the money I might have had to this day, but that our ship was taken by the French : and so I lost all.

Our crew was carried into Brest, and many of them died, because they were not used to live in a jail ; but, for my part, it was nothing to me,³ for I was seasoned.⁴ One night, as I was asleep on the bed of boards, with a warm blanket about me, for I always love to lie well, I was awakened by the boatswain, who had a dark lantern in his hand. "Jack," said he to me, "will you knock out the French sentry's brains?" "I don't care," says I, striving to keep myself awake, "if I lend a hand."⁵ "Then follow me," said he, "and I hope we shall do business."

Though we had no arms, we went down to the door where both sentries were posted, and rushing upon them, seized their arms in a moment and knocked them down. From thence, nine of us ran together to the quay, and seizing the first boat we met, got out of the harbour and put to sea. We had not been there three days before we were taken up by the *Dorset* privateer,⁶ who were glad of so many good hands, and we consented to run our chance. However, we had not as much luck as we expected. In three days we fell in with the *Pompadour* privateer,⁷ of forty guns, while we had but twenty-three ; so to it we went, yard-arm and yard-arm.⁸ The fight lasted for⁹ three hours, and I verily believe we should have taken the Frenchman, had we but had some more men left behind ; but unfortunately we lost all our men just as we were going to get the victory.

¹ *That I shammed*, Que je faisais le novice.—² *Without considering what he was about*, Sans vouloir rien entendre.—³ *It was nothing to me*, Cela ne me fit rien.—

⁴ *I was seasoned*, J'étais à l'épreuve.—⁵ *I don't care if I lend a hand*, Cela ne me ferait pas de peine d'y prêter la main.—⁶ *We were taken up by the Dorset privateer*, Nous fûmes recueillis par le Dorset qui était un corsaire.—⁷ *We fell in with the Pompadour privateer*, Nous fîmes la rencontre d'un autre corsaire, le Pompadour.—

⁸ *So to it we went, yard-arm and yard-arm*, Nous l'attaquâmes vergue à vergue.

⁹ See § 28, 1.

I was once more in the power of the French, and I believe it would have gone hard with me,¹ had I been brought back to Brest ; but, by good fortune, we were retaken by the *Viper*. I had almost forgot to tell you, that in this engagement I was wounded in two places : I lost four fingers of the left hand, and my leg was shot off.² If I had had the good fortune to have lost my leg and the use of my hand on board a king's ship, and not on board a privateer, I should have been entitled to clothing and maintenance during the rest of my life ; but that was not my chance : one man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle. However, blessed be God, I enjoy good health, and will for ever love liberty and old England. Liberty, property, and old England, for ever, huzza !

Thus saying, he limped off,³ leaving me in admiration at his intrepidity and content ; nor could I avoid acknowledging that an habitual acquaintance with misery serves better than philosophy to teach us to despise it.

GOLDSMITH.

1729-1774.

THE SAVAGES OF NORTH AMERICA.

IN the year 1744, when a treaty was made at Lancaster, in Pennsylvania, between the government of Virginia and the Six Nations, the Commissioners, after the principal business was settled, informed the Indians, by a speech, that there was at Williamsburg a college, with a fund for educating⁴ Indian youth ; and if the chiefs of the Six Nations would send down half a dozen of their sons to that college, the government would take care that they should be well provided for,⁵ and instructed in all the learning of the white people. It is one of the Indian rules of politeness not to answer a public proposition the same

¹ *It would have gone hard with me, Cela se serait mal passé pour moi.*—² *And my leg was shot off, Et j'eus la jambe emportée.*—³ *He limped off, Il s'en alla en clopinant*—⁴ *With a fund for educating, Doté d'une fondation pour l'éducation de.*—⁵ *The government would take care that they should be well provided for, Le gouvernement veillerait à ce qu'ils ne manquassent de rien.*

day that it is made ; they think it would be treating it as a light matter, and they show it respect by taking time to consider it. They, therefore, deferred their answer till the day following. Then their speaker began, by expressing their deep sense of the kindness of the Virginia government, in making them that offer ; “for we know,” said he, “that you highly esteem the kind of learning taught in those colleges, and that the maintenance of our young men, while with you, would be very expensive to you. We are convinced, therefore, that you mean to do us good by your proposal ; and we thank you heartily. But you, who are wise, must know that different nations have different conceptions of things ;¹ and you will, therefore, not take it amiss,² if our ideas of this kind of education happen not to be the same with yours. We have had some experience of it : several of our young people were formerly brought up at the colleges of the northern provinces ; they were instructed in all your sciences ; but when they came back to us, they were bad runners ; ignorant of every means of living in the woods ; unable to bear either cold or hunger ; knew neither how³ to build a cabin, catch a deer, or kill an enemy ; spoke our language imperfectly ; were therefore neither fit for hunters, warriors, nor councillors : they were totally good for nothing. We are, however, not the less obliged by your kind offer, though we decline accepting it ; and to show our grateful sense of it, if the gentlemen of Virginia will send us a dozen of their sons, we will take great care of their education, instruct them in all we know, and make *men* of them.”

B. FRANKLIN.

1706-1790.

THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

THE parents of the deceased had resided in the village from childhood. They had inhabited one of the neatest cottages, and by

¹ *That different nations have different conceptions of things*, Que les différentes nations se font sur les choses des idées différentes.—² *Amis*, En mauvaise part.—

³ See § 55, 39.

various rural occupations, and the assistance of a small garden, had supported themselves creditably,¹ and led a happy and blameless life. They had one son, who had grown up to be the staff and pride of their age. "Oh sir!" said the good woman, "he was such a comely lad, so sweet-tempered, so kind to every one around him, so dutiful to his parents!" It did one's heart good to² see him on a Sunday, dressed out in his best, so tall, so straight, so cheery, supporting his old mother to church—for she was always fonder of leaning on George's arm than on her goodman's; and, poor soul, she might well be proud of him, for a finer lad there was not in the country round.

Unfortunately, the son was tempted, during a year of scarcity and agricultural hardship, to³ enter into the service of one of the small craft that plied on a neighbouring river. He had not been long in this employ when he was entrapped by a press-gang⁴ and carried off to sea. His parents received tidings of his seizure,⁵ but beyond that they could learn nothing. It was the loss of their main prop. The father, who was already infirm, grew heartless and melancholy, and sunk into his grave. The widow, left lonely in her age and feebleness, could no longer support herself, and came upon the parish.⁶ Still there was a kind feeling toward her throughout the village, and a certain respect as being one of the oldest inhabitants. As no one applied for the cottage in which she had passed so many happy days, she was permitted to remain in it, where she lived solitary and almost helpless. The few wants of nature were chiefly supplied from the scanty production of her little garden, which the neighbours would now and then cultivate⁷ for her. It was but a few days before the time at which these circumstances were told me, that she was gathering some vegetables for her repast, when she heard the cottage door, which faced the garden, suddenly opened. A stranger came out,

¹ *Had supported themselves creditably*, Ils avaient pourvu honorablement à leurs besoins.—² *It did one's heart good to*, C'était plaisir de.—³ *The son was tempted, during a year of scarcity and agricultural hardship, to*, Le fils, pendant une année de disette, alors que le travail à la terre manquait aussi, fut poussé à.—⁴ *Entrapped by a press-gang*, Pris par la presse.—⁵ *His seizure*, Son enlèvement.—⁶ *Came upon the parish*, Tomba à la charge de la paroisse, (see p. 106, note 5.)—⁷ *Would cultivate*, Cultivaient.

and seemed to be looking eagerly and wildly around.¹ He was dressed in seaman's clothes, was emaciated and ghastly pale, and bore the air of one broken by sickness and hardships. He saw her, and hastened toward her, but his steps were faint and faltering; he sunk on his knees before her, and sobbed like a child. The poor woman gazed upon him with a vacant and wandering eye. "Oh, my dear, dear mother! don't you know your son? your poor boy George?" It was indeed the wreck of her once noble lad, who,² shattered by wounds, by sickness, and foreign imprisonment,³ had at length dragged his wasted limbs homeward, to repose among the scenes of his childhood.⁴

I will not attempt to detail the particulars of such a meeting, where joy and sorrow were so completely blended. Still he was alive! he was come home! he might yet live to comfort and cherish her old age! Nature, however, was exhausted in him; and if anything had been wanting to finish the work of fate, the desolation of his native cottage would have been sufficient. He stretched himself on the pallet, on which his widowed mother had passed many a sleepless night, and he never rose from it again.

The villagers, when they heard that George Somers had returned, crowded to see him, offering every comfort and assistance that their humble means afforded. He was too weak, however, to talk; he could only look his thanks.⁵ His mother was his constant attendant, and he seemed unwilling to be helped by any other hand.

There is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood, that softens the heart, and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has languished, even in advanced life, in sickness and despondency, who that has pined on a weary bed⁶ in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land, but has thought on⁷ the mother "that looked on his childhood," that smoothed his pillow,⁸ and administered to his helplessness? Oh! there is an

¹ *And seemed to be looking eagerly and wildly around*, Et parut regarder autour de lui d'un air inquiet et hagard.—² *It was indeed the wreck of her once noble lad, who*, C'était en effet tout ce qui restait de son superbe garçon; c'était lui qui.—

³ *Foreign imprisonment*, Un emprisonnement à l'étranger.—⁴ *The scenes of his childhood*, Les lieux témoins de son enfance.—⁵ *Look his thanks*, Remercier du regard.—⁶ *A weary bed*, Un lit de douleur.—⁷ *But has thought on*, Sans penser à.—

⁸ *That smoothed his pillow*, Qui arrangeait son oreiller.

enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience ; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment ; she will glory in his fame and exult in his prosperity ; and if misfortune overtake him, he will be the dearer to her from misfortune ;¹ and if disgrace settle upon his name,² she will still love and cherish him in spite of his disgrace ; and if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him.

Poor George Somers had known what it was to be in sickness, and none to soothe ; lonely and in prison, and none to visit him. He could not endure his mother from his sight ; if she moved away, his eye would follow her. She would sit for³ hours by his bed, watching him as he slept. Sometimes he would start from a feverish dream and look anxiously up until he saw her bending over him, when⁴ he would take her hand, lay it on his bosom, and fall asleep with the tranquillity of a child. In this way he died.

My first impulse, on hearing this humble tale of affliction,⁵ was to visit the cottage of the mourner and administer pecuniary assistance, and, if possible, comfort. I found, however, on inquiry, that⁶ the good feelings of the villagers had prompted them to do everything that the case admitted, and, as the poor know best how⁷ to console each other's sorrows, I did not venture to intrude.

The next Sunday I was at the village church, when, to my surprise, I saw the poor old woman tottering down the aisle to her accustomed seat on the steps of the altar.

She had made an effort to put on something like mourning for her son ;⁸ and nothing could be more touching than the struggle between pious affection and utter poverty ; a black riband or so,⁹

¹ *He will be the dearer to her from misfortune, Il ne lui en deviendra que plus cher.*—² *If disgrace settle upon his name, Si une tache flétrit son nom.*—³ See § 28, 1.—⁴ *When, Et alors.* See also § 38.—⁵ *This humble tale of affliction, Cette simple, mais affligeante histoire.*—⁶ *I found, however, on inquiry, that, Je pris des renseignements et je sus que.*—⁷ *And as the poor know best how, Et comme il n'est tels que les pauvres pour savoir.*—⁸ *To put on something like mourning for her son, Pour mettre en mémoire de son fils quelque chose qui eût un air de deuil.*—⁹ *A black riband or so, Un ruban noir ou à peu près.*

a faded black handkerchief, and one or two more such humble attempts to express, by outward signs, that grief which passes show.¹ When I looked round upon the storied monuments,² the stately hatchments, the cold marble pomp, with which grandeur mourned magnificently over departed pride,³ and turned to this poor widow, bowed down by age and sorrow at the altar of her God, and offering up the prayers and praises of a pious, though a broken heart, I felt that this living monument of real grief was worth them all.

I related her story to some of the wealthy members of the congregation, and they were moved by it. They exerted themselves to render her situation more comfortable, and to lighten her afflictions. It was, however, but smoothing a few steps to the grave. In the course of a Sunday or two after she was missed from her usual seat at church, and before I left the neighbourhood I heard, with a feeling of satisfaction, that she had quietly breathed her last,⁴ and had gone to rejoin those she loved, in that world where sorrow is never known, and friends are never parted.⁵

WASHINGTON IRVING.

1782-1860.

COUNTRY HOSPITALITY.

It is odd to consider that, for want of discretion, civility, intended to make us easy,⁶ is employed in laying chains and fetters upon us, and in crossing⁷ our most reasonable desires and inclinations.

This abuse reigneth chiefly in the country, as I found to my vexation,⁸ when I was last there, in a visit I made to a neighbour about two miles from my cousin. As soon as I entered the

¹ *That grief which passes show*, Un chagrin qui ne saurait s'exprimer.—² *Storied monuments*, Tombeaux chargés d'inscriptions.—³ *With which grandeur mourned magnificently over departed pride*, Au moyen desquels la richesse déploie le deuil fastueux d'un orgueil qui n'est plus.—⁴ *Breathed her last*, Rendu le dernier soupir.—⁵ *And friends are never parted*, Et où les amis ne se séparent jamais.—⁶ *Civility, intended to make us easy*, Les civilités qu'on nous fait dans l'intention de nous mettre à l'aise.—⁷ *In crossing*, À contrarier.—⁸ *As I found to my vexation*, Comme je l'éprouvai à mon grand déplaisir.

parlour,¹ they put me into the great chair that stood close by a huge fire, and kept me there by force, until I was almost stifled. Then a boy came in a great hurry to pull off my boots, which I in vain opposed, urging that I must return² soon after dinner. In the meantime, the good lady whispered to her eldest daughter, and slipped a key into her hand. The girl returned³ instantly with a beer-glass half full of *aqua mirabilis* and syrup of gilliflowers. I took as much as I had a mind for ; but madam vowed I should drink it off, (for she was sure it would do me good after coming out of the cold air,) and I was forced to obey, which absolutely took away my stomach.⁴ When dinner came in, I had a mind to sit at a distance from⁵ the fire ; but they told me it was as much as my life was worth, and set me with my back just against it. Although my appetite was quite gone, I resolved to force down as much as I could, and desired the leg of a pullet. " Indeed, Mr Bickerstaff," says the lady, " you must eat a wing to oblige me ;" and so put a couple upon my plate. I was persecuted at this rate during the whole meal. As often as I called for small beer, the master tipped the wink, and the servant brought me a brimmer⁶ of *October*. Some time after dinner, I ordered my cousin's man, who came with me, to get ready the horses ; but it was resolved⁷ I should not stir that night : and when I seemed pretty much bent upon going, they ordered the stable-door to be locked, and the children hid my cloak and boots. The next question was what I would have⁸ for supper ? I said I never ate anything at night ; but was at last, in my own defence,⁹ obliged to name the first thing that came into my head. After three hours spent chiefly in apologies for my entertainment,¹⁰ insinuating to me " that this was the worst time of the year for provisions ; that they were afraid I should be starved ;" the lady

¹ *Parlour*, Salle du rez-de-chaussée.—² *Which I in vain opposed, urging that I must return*, Ce à quoi je m'opposai en vain, quoique je déclarasse formellement que j'étais obligé de m'en retourner.—³ See § 3, 1.—⁴ *Which absolutely took away my stomach*, Ce qui m'ôta tout mon appétit.—⁵ *I had a mind to sit at a distance from*, J'aurais bien voulu me placer loin de.—⁶ *A brimmer*, Un plein verre.—⁷ *It was resolved*, Il était décidé que.—⁸ *The next question was what I would have*, Il s'agit ensuite de savoir ce que je voulais.—⁹ *In my own defence*, À mon corps défendant.—¹⁰ *For my entertainment*, Pour la réception qu'ils me faisaient.

went and left me to her husband, (for they took special care I should never be alone.) As soon as her back was turned, the little misses ran backwards and forwards every moment; and constantly, as they came in or went out, made a courtesy directly at me, which, in good manners,¹ I was forced to return with a bow, and "your humble servant, pretty miss."

Exactly at eight the mother came up, and discovered by the redness of her face that supper was not far off. It was twice as large as the dinner, and my persecution doubled in proportion. I desired at my usual hour to go to my repose, and was conducted to my chamber by the gentleman, his lady, and the whole train of children. They importuned me to drink something before I went to bed; and upon my refusing, at last left a bottle of *stingo*, as they called it, for fear I should wake and be thirsty in the night. I was forced in the morning to rise and dress myself in the dark, because they would not suffer my kinsman's servant to disturb me at the hour I desired to be called. I was now resolved to break through all measures to² get away; and after sitting down to³ a monstrous breakfast of cold beef, mutton, neats'-tongues, venison-pasty, and stale beer, took leave of the family. But the gentleman would needs see me part of my way,⁴ and carry me a short cut through his own grounds, which he told me would save half-a-mile's riding. This last piece of civility had like to have cost me dear, being once or twice in danger of my neck, by leaping over his ditches, and at last forced to alight in the dirt; when my horse, having slipped his bridle, ran away, and took us up more than an hour to recover him again.—It is evident that none of the absurdities I met with in this visit proceeded from an ill intention, but from a wrong judgment of complaisance, and a misapplication in the rules of it.⁵

J. SWIFT.

1667—1745.

¹ *In good manners*, En homme bien élevé.—² *I was now resolved to break through all measures to*, J'étais bien décidé à ne garder aucune mesure pour.—³ *After sitting down to*, Après avoir assisté à.—⁴ *Would needs see me part of my way*, Éprouvait le besoin de m'accompagner une partie du chemin.—⁵ *But from a wrong judgment of complaisance, and a misapplication in the rules of it*, Mais d'une fausse idée de la politesse, et d'une maladroite application de ses règles.

THE LION OF THE TOWER OF LONDON.

IN the afternoon our company went to the Tower, to see as well as to hear the recent story of the great lion and the little dog.

They found the place thronged, and all were obliged to pay treble prices,¹ on account of the unprecedented novelty of the show ; so that the keeper, in a short space, acquired a little fortune.

The great cage in the front was occupied by a beast who, by way of pre-eminence,² was called the king's lion ; and, while he traversed the limits of his straitened dominions, he was attended by a small and very beautiful black spaniel, who frisked and gambolled about him, and at times would pretend to snarl and bite at him ; and again³ the noble animal, with an air of fond complaisance, would hold down his head, while the little creature licked his formidable chaps. Their history, as the keeper related it, was this :—

It was customary for all who were unable or unwilling to pay their sixpence, to bring a dog or cat as an oblation to the beast in lieu of money to the keeper. Among others, a fellow had caught up this pretty black spaniel in the streets, and he was accordingly thrown into the cage of the great lion. Immediately the little animal trembled and shivered, and crouched, and threw itself on its back, and held up its paws in supplicatory attitudes, as an acknowledgment of superior power, and praying for mercy. In the meantime, the lion, instead of devouring the dog, turned it over with one paw, and then with the other ; and smelled it, and seemed desirous of courting a further acquaintance.

The keeper, on seeing this, brought a large mess of his own family-dinner ; but the lion kept aloof, and refused to eat, keeping his eye on the dog, and inviting him as it were to be his taster.⁴ At length, the little animal's fears being something abated, and his appetite quickened by the smell of the victuals, he approached slowly and, with trembling, ventured to eat. The lion then ad-

¹ *To pay treble prices, Payer le triple du prix ordinaire.*—² *By way of pre-eminence, En raison de sa beauté.*—³ *And again, De son côté.*—⁴ *And inviting him, as it were, to be his taster, Et l'invitant, pour ainsi dire, à y goûter le premier.*

vanced gently and began to partake, and they finished their meal very lovingly together.

From this day¹ the strictest friendship commenced between them, a friendship consisting of all possible affection and tenderness on the part of the lion, and of the utmost confidence and boldness on the part of the dog; insomuch that he would lay himself down to sleep within the fangs and under the jaws of his terrible patron. A gentleman who had lost the spaniel, and had advertised a reward of² two guineas to the finder, at length heard of the adventure, and went to reclaim his dog. "You see, sir," said the keeper, "it would be a great pity to part such loving friends; however, if you insist upon your property, you must even be pleased to take him yourself; it is a task that I would not engage in for five hundred guineas!" The gentleman rose into great wrath, but finally chose to acquiesce rather than have a personal dispute with the lion.

As Mr Felton had a curiosity to see the two friends eat together, he sent for twenty pounds of beef, which was cut in pieces, and given into the cage; when immediately the little brute, whose appetite happened to be eager at the time, was desirous of making a monopoly of the whole,³ and putting his paws upon the meat, and grumbling and barking, he audaciously flew in the face of the lion. But the generous creature, instead of being offended with his impotent companion, started back, and seemed terrified at the fury of his attack, neither attempted to eat a bit till his favourite had tacitly given permission. When they were both gorged, the lion stretched, and lay down in an evident posture for repose, but this his sportive companion would not admit.⁴ He frisked and gambolled about him, barked at him,⁵ would now scrape at his head with his claws, and again seize him by the ear and bite and pull away; while the noble beast appeared affected by no other sentiment save that of pleasure and complaisance.

¹ *From this day*, À partir de ce jour.—² *Had advertised a reward of*, Avait fait annoncer une récompense de.—³ *Was desirous of making a monopoly of the whole*, Voulut accaparer le tout.—⁴ *But this his sportive companion would not admit*, Mais son folâtre compagnon ne l'entendait pas ainsi.—⁵ *He frisked and gambolled about him, barked at him*, Il folâtrait et gambadait autour de lui, aboyait après lui.

But let us proceed to the tragic catastrophe of this extraordinary story. In about twelve months the little spaniel sickened and died, and left his loving patron the most desolate of creatures. For a time the lion did not appear to conceive otherwise than that his favourite was asleep. He would continue to smell at him, and then would stir him with his nose, and turn him over with his paw; but finding that all his efforts to awake him were vain, he would traverse his cage from end to end at a swift and uneasy pace, then stop and look down upon him with a fixed and drooping regard, and again lift his head on high, and open his horrible throat, and prolong a roar, as of distant thunder,¹ for several minutes together.

They attempted, but in vain, to convey the carcase from him, he watched it perpetually, and would suffer nobody to touch it. The keeper then endeavoured to tempt him with variety of victuals,² but he turned from all that was offered with loathing. They then put several living dogs into his cage, and these he instantly tore piecemeal, but left their members on the floor. His passion being thus inflamed, he would dart his claws into the boards, and pluck away large splinters, and again grapple at the bars of his cage, and seem enraged at his restraint from tearing the world to pieces.³ Again, as quite spent, he would stretch himself by the remains of his beloved associate, and gather him in with his paws, and put him to his bosom; and then utter roars of such terrible melancholy⁴ as seemed to threaten all round for the loss of his little playfellow, the only companion that he had upon earth.

For⁵ five days he thus languished, and gradually declined, without taking any sustenance, till one morning, he was found dead, with his head lovingly reclined on the carcase of his little friend. They were both interred together, and their grave plentifully watered by the tears of the keeper and his loudly lamenting family.⁶

H. BROOKE.

1700-1783.

¹ *A roar, as of distant thunder, Un rugissement pareil au bruit lointain du tonnerre.*—² *With variety of victuals, Par différentes sortes d'aliments.*—³ *And seem enraged at his restraint from tearing the world to pieces, Et semblait furieux de ne pouvoir mettre tout en pièces.*—⁴ *Of such terrible melancholy, Si plaintifs et en même temps si terribles.*—⁵ See § 28, 1.—⁶ *Loudly lamenting family, Famille éplorée.*

EXTRACTS IN PROSE.

PART III.

DAVID COPPERFIELD

Makes himself known to his Aunt Betsey.

I INQUIRED about my aunt among the boatmen first, and received various answers. One said she lived in the South Foreland Light, and had singed her whiskers by doing so ; another, that she was made fast to the great buoy outside the harbour, and could only be visited at half-tide ; a third, that she was locked up in Maidstone jail for child-stealing ; a fourth, that she was seen to mount a broom in the last high wind, and make direct for Calais. The fly-drivers,¹ among whom I inquired next, were equally jocose and equally disrespectful ;² and the shopkeepers, not liking my appearance, generally replied, without hearing what I had to say, that they had got nothing for me. I felt more miserable and destitute³ than I had done at any period of my running away. My money was all gone, I had nothing left to dispose of ; I was hungry, thirsty, and worn out ; and seemed as distant from my end as if I had remained in London.

The morning had worn away in these inquiries, and I was sitting on the step of an empty shop at a street corner, near the market-place, when a fly-driver, coming by with his carriage, dropped a horse-cloth. Something good-natured in the man's

¹ *The fly-drivers*, Les cochers de remise.—² *Were equally jocose and equally disrespectful*, Ne furent ni moins plaisants, ni plus respectueux.—³ *And destitute*, Et plus dénué.

face, as I handed it up, encouraged me to ask him if he could tell me where Miss Trotwood lived, though I had asked the question so often, that it almost died upon my lips.

"Trotwood," said he. "Let me see. I know the name, too. Old lady?"

"Yes," I said, "rather."

"Pretty stiff in the back?" said he, making himself upright.

"Yes," I said. "I should think it very likely."

"Carries a bag?" said he—"bag with a good deal of room in it—is gruffish, and comes down upon you, sharp?"

My heart sank within me as I acknowledged the undoubted accuracy of this description.

"Why then, I tell you what," said he, "if you go up there," pointing with his whip towards the heights, "and keep right on till you come to some houses facing the sea, I think you'll hear of her.¹ My opinion is she won't stand anything,² so here's a penny for you."

I accepted the gift thankfully, and bought a loaf with it. Despatching this refreshment by the way, I went in the direction my friend had indicated, and walked on a good distance without coming to the houses he had mentioned. At length I saw some before me; and, approaching³ them, went into a little shop, (it was what we used to call a general shop at home,) and inquired if they would have the goodness to tell me where Miss Trotwood lived. I addressed myself to a man behind the counter, who was weighing some rice for a young woman; but the latter,⁴ taking the inquiry to herself, turned round quickly.

"My mistress?" she said. "What do you want with her, boy?"⁵

"I want," I replied, "to speak to her, if you please."

"To beg of her, you mean," retorted the damsel.

"No," I said, "indeed." But suddenly remembering that in truth I came for no other purpose, I held my peace in confusion, and felt my face burn.

My aunt's handmaid, as I supposed she was from what she had

¹ See § 3.—² *She won't stand anything*, Elle ne te donnera rien.—³ See § 37, 2.—

⁴ *But the latter*, Mais celle-ci.—⁵ *What do you want with her, boy?* Que lui veux-tu, petit gargon?

er rice in a little basket and walked out of the shop, at I could follow her, if I wanted to know where lived. I needed no second permission,¹ though I in such a state of agitation, that my legs shook and the young woman, and we soon came to a with cheerful bow-windows : in front of it, court or garden full of flowers, carefully ciously.

twoed's," said the young woman. "Now you all I have got to say." With which words² she the house, as if to shake off the responsibility of my ; and left me standing at the garden gate, looking distately over the top of it towards the parlour-window, where muslin curtain partly undrawn in the middle, a large round green screen or fan fastened on to the window-sill, a small table, and a great chair, suggested to me that my aunt might be at that moment seated in awful state.³

My shoes were by this time in a woeful condition. The soles had shed themselves bit by bit, and the upper leathers had broken and burst until the very shape and form of shoes had departed from them. My hat (which had served me for a night-cap, too) was so crushed and bent, that no old battered handleless saucepan on a dunghill need have been ashamed to vie with it.⁴ My shirt and trousers, stained with heat, dew, grass, and the Kentish soil on which I had slept—and torn besides—might have frightened the birds from my aunt's garden, as I stood at the gate. My hair had known no comb or brush since I left London.⁵ My face, neck, and hands, from unaccustomed exposure to the air and sun, were burnt to a berry-brown. From head to foot I was powdered almost as white with chalk and dust, as if I had come out of a lime-kiln. In this plight, and with a strong consciousness of it,

¹ ¹ I needed no second permission, Je ne me le fis pas dire deux fois.—² With which words, À ces mots.—³ In awful state, Dans toute sa dignité.—⁴ That no old battered handleless saucepan on a dunghill need have been ashamed to vie with it, Qu'une vieille casserole bosselée et sans queue, sur un tas d'ordures, n'eût pas eu à souffrir de la comparaison.—⁵ My hair had known no comb or brush since I left London, Ni peigne ni brosse n'avaient touché mes cheveux depuis que j'avais quitté Londres.

I waited to introduce myself to, and make my first impression on my formidable aunt.

The unbroken stillness of the parlour-window leading me to infer, after a while, that she was not there, I lifted up my eyes to the window above it,¹ where I saw a florid, pleasant-looking gentleman, with a gray head, who shut up one eye in a grotesque manner, nodded his head at me several times, laughed, and went away.

I had been discomposed enough before ; but I was so much the more discomposed by this unexpected behaviour, that I was on the point of slinking off, to think how I had best proceed, when there came out of the house a lady² with a handkerchief tied over her cap, a pair of gardening gloves on her hands, and carrying a great knife. I knew her immediately to be Miss Betsey, for she came stalking out of the house exactly as my poor mother had so often described her stalking up our garden of Blunderstone Rookery.

"Go away !" said Miss Betsey, shaking her head, and making a distant chop in the air with her knife. "Go along ! No boys here !"

I watched her as³ she marched to a corner of her garden, and stooped to dig up some little root there. Then, without a scrap of courage, but with a great deal of desperation, I went softly in and stood beside her, touching her with my finger.

"If you please, ma'am," I began.

She started, and looked up.

"If you please, aunt."

"Ен ?" exclaimed Miss Betsey, in a tone of amazement I have never heard approached.

"If you please, aunt, I am your nephew."

"Oh, Lord !" said my aunt, and sat flat down in the garden-path.

"I am David Copperfield, of Blunderstone, in Suffolk—where you came, on the night when I was born, and saw my dear

¹ *The window above it, La fenêtre au-dessus.*—² *When there came out of the house a lady, Lorsqu'il sortit de la maison une dame.*—³ *I watched her as, Je saisis le moment où.*

mamma. I have been very unhappy since she died. I have been slighted, and taught nothing, and thrown upon myself, and put to work not fit for me. It made me run away to you. I was robbed at first setting out, and have walked all the way, and have never slept in a bed since I began the journey." Here my self-support gave way all at once, and with a movement of my hands intended to show her my ragged state, and call it to witness that I had suffered something, I broke into a passion of crying, which I suppose had been pent up within me all the week.

My aunt, with every sort of expression but wonder discharged from her countenance, sat on the gravel, staring at me, until I began to cry; when she got up in a great hurry, collared me, and took me into the parlour. Her first proceeding there was to unlock a tall press, bring out several bottles, and pour some of the contents of each into my mouth. I think they must have been taken out at random, for I am sure I tasted aniseed water, anchovy sauce, and salad dressing. When she had administered these restoratives,¹ as I was still unable to control my sobs, she put me on the sofa, with a shawl under my head, and the handkerchief from her own head under my feet, lest I should sully the cover; and then, sitting herself down behind the green fan or screen I have already mentioned, so that I could not see her face, ejaculated at intervals, "Mercy on us!" letting those exclamations off like minute guna.

CH. DICKENS.

THE TEMPTATION.

RAVENS-CROFT was a man, I have heard say, of all men least calculated for a treasurer. He had no head for accounts, paid away at random, kept scarce any books, and summing up at the week's end, if he found himself a pound or so deficient,² blest himself that it was no worse.

Now³ Barbara's weekly stipend was a bare half-guinea. By

¹ *These restoratives, Ces cordiaux.*—² *If he found himself a pound or so deficient* S'il se trouvait en déficit d'une vingtaine de shillings.—³ *Now, Or.*

mistake he popped into her hand—a whole one. Barbara tripped away.

She was entirely unconscious¹ at first of the mistake. Ravenscroft would never have discovered it.

But when she had got down to the first of those uncouth landing-places, she became sensible of an unusual weight of metal pressing her little hand.

Now mark the dilemma.

She was by nature a good child. From her parents and those about her she had imbibed no contrary influence. But then they had taught her nothing. Poor men's smoky cabins are not always porticos of moral philosophy. This little maid had no instinct to evil, but then she might be said to have no fixed principle. She had heard honesty commended, but never dreamed of its application to herself.² She thought of it as something which concerned grown-up people, men and women. She had never known temptation, or thought of preparing resistance against it.

Her first impulse was to go back to the old treasurer, and explain to him his blunder. He was already so confused with age, besides a natural want of punctuality, that she would have had some difficulty in making him understand it. She saw that in an instant. And then it was such a bit of money! And then the image of a larger allowance of butcher's meat³ on their table next day came across her, till her little eyes glistened and her mouth moistened. But then Mr Ravenscroft had always been so good-natured, and had stood her friend so often. . . . But again, the old man was reputed to be worth a world of money.⁴ He was supposed to be worth fifty pounds a-year clear of his profession. And then came staring upon her the figures of her little stockingless and shoeless sisters. And then she looked at her own neat white cotton stockings, which her situation made it indispensable for her mother⁵ to provide for her, with hard straining and pinch-

¹ *She was entirely unconscious, Elle n'avait pas la moindre idée.—² But never dreamed of its application to herself, Mais elle n'avait jamais songé que cela pût la regarder elle-même.—³ And then the image of a larger allowance of butcher's meat, Et d'ailleurs l'idée qu'il y aurait un peu plus de viande de boucherie.—⁴ Worth a world of money, Excessivement riche.—⁵ Made it indispensable for her mother, Obligait sa mère à.*

ing from the family stock, and thought how glad she should be to cover their poor feet with the same. . . . In these thoughts she reached the second landing-place—the second, I mean, from the top—for there was still another left to traverse.

Now virtue support Barbara !

And that never-failing friend did step in ; for at that moment a strength not her own, I have heard her say, was revealed to her—a reason above reasoning—and without her own agency,¹ as it seemed, (for she never felt her feet to move,) she found herself transported back to the individual desk she had just quitted, and her hand in the old hand of Ravenscroft, who in silence took back the refunded treasure, and who had been sitting (good man) insensible to the lapse of minutes, which to her were anxious ages ; and from that moment a deep peace fell upon her heart, and she knew the quality of honesty.²

A year or two's unrepining application to her duty set the whole family on their legs again, and released her from the difficulty of discussing moral dogmas³ upon a landing-place.

I have heard her say, that it was a surprise, not much short of mortification to her, to see the coolness with which the old man pocketed the difference, which had caused her such mortal throes.

This anecdote of herself I had in the year 1800, from the mouth of the late Mrs Crawford, then sixty-seven years of age.

CHARLES LAMB.

1775–1834.

A SKETCH OF BYRON.

THE pretty fable by which the Duchess of Orleans illustrated the character of her son, the Regent, might, with little change,⁴ be applied to Byron. All the fairies, save one, had been bidden to his cradle. All the gossips had been profuse of their gifts. One

¹ *And without her own agency*, Et sans aucun acte de sa propre volonté.—² *The quality of honesty*, Le prix de la probité.—³ *Released her from the difficulty of discussing moral dogmas*, La délivra de l'embarras d'agiter des questions de philosophie morale.—⁴ *With little change*, À quelques changements près.

had bestowed nobility, another genius, a third beauty. The malignant elf who had been uninvited came last, and, unable to reverse what her sisters had done for their favourite, had mixed up a curse with every blessing. In the rank of Lord Byron, in his understanding, in his character, in his very person,¹ there was a strange union of opposite extremes. He was born to all that men covet and admire. But in every one of those eminent advantages² which he possessed over others was mingled something of misery and debasement. He was sprung from a house, ancient indeed and noble, but degraded and impoverished by a series of crimes and follies which had attained a scandalous publicity. The kinsman whom he had succeeded had died poor, and, but for merciful judges,³ would have died upon the gallows. The young peer had great intellectual powers; yet there was an unsound part in his mind. He had naturally a generous and feeling heart; but his temper was wayward and irritable. He had a head which statuary loved to copy, and a foot the deformity of which the beggars in the streets mimicked. Distinguished at once by the strength and by the weakness of his intellect; affectionate yet perverse; a poor lord⁴ and a handsome cripple, he required, if ever man required,⁵ the firmest and most judicious training. But, capriciously as nature had dealt with him, the parent to whom the office of forming his character was entrusted was more capricious still. She passed from paroxysms of rage to paroxysms of tenderness. At one time she stifled him with caresses; at another time she insulted his deformity. He came into the world; and the world treated him as his mother had treated him, sometimes with fondness, sometimes with cruelty, never with justice. It indulged him without discrimination, and punished him without discrimination. He was truly the spoiled child, not merely the spoiled child of his parent, but the spoiled child of nature, the spoiled child of fortune, the spoiled child of fame, the spoiled child of society. His first poems were received

¹ *In his very person*, Jusque dans sa personne.—² *Eminent advantages*, Précieux avantages.—³ *And but for merciful judges*, Et s'il n'eût eu affaire à des juges indulgents.—⁴ *A poor lord*, Grand seigneur sans patrimoine.—⁵ *He required, if ever man required*, Il exigeait, autant qu'homme l'exigea jamais.

with a contempt which, feeble as they were, they did not absolutely deserve. The poem which he published on his return from his travels was, on the other hand, extolled far above its merit. At twenty-four he found himself on the highest pinnacle of literary fame, with Scott, Wordsworth, Southey, and a crowd of other distinguished writers beneath his feet. There is scarcely an instance in history of so sudden a rise to so dizzy an eminence.

MACAULAY.
1808-1859.

THE DEATH OF W. PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM.

WHEN the Duke of Richmond had spoken, Chatham rose. For some time his voice was inaudible. At length, his tones became distinct and his action animated. Here and there his hearers caught a thought or an expression which reminded them of William Pitt. But it was clear that he was not himself. He lost the thread of his discourse, hesitated, repeated the same words several times, and was so confused that, in speaking of the Act of Settlement,¹ he could not recall the name of the Electress Sophia. The House² listened in solemn silence, and with an aspect of profound respect and compassion. The stillness was so deep that the dropping of a handkerchief would have been heard.³ The Duke of Richmond replied with great tenderness and courtesy; but while he spoke, the old man was observed to be restless and irritable. The Duke sat down. Chatham stood up again, pressed his hand on his breast, and sank down in an apoplectic fit.

Chatham, at the time of his decease, had not, in both Houses of Parliament, ten personal adherents. Half the public men of the age had been estranged from him by his errors, and the other half by the exertions which he had made to repair his errors. His last speech had been an attack at once on the policy pursued by the government, and on the policy recommended by the opposition.

¹ *The Act of Settlement, La Loi de Succession.*—² *The House, La Chambre.*—

³ See § 6.

But death restored him to his old place in the affection of his country. Who could hear unmoved of the fall of that which had been so great, and which had stood so long? The circumstances, too, seemed rather to belong to the tragic stage than to real life. A great statesman, full of years and honours, led forth to the Senate House¹ by a son of rare hopes, and stricken down in full council while straining his feeble voice to rouse the drooping spirit of his country, could not but be remembered with peculiar veneration and tenderness. The few detractors who ventured to murmur were silenced by the indignant clamours of a nation which remembered only the lofty genius, the unsullied probity, the undisputed services, of him who was no more. For once, the chiefs of all parties were agreed. A public funeral, a public monument were eagerly voted. The debts of the deceased were paid. A provision was made for his family.² The City of London requested that the remains of the great man whom she had so long loved and honoured might rest under the dome of her magnificent cathedral. But the petition came too late. Everything was already prepared for the interment in Westminster Abbey.

MACAULAY.

1808-1859.

B. FRANKLIN TO MISS HUBBARD,

*On the Death of his Brother.*³

PHILADELPHIA, 23d February 1756.

I CONDOLE with you.⁴ We have lost a most dear and valuable relation. But it is the will of God and nature, that these mortal bodies be laid aside,⁵ when the soul is to enter into real life. A man is not completely born until he be dead. Why then should we grieve, that a new child is born among the immortals, a new member added to their happy society?

We are spirits. That bodies should be lent us, while they can

¹ *The Senate House, La Chambre des Pairs.*—² *A provision was made for his family, Sa famille fut pourvue.*—³ *His brother, Son propre frère.*—⁴ *I condole with you, Je partage votre douleur.*—⁵ *Be laid aside, Soient abandonnés.*

afford us pleasure, assist us in acquiring knowledge, or in doing good to our fellow-creatures, is a kind and benevolent act¹ of God. When they become unfit for these purposes, and afford us pain instead of pleasure, instead of an aid become an incumbrance, and answer none of the intentions for which they were given, it is equally kind and benevolent, that a way is provided by which we may get rid of them. Death is that way. We ourselves, in some cases, prudently choose a partial death. A mangled painful limb, which cannot be restored, we willingly cut off. He who plucks out a tooth parts with it freely, since the pain goes with it; and he who quits the whole body, parts at once with all pains, and possibilities of pains and diseases, which it was liable to, or capable of making him suffer.

Our friend and we were invited abroad on a party of pleasure, which is to last for ever. His chaise was ready first; and he is gone before us. We could not all conveniently start together; and why should you and I be grieved at this, since we are soon to follow, and know where to find him? Adieu.

MOSES AT THE FAIR.

As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home.² "No, my dear," said she, "our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to very good advantage;³ you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them⁴ till he gets a bargain."

As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to entrust him with this commission; and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the

¹ *That bodies should be lent us, . . . is a kind and benevolent act*, Si des corps nous ont été donnés, . . . c'est un acte de bonté et de bienveillance.—² *To permit me from home*, à me laisser sortir.—³ *To very good advantage*, Très-avantageusement.—⁴ *Tires them*, Il harcèle les gens.

fair; trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins.¹ The business of the toilette being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal box before him to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat made of that cloth they call thunder-and-lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of gosling green,² and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black ribbon. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him, "Good luck! good luck!" till we could see him no longer. . . .

"But as I live,"³ cried my wife, "yonder comes Moses without a horse, and the box at his back."

As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a pedlar. "Welcome! welcome, Moses! Well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?"—"I have brought you myself," cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser.—"Ay, Moses," cried my wife, "that we know. But where is the horse?"—"I have sold him," cried Moses, "for three pounds five shillings and twopence."—"Well done, my good boy," returned she, "I knew you would touch them off.⁴ Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and twopence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it, then."—"I have brought back no money," cried Moses again. "I have laid it all out in a bargain;⁵ and here it is!" pulling out a bundle from his breast. "Here they are! a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases."—"A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife in a faint voice. "And you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of green paltry spectacles!"⁶—"Dear mother," cried the boy, "why don't you listen to⁷ reason? I had them a dead bargain,⁸ or I should not have bought them. The

¹ Cocking his hat with pins, Lui retroussant son chapeau avec des épingles.—
² Gosling green, Vert d'oie.—³ As I live, Sur ma vie.—⁴ I knew you would touch them off, Je savais que tu leur en ferais voir.—⁵ I have laid it all out in a bargain, J'ai tout mis à un excellent marché.—⁶ Of green paltry spectacles, De méchantes lunettes vertes.—⁷ See § 36, 1.—⁸ I had them a dead bargain, Je les ai eues pour rien.

silver rims alone will sell for double the money.”—“A fig for¹ the silver rims,” cried my wife in a passion; “I dare swear they won’t sell for above half the money, at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce.”—“You need be under no uneasiness,” cried I, “about selling the rims, for they are not worth sixpence; for I perceive they are only copper varnished over.”—“What,” cried my wife, “not silver! the rims not silver!”—“No,” cried I, “no more silver than your saucepan.”—“And so,” returned she, “we have parted with the colt, and have only got a gross of green spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen cases? The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better.”²—“There, my dear,” cried I, “you are wrong; he should not have known them at all.”—“Marry, hang the idiot!”³ returned she, “to bring me such stuff; ⁴ if I had them, I would throw them in the fire.”—“There again you are wrong, my dear,” cried I; “for though they be copper, we will keep them by us; as copper spectacles, you know are better than nothing.”

By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived.⁵ He now saw that he had indeed been imposed upon by a prowling sharper,⁶ who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked the circumstances of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend-looking man brought him to a tent, under pretence of having one to sell. “Here,” continued Moses, “we met another man, very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying he wanted money, and would dispose of them for a third of their value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered to me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me, and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us.”⁷

GOLDSMITH.

1729-1774.

¹ *A fig for*, Foin de.—² *He should have known his company better*, Il aurait dû mieux connaître son monde.—³ *Marry, hang the idiot!* Peste soit de l'idiot!—⁴ *Such stuff*, De pareille camelote.—⁵ *Moses was undeceived*, Moïse commençait à voir clair.—⁶ *A prowling sharper*, Un escroc en quête d'une dupe.—⁷ *To buy the two gross between us*, Acheter les deux grosses à nous deux.

THE DEAD ASS.

"AND this," said he, putting the remains of a crust into his wallet, "and this should have been thy portion, hadst thou been alive to have shared it with me." I thought by the accent, it had been an apostrophe to his child;¹ but 'twas to his ass, and to the very ass we had seen dead in the road, which had occasioned La Fleur's misadventure. The man seemed to lament it much; and it instantly brought into my mind Sancho's lamentation for his; but he did it with more true touches of nature.²

The mourner was sitting³ upon a stone bench at the door, with the ass's pannel and its bridle on one side, which he took up from time to time, and laid them down, looked at them, and shook his head. He then took his crust of bread out of his wallet again, as if to eat it, held it for some time in his hand, then laid it upon the bit of his ass's bridle, . . . looked wistfully at the little arrangement he had made, . . . and gave a sigh.⁴

The simplicity of his grief drew numbers about him;⁵ and La Fleur amongst the rest,⁶ whilst the horses were getting ready; as I continued sitting in the post-chaise, I could see and hear over their heads.

He said he had come last⁷ from Spain, where he had been from the furthest borders of Franconia; and had got so far on his return home,⁸ when his ass died. Every one seemed desirous to know what business could have taken so old and poor a man so far a journey from his own home.

It had pleased Heaven, he said, to bless him with three sons, the finest lads in⁹ all Germany; but having in one week lost two of the eldest of them by the small-pox, and the youngest falling ill of the same distemper, he was afraid of being bereft of them

¹ *I thought it had been an apostrophe to his child, Je crus qu'il parlait à son enfant.*—

² *But he did it with more true touches of nature, Mais la douleur du pauvre homme était bien plus naturelle.*—³ *The mourner was sitting, Il était assis tristement.*—

⁴ *Gave a sigh, Poussa un soupir.*—⁵ *Drew numbers about him, Assembla nombre de gens autour de lui.*—⁶ *Amongst the rest, Entre autres.*—⁷ *He had come last, Il arrivait en dernier lieu.*—⁸ *And had got so far on his return home, Et qu'il avait déjà fait tout ce chemin-là pour retourner dans son pays.*—⁹ See § 30, 18.

all; and made a vow, if Heaven would not take him from him also, he would go¹ in gratitude to St Iago in Spain.

When the mourner got thus far on his story,² he stopped to pay nature her tribute, and wept bitterly.

He said Heaven had accepted the conditions; and that he had set out from his cottage with this poor creature, who had been a patient partner of his journey; that it had eat the same bread with him all the way, and was unto him as a friend.

Everybody who stood about, heard the poor fellow with concern. La Fleur offered him money. The mourner said he did not want it; . . . it was not the value of the ass, . . . but the loss of him. . . . The ass, he said, he was assured loved him, . . . and upon this he told them a long story of a mischance upon their passage over the Pyrenean mountains which had separated them from each other three days; during which time the ass had sought him as much as he had sought the ass, and that they had scarce either eat or drank till they met.³

"Thou hast one comfort, friend," said I, "at least, in the loss of thy poor beast; I'm sure thou hast been a merciful master to him." . . .—"Alas!" said the mourner, "I thought so, when he was alive; but now that he is dead, I think otherwise. I fear the weight of myself and my afflictions together have been too much for him; they have shortened the poor creature's days, and I fear I have them to answer for."⁴—"Shame on the world!" said I to myself; "did we love each other as this poor soul but loved his ass, 'twould be something.

STERNE.

1713-1768.

¹ *Made a vow he would go, Il fit vœu d'aller.*—² *When the mourner got thus far on his story, Quand le pauvre homme en fut là de son histoire.*—³ *And that they had scarce either eat or drank till they met, Et qu'ils n'avaient presque ni mangé ni bu qu'ils ne se fussent retrouvés.*—⁴ *And I fear I have them to answer for, Et j'ai peur d'avoir à en répondre.*

CONINGSBY.

THE traveller was an orphan ;—more that that—a solitary orphan. The sweet sedulousness of a mother's love, a sister's mystical affection, had not cultivated his early susceptibility. No soft pathos of expression had appealed to his childish ear. He was alone, among strangers, calmly and coldly kind. It must indeed have been a truly gentle disposition that could have withstood such hard neglect. All that he knew of the power of the softer passions might be found in the fanciful and romantic annals of school-boy friendship.

And those friends, too, so sympathising, so devoted, where were they now? Already they were dispersed. The first great separation of life had been experienced. The former school-boy had planted his foot on the threshold of manhood. True, many of them might meet again. Many of them the university must again unite. But never with the same feelings. The space of time, passed in the world before they again met, would be an age of sensation, passion, experience to all of them. They would meet again with altered mien ; with different manners, different voices. Their eyes would not shine with the same light ; they would not speak the same words. The favourite phrases of their intimacy, the mystic sounds that spoke only to their initiated ear, they would be ashamed to use them. Yes ! they might meet again ; but the gushing and secret tenderness was gone for ever.

Nor could our pensive youth conceal it from himself that it was affection, and mainly affection that had bound him to these dear companions. They could not be to him what he had been to them. His had been the inspiring mind that had guided their opinions, formed their tastes, directed the bent and purport of their lives and thoughts. Often indeed had he needed, sometimes indeed he had sighed for, the companionship of an equal or superior mind ; one who, by the comprehension of his thought, and the richness of his knowledge, and the advantage of his experience, might strengthen and illuminate, and guide his obscure, or hesitating, or unpractised intelligence. He had

scarcely been fortunate in this respect, and he deeply regretted it ; for he was one of those who was not content with excelling in his own circle, if he thought there was one superior to it. Absolute, not relative distinction, was his noble aim.

B. D'ISRAELI.

SHYLOCK AND SALARINO.

Salarino. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss or no ?

Shylock. There I have another bad match : a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto ;—a beggar, that used to come so smug upon the mart ;—let him look to his bond. He was wont to call me usurer ;—let him look to his bond : he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy ;—let him look to his bond.

Salarino. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh ; what's that good for ?

Shylock. To bait fish withal : if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me of half a million, laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies, and what's his reason ? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes ? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions ? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is ? if you prick us, do we not bleed ? if you tickle us, do we not laugh ? if you poison us, do we not die ? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge ? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility ? revenge ; if a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example ? why, revenge. The villany you teach me, I will execute ; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.

SHAKESPEARE.

1564-1616.

LOUIS XI.

Brave enough for every useful and political purpose, Louis had not a spark of that romantic valour, or of the pride generally associated with it, which fought on for the point of honour when the point of utility had long been gained. Calm, crafty, and profoundly attentive to his own interest, he made every sacrifice, both of pride and passion, which could interfere with it.¹ He was careful in disguising his real sentiments and purposes from² all who approached him, and frequently used the expressions, "that the king knew not how to reign³ who knew not how to dissemble; and that, for himself, if he thought his very cap knew his secrets, he would throw it into the fire." No man of his own or of any other time better understood how to avail himself of the frailties of others, and when to avoid giving any advantage by the untimely indulgence of his own.

He was by nature vindictive and cruel, even to the extent of⁴ finding pleasure in the frequent executions which he commanded. But as no touch of mercy ever induced him to spare when he could with safety condemn, so no sentiment of vengeance ever stimulated him to a premature violence. He seldom sprang on his prey till it was fairly within his grasp,⁵ and till all hope of rescue was vain; and his movements were so studiously disguised, that his success was generally what first announced to the world the object he had been endeavouring to attain.

In like manner the avarice of Louis gave way to apparent profusion, when it was necessary to bribe the favourite or minister of a rival prince for averting any impending attack, or to break up any alliance confederated against him. He was fond of license and pleasure, but not even his ruling passions ever withdrew him from the most regular attendance to public business and the affairs of his kingdom. His knowledge of mankind was profound, and he had sought it in the private walks of life;⁶ in which he

¹ Interfere with it, Le compromettre.—² See § 33.—³ See § 55, 39.—⁴ To the extent of, Au point de.—⁵ Within his grasp, À sa portée.—⁶ The private walks of life, Les rangs de la vie privée.

often personally mingled ; and, though naturally proud and haughty, he hesitated not, with an inattention to the arbitrary divisions of society, which was then thought something portentously unnatural, to raise from the lowest rank men whom he employed on the most important duties, and knew so well how to choose them, that he was rarely disappointed in their qualities.

Yet there were contradictions in the character of this artful and able monarch ; for human nature is never uniform. Himself the most false and insincere of mankind, some of the greatest errors of his life arose from too rash a confidence in the honour and integrity of others. When these errors took place, they seem to have arisen from an over-refined system of policy, which induced Louis to assume the appearance of undoubting confidence in those whom it was his object to over-reach ; for, in his general conduct, he was as jealous and suspicious as any tyrant who ever breathed.

Two other points may be noticed to complete the sketch of this formidable character, by which he rose among the rude chivalrous sovereigns of the period to the rank of a keeper among wild beasts, who, by superior wisdom and policy, by distribution of food, and some discipline by blows, comes finally to predominate over those who, if unsubjected by his arts, would by main strength have torn him to pieces.

The first of these attributes was Louis's excessive superstition, a plague¹ with which Heaven often afflicts those who refuse to listen to the dictates of religion. The remorse arising from his evil actions Louis never endeavoured to appease by any relaxation in his Macchiavelian stratagems, but laboured in vain to soothe and silence that painful feeling by superstitious observances, severe penance, and profuse gifts to the ecclesiastics. The second property, with which the first is sometimes found strangely united, was a disposition to low pleasures and obscure debauchery. The

¹ The first of these attributes was Louis's excessive superstition, a plague, Le premier des traits qui caractérisaient Louis était une excessive superstition, fléau.

wisest, or at least the most crafty, sovereign of his time, was fond of ordinary life, and, being himself a man of wit, enjoyed the jests and repartees of social conversation more than could have been expected from other points of his character.

W. SCOTT.

1771-1832.

SAMUEL JOHNSON TO LORD CHESTERFIELD.

MY LORD,—I have been lately informed by the proprietor of the *World*, that two papers,¹ in which my “Dictionary” is recommended to the public, were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished, is an honour which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*—that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending;² but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.³

Seven years, my lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

¹ *Papers, Articles.*—² *That regard for which I saw the world contending, Cet intérêt dont je voyais le monde jaloux.*—³ *To have his all neglected, be it ever so little, De voir dédaigner ce qui, si peu que ce soit, est tout pour lui.*

The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with¹ Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation, my lord, your lordship's most humble, most obedient servant,

S. JOHNSON.

1709-1784.

SCENE FROM "THE GOOD-NATURED MAN."

Mr Honeywood and Jarvis.

Hon. Well, Jarvis, what messages from my friends this morning?

Jar. You have no friends.

Hon. Well; from my acquaintances then.

Jar. [*Pulling out bills.*] A few of our usual cards of compliment, that's all. This bill from your tailor; this from your mercer; and this from the little broker in Crooked Lane. He says he has been at a great deal of trouble to get back the money you borrowed.

Hon. That I don't know; but I'm sure we were at a great deal of trouble in getting him to lend it.

¹ *Grew at last acquainted with, Finit par connaitre.*

Jar. He has lost all patience.

Hon. Then he has lost a very good thing.

Jar. There's that ten guineas you were sending to the poor gentleman and his children in the Fleet.¹ I believe that would stop his mouth, for a while at least.

Hon. Ay, Jarvis, but what will fill their mouths in the meantime? Must I be cruel because he happens to be importunate; and, to relieve his avarice, leave them to insupportable distress?

Jar. Sir, the question now is, how to relieve yourself. Yourself—hav'n't I reason to be out of my senses, when I see things going at sixes and sevens?

Hon. Whatever reason you may have for being out of your senses, I hope you'll allow that I'm not quite unreasonable for continuing in mine.

Jar. You're the only man alive, in your present situation, that could do so. Everything upon the waste. There's Miss Richland and her fine fortune gone already, and upon the point of being given to your rival.

Hon. I'm no man's rival.

Jar. Your uncle in Italy preparing to disinherit you; your own fortune almost spent; and nothing but pressing creditors, false friends, and a pack of drunken servants, that your kindness has made unfit for any other family.

Hon. Then they have the more occasion for being in mine.

Jar. Soh! What will you have done with him that I caught stealing your plate in the pantry? In the fact; I caught him in the fact.

Hon. In the fact! If so, I really think we should pay him his wages, and turn him off.

Jar. He shall be turned off at Tyburn, the dog; we'll hang him, if it be only to frighten the rest of the family.

Hon. No, Jarvis; it's enough that we have lost what he has stolen; let us not add to it the loss of a fellow-creature.

Jar. Very fine: well, here was the footman just now, to com-

¹ *The Fleet, La Flotte, (formerly a prison for insolvents.)*

plain of the butler ; he says he does most work, and ought to have most wages.

Hon. That's but just ; tho' perhaps here comes the butler to complain of the footman.

Jar. Ay, it's the way with them all, from scullion to the privy councillor. If they have a bad master, they keep quarrelling with him ; if they have a good master, they keep quarrelling with one another.

GOLDSMITH.

1729-1774.

BURKE'S SPEECH,

About the Right of England to Tax America.

OH! inestimable right ! Oh ! wonderful, transcendent right ! the assertion of which has cost this country thirteen provinces, six islands, one hundred thousand lives, and seventy millions of money ! Oh ! invaluable right ! for the sake of which we have sacrificed our rank among nations, our importance abroad, and our happiness at home ! Oh right ! more dear to us than our existence, which has already cost us so much, and which seems likely to cost our all ! Infatuated man !—(*fixing his eye on the minister*)—miserable and undone country ! not to know that the claim of right, without the power of enforcing it, is nugatory and idle. We have a right to tax America, the noble lord tells us, therefore we ought to tax America. This is the profound logic which comprises the whole chain of his reasoning. Not inferior to this was the wisdom of him who resolved to shear the wolf. What ! shear a wolf ! Have you considered the resistance, the difficulty, the danger of the attempt ! No, says the madman, I have considered nothing but the right. Man has a right of dominion over the beasts of the forest ; and therefore I will shear the wolf. How wonderful that a nation could be thus deluded ! But the noble lord deals in cheats and delusions. They are the daily traffic of his invention ; and he will continue to play off¹ his cheats

¹ *To play off, Mettre en œuvre.*

on this House so long as he thinks them necessary to his purpose, and so long as he has money enough at command to bribe gentlemen to pretend that they believe him. But a black and bitter day of reckoning will surely come ; and whenever that day comes, I trust I shall be able, by a parliamentary impeachment, to bring upon the heads of the authors of our calamities the punishment they deserve.

BURKE.

1730-1797.

THE ANTIQUARY.

FOLLOWING the windings of the beach, Sir Arthur and his daughter passed one projecting point or headland of rock after another, and now found themselves under a huge and continued extent of precipices,¹ by which that iron-bound coast is in most places defended. Long projecting reefs of rock, extending under water, and only evincing their existence by here and there a peak entirely bare, or by the breakers which foamed over those that were partially covered, rendered Knockwinnock Bay dreaded by pilots. The crags, which rose between the beach and the mainland, to the height of two or three hundred feet, afforded in their crevices shelter for unnumbered sea-fowl, in situations seemingly secured by their dizzy height from the rapacity of man. Many of these wild tribes, with the instinct which sends them to seek the land before a storm arises, were now winging towards their nests with the shrill and dissonant clang which announces disquietude and fear. The disc of the sun became almost totally obscured ere he had altogether sunk below the horizon, and an early and lurid shade of darkness blotted the serene twilight of a summer evening. The wind next began to arise, but its wild and moaning sound was heard for some time, and its effects became visible on the bosom of the sea, before the gale was felt on shore. The mass of waters, now dark and threatening, began to lift itself in larger ridges, and sink in deeper furrows, forming waves, that

¹ *Under a huge and continued extent of precipices, Sous une longue chaîne non interrompue de rochers escarpés.*

rose high in foam upon the breakers, or burst upon the beach with a sound resembling distant thunder.

They were now near the centre of a deep but narrow bay, or recess, formed by two projecting capes of high and inaccessible rock, which shot out into the sea like the horns of a crescent; and neither durst communicate the apprehension which each began to entertain, that, from the unusually rapid advance of the tide, they might be deprived of the power of proceeding by doubling the promontory which lay before them, or of retreating by the road which brought them thither.

As they thus pressed forwards,¹ Sir Arthur observed a human figure on the beach, advancing to meet them. The figure made many signs, which the haze of the atmosphere, now disturbed by wind and by a drizzling rain, prevented them from seeing or comprehending distinctly. Sir Arthur could recognise the old blue-gowned beggar, Edie Ochiltree. "Turn back! turn back," exclaimed Edie; "why did you not turn when I waved to you?"

"We thought," replied Sir Arthur, in great agitation—"we thought we could get round Halkethead."²

"Halkethead! the tide will be running on Halkethead by this time³ like the Fall of Fyers! It was a' I could do to get round in twenty minutes, since it was coming in three feet abreast.⁴ We will, maybe, get back by Ballyburgh Ness Point yet. The Lord help us! it is our only chance; for what mortal e'e ever saw sic a race as the tide is rinnin' e'en now! See, yonder's the Ratton's Skerry: he aye held his neb abune the water in my day—but he's aneath it now."⁵

It was indeed a dreadful evening. The howling of the storm mingled with the shrieks of the sea-fowl, sounded like the dirge of the three devoted beings, who, pent between two of the most magnificent yet most dreadful objects of nature—a raging tide and an insurmountable precipice—toiled along their painful

¹ *As they thus pressed forwards*, Comme ils pressaient ainsi le pas.—² *We could get round Halkethead*, Que nous pourrions doubler Halkethead.—³ *By this time*, À l'heure qu'il est.—⁴ *Three feet abreast*, À trois pieds de moi.—⁵ *Scotch words*: *a'*, all; *e'e*, eye; *sic*, such; *rinnin'*, running; *e'en*, even; *aye*, always; *abune*, above; *aneath*, beneath.

and dangerous path, often lashed by the spray of some giant billow, which threw itself higher on the beach than those that preceded it. Each minute did their enemy gain ground perceptibly upon them! Still, however, loth to relinquish the last hopes of life, the black rock, pointed out by Ochiltree, was yet distinctly visible, and continued to be so, until they came to a turn in their precarious path, where an intervening projection of rock hid it from their sight. Deprived of the view of their beacon, on which they had relied, they now experienced the double agony of terror and suspense.

The countenance of the old man fell. Isabella gave a faint shriek, and—"God have mercy upon us!" which her guide solemnly uttered, was piteously repeated by Sir Arthur. "My child! my child! to die such a death!" "My father! my dear father!" his daughter exclaimed, clinging to him; "and you too, who have lost your own life in endeavouring to save ours." "That's not worth the counting," said the old man. "I ha'e learned to be weary o' life, and here or yonder—at the back o' a dyke in a wreath o' snaw, or in the wame o' a wave—what signifies how the old gaberlunzie dies?" "Good man," said Sir Arthur, "can you think of nothing? of no help? I'll make you rich—I'll give a farm—I'll ——" "Our riches will soon be equal," said the beggar, looking out upon the strife of the waters—"they are sae already; for I have nae land, and you would give your fair bounds and barony for a square yard of rock, that would be dry for twal hours."¹

W. SCOTT.

1771-1832.

THE PECKSNIFFS' VISIT TO MISS PINCH.

TOM PINCH's sister was governess in a family, a lofty family; perhaps the wealthiest brass and copper founders' family known

¹ Scotch words: *ha'e*, have; *o' life*, of life; *a wreath o' snaw*, un tas de neige; *in the wame o' a wave*, dans le sein d'une vague; *gaberlunzie*, porte-besace, mendiant; *sae*, so; *nae*, no; *twal*, twelve.

to mankind. They lived at Camberwell ; in a house so big and fierce¹ that its mere outside, like the outside of a giant's castle, struck terror into vulgar minds and made bold persons quail. There was a great front gate ; with a great bell, whose handle was in itself a note of admiration ; and a great lodge, which being close to the house, rather spoilt the look-out certainly, but made the look-in tremendous. At this entry, a great porter kept constant watch and ward, and when he gave the visitor high leave to pass, he rang a second great bell, responsive to whose note a great footman appeared in due time at a great hall-door, with such great tags upon his liveried shoulder that he was perpetually entangling and hooking himself among the chairs and tables, and led a life of torment which could scarcely have been surpassed, if he had been a blue-bottle in a world of cobwebs.²

To this mansion, Mr Pecksniff, accompanied by his daughters and Mrs Todgers, drove gallantly in a one-horse fly.³ The foregoing ceremonies having been all performed, they were ushered into the house ; and so, by degrees, they got at last into a small room with books in it, where Mr Pinch's sister was at that moment instructing her eldest pupil : to wit, a premature little woman of thirteen years old, who had already arrived at such a pitch of education that she had nothing girlish about her, which was a source of great rejoicing to all her relations and friends.

"Visitors for Miss Pinch !" said the footman. He must have been an⁴ ingenious young man, for he said it very cleverly, with a nice discrimination between the cold respect with which he would have announced visitors to the family, and the warm personal interest with which he would have announced visitors to the cook.

"Visitors for Miss Pinch !"

Miss Pinch rose hastily, with such tokens of agitation as plainly declared that her list of callers was not numerous. At the same time, the little pupil became alarmingly upright, and prepared

¹ *And fierce, Et si imposante.*—² *A blue-bottle in a world of cobwebs,* Une grosse mouche dans un dédale de toiles d'araignée.—³ *A one-horse fly,* Un remise à un cheval.—⁴ *He must have been an,* Ce devait être un.

herself to take mental notes of¹ all that might be said and done.

It is a melancholy fact, but it must be related,² that Mr Pinch's sister was not at all ugly. On the contrary, she had a good face, a very mild and prepossessing face.³ There was something of her brother, much of him indeed, in a certain gentleness of manner and in her look of timid trustfulness ; but she was so far from being a fright, or a dowdy, or a horror, or anything else, predicted by the two Miss Pecksniffs, that those young ladies naturally regarded her with great indignation, feeling that this was by no means what they had come to see.

"Don't be alarmed, Miss Pinch," said Mr Pecksniff, taking her hand condescendingly in one of his, and patting it with the other. "I have called to see you, in pursuance of a promise given to your brother, Thomas Pinch. My name,—compose yourself, Miss Pinch—is Pecksniff."

He emphasised these words as though he would have said, "You see in me, young person, the benefactor of your race ; the patron of your house ; the preserver of your brother, who is fed with manna daily from my table ; and in right of whom there is a considerable balance in my favour at present standing in the books beyond the sky. But I have no pride, for I can afford to do without it !"⁴

The poor girl felt it all as if it had been gospel truth. Her brother, writing in the fulness of his simple heart,⁵ had often told her so, and how much more ! As Mr Pecksniff ceased to speak, she hung her head, and dropped a tear upon his hand.

"Oh very well, Miss Pinch !" thought the sharp pupil, "crying before strangers, as if you didn't like the situation !"

"Thomas is well," said Mr Pecksniff ; "and sends his love and this letter. I cannot say, poor fellow, that he will ever be distinguished in our profession ; but he has the will to do well,

¹ *And prepared herself to take mental notes of*, Et se prépara à prendre note mentalement de.—² *It is a melancholy fact, but it must be related*, C'est triste à dire, mais il faut l'avouer.—³ *A prepossessing face*, Une figure qui prévenait en sa faveur.—⁴ *I can afford to do without it*, Je puis m'en priver.—⁵ *In the fulness of his simple heart*, Dans toute la simplicité de son cœur.

which is the next thing to having the power, and, therefore, we must bear with him. Eh?"¹

"I know he has the will, sir," said Tom Pinch's sister, "and I know how kindly and considerately you cherish it, for which neither he nor I can ever be grateful enough, as we very often say in writing to each other."

"Very pleasant—very proper," murmured Mr Pecksniff, whose eyes had in the meantime wandered to the pupil. "And how do *you* do, my very interesting child?"

"Quite well, I thank you, sir," replied that frosty innocent.

"A sweet face this, my dears," said Mr Pecksniff, turning to his daughters. "A charming manner!"

Mrs Todgers vowed that anything so angelic she had never seen. "She wanted but a pair of wings, a dear," said that good woman, "to be a young syrup,"—meaning, possibly, young seraph.

"If you will give that to your distinguished parents, my amiable little friend," said Mr Pecksniff, producing one of his professional cards,² "and will say that I and my daughters"—

"And Mrs Todgers, pa," said Merry—

"And Mrs Todgers, of London," added Mr Pecksniff; "that I and my daughters, and Mrs Todgers, of London, did not intrude upon them,³ as our object simply was to take some notice of Miss Pinch, whose brother is a young man in my employment; but that I could not leave this very chaste mansion without adding my humble tribute, as an architect, to the correctness and elegance of the owner's taste, and to his just appreciation of that⁴ beautiful art, to the cultivation of which I have devoted a life, and to the promotion of whose glory and advancement I have sacrificed a— a fortune—I shall be very much obliged to you."

"Missis's compliments to Miss Pinch," said the footman, suddenly appearing, and speaking in exactly the same key as before, "and begs to know wot my young lady is a learning of just now."

¹ *We must bear with him. Eh? Il faut être indulgent avec lui, n'est-ce pas?*—

² *One of his professional cards, Une carte qui avec son nom portait sa profession.*—

³ *Did not intrude upon them, Nous ne sommes pas venus pour les déranger.*—

⁴ See § 21.

"Oh!" said Mr Pecksniff, "here is the young man. *He* will take the card. With my compliments, if you please, young man. My dears, we are interrupting the studies. Let us go."

Then he said to Miss Pinch—with more condescension and kindness than ever, for it was desirable the footman should expressly understand that they were not friends of hers, but patrons:

"Good morning. Good-bye. God bless you! You may depend upon my continued protection of your brother Thomas. Keep your mind quite at ease, Miss Pinch!"

"Thank you," said Tom's sister, heartily: "a thousand times."

"Not at all," he retorted, patting her gently on the head. Don't mention it. You will make me angry if you do. My sweet child"—to the pupil, "farewell! My dears, are you ready?"

They were not quite ready yet, for they were still caressing the pupil. But they tore themselves away at length; and sweeping past Miss Pinch with each a haughty inclination of the head and a curtsy strangled in its birth, flounced into the passage.

The young man had rather a long job in showing them out;¹ for Mr Pecksniff's delight in the tastefulness of the house was such that he could not help often stopping (particularly when they were near the parlour door, and giving it expression, in a loud voice and very learned terms. Indeed, he delivered, between the study and the hall, a familiar exposition of the whole science of architecture² as applied to dwelling-houses, and was yet in the freshness of his eloquence when they reached the garden.

"If you look," said Mr Pecksniff, backing from the steps,³ with his head on one side and his eyes half shut that he might the better take in the proportions of the exterior: "If you look, my dears, at the cornice which supports the roof, and observe the airiness of its construction, especially where it sweeps the southern angle of the building, you will feel with me—— How do you do, sir? I hope you're well!"

¹ *The young man had rather a long job in showing them out, Ce ne fut pas pour le jeune homme une petite affaire que de les reconduire.*—² *A familiar exposition of the whole science of architecture, Un petit cours d'architecture.*—³ *Backing from the steps, Après avoir descendu les marches et en allant à reculons.*

Interrupting himself with these words, he very politely bowed to a middle-aged gentleman¹ at an upper window, to whom he spoke, not because the gentleman could hear him (for he certainly could not), but as an appropriate accompaniment to his salutation.

"I have no doubt, my dears," said Mr Pecksniff, feigning to point out other beauties with his hand, "that that is the proprietor. I should be glad to know him. It might lead to something. Is he looking this way, Charity?"

"He is opening the window, pa!"

"Ha, ha!" cried Mr Pecksniff softly. "All right! He has found I'm professional. He heard me inside just now, I have no doubt. Don't look. With regard to the fluted pillars² in the portico, my dears"——

"Hallo!" cried the gentleman.

"Sir, your servant!" said Mr Pecksniff, taking off his hat. "I am proud to make your acquaintance."

"Come off the grass, will you!" roared the gentleman.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Mr Pecksniff, doubtful of his having heard aright. "Did you?"——

"Come off the grass!" repeated the gentleman warmly.

"We are unwilling to intrude, sir," Mr Pecksniff smilingly began.

"But you *are* intruding,"³ returned the other, "unwarrantably intruding—trespassing.⁴ You see a gravel walk, don't you? What do you think it's meant for? Open the gate there! Show that party out!"⁵

With that he clapped down the window again, and disappeared.

CH. DICKENS.

¹ *A middle-aged gentleman*, Un monsieur d'un certain âge.—² *With regard to the fluted pillars*, Quant aux colonnes cannelées.—³ *But you are intruding*, Mais si, vous êtes importuns.—⁴ *Trespassing*, Vous ne devriez pas être ici.—⁵ *Show that party out*, Mettez-moi ce monde-là dehors.

SCENE FROM THE "RIVALS."

Enter Sir Lucius and Acres with pistols.

Acres. By my valour, then, Sir Lucius, forty yards is a good distance.

Sir L. It is for muskets or small field-pieces ;¹ upon my conscience, Mr Acres, you must leave these things to me. Stay, now—I'll show you. (*Measures paces along the stage.*) There, now, that is a very pretty distance ; a pretty gentleman's distance.

Acres. Well, we might as well fight in a sentry-box ! I tell you, Sir Lucius, the farther he is off, the cooler I shall take my aim.

Sir L. 'Faith, then, I suppose, you would aim at him best of all if he was out of sight ?

Acres. No, Sir Lucius ; but I should think forty, or eight-and-thirty yards—

Sir L. Pho ! pho ! nonsense !² three or four feet between the mouths of your pistols is as good as a mile.

Acres. No ! by my valour, there is no merit in killing him so near ! Do, my dear Sir Lucius, let me bring him down at a long shot : a long shot, Sir Lucius, if you love me.

Sir L. Well ; the gentleman's friend and I must settle that. But tell me now, Mr Acres, in case of an accident, is there any little will or commission I could execute for you ? •

Acres. I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius ; but I don't understand.

Sir L. Why, you may think there's no being shot at without a little risk ; and, if an unlucky bullet³ should carry a quietus with it, I say it will be no time then to be bothering you about your family matters.

Acres. A quietus !

Sir L. For instance, now, if that should be the case, would you choose to be pickled⁴ and sent home, or would it be the same to

¹ *Field-pieces*, Des pièces de campagne.—² *Pho ! pho ! nonsense* / Bah ! bah !—

³ *An unlucky bullet*, Une malencontreuse balle.—⁴ *Pickled*, Embaumé.

you to lie here in the Abbey? I'm told there's very snug lying in the Abbey.

Acres. Pickled! snug lying in the Abbey! don't talk so!

Sir L. I suppose, Mr Acres, you were never engaged in an affair of this kind before?

Acres. No, Sir Lucius; never before.

Sir L. Ah! that's a pity; there's nothing like being used to a thing. Pray, now, how would you receive the gentleman's shot?¹

Acres. I've practised that; there, Sir Lucius. (*Puts himself into an attitude.*) A side front, eh? I'll make myself small enough; I'll stand edgeways.²

Sir L. Now, you're quite out;³ for if you stand so, when I take my aim—(*Levelling at him.*)

Acres. Are you sure, Sir Lucius, it is not cocked?

Sir L. Never fear.

Acres. But—but—you don't know; it may go off of its own head.

Sir L. Poh! be easy. Well, now, if I hit you in the body, my bullet has a double chance; for if it misses a vital part on your right side, 'twill be very hard if it don't succeed on the left.

Acres. A vital part!

Sir L. But there; fix yourself so. (*Placing him.*) Let him see the broadside of your full front—there. Now a ball or two may pass clean your body, and never do you any harm at all.

Acres. Clean through me! a ball or two clean through me!

Sir L. Ay, may they;⁴ and it is much the genteelst attitude into the bargain.

Acres. Lookye,⁵ Sir Lucius, I'd just as lieve be shot in an awkward posture as a genteel one; so, by my valour! I will stand edgeways.

Sir L. (*Looking at his watch.*) Sure, they don't mean to disappoint us; ha! no, 'faith! I think I see them coming.

Acres. Eh? what! coming?

¹ *Receive the gentleman's shot?* Recevoir le feu de votre adversaire?—² *I'll stand edgeways,* Je me présenterai de côté.—³ *Now, you're quite out,* Eh bien, vous n'y êtes pas du tout.—⁴ *Ay, may they,* Eh, mais, sans doute.—⁵ *Lookye,* Tenez.

Sir L. Ay, who are those yonder, getting over the stile?

Acres. There are two of them, indeed! Well, let them come; hey, Sir Lucius! we—we—we—we—won't run.

Sir L. Run!

Acres. No; I say we won't run, by my valour!

Sir L. What is the matter with you?¹

Acres. Nothing, nothing, my dear friend; my dear Sir Lucius; but I—I—I—don't feel quite so bold somehow as I did.

Sir L. Oh, fie! consider your honour.

Acres. Ay, true; my honour; do, Sir Lucius, edge in a word or two, every now and then, about my honour.

Sir L. Well, here they're coming. (*Looking.*)

Acres. Sir Lucius, If I wasn't with you, I should almost think I was afraid. If my valour should leave me? Valour will come and go.

Sir L. Then pray keep it fast while you have it.

SHERIDAN.

1751-1816.

THE SPELL OF WEALTH.

WHAT a dignity it gives an old lady, that balance at the banker's!² How tenderly we look at her faults, if she is a relative, (and may every reader have a score of such;) what a kind, good-natured old creature we find her! How the junior partner of Hobbs and Dobbs leads her, smiling, to the carriage with the lozenge upon it, and the fat wheezy coachman! How, when she comes to pay us a visit, we generally find an opportunity to let our friends know her station in the world. We say, (and with perfect truth,) I wish I had Miss MacWhirter's signature to a cheque for five thousand pounds. She wouldn't miss it,³ says your wife. She is my aunt, say you, in an easy, careless way, when your friend asks if Miss MacWhirter is any relative? Your wife is perpetually sending her little testimonies of affection; your little girls work endless

¹ See § 55, 26.—² *Balance at the banker's*, Un compte ouvert chez son banquier.—

³ *She wouldn't miss it*, Elle ne s'en apercevrait guère.

worsted baskets, cushions, and footstools for her. What a good fire there is in her room when she comes to pay you a visit ! The house during her stay assumes a festive, neat, warm, jovial, snug appearance, not visible at other seasons. You yourself, dear sir, forget to go to sleep after dinner, and find yourself all of a sudden (though you invariably lose) very fond of a rubber.¹ What good dinners you have—game every day, Malmsey, Madeira, and no end of fish from London. Even the servants in the kitchen share in the general prosperity ; and, somehow, during the stay of Miss MacWhirter's fat coachman, the beer is grown much stronger, and the consumption of tea and sugar in the nursery² (where her maid takes her meals) is not regarded in the least. Is it so, or is it not so ? I appeal to the middle classes. Ah, gracious powers ! I wish you would send me an old aunt—a maiden aunt—an aunt with a lozenge on her carriage, and a front of light coffee-coloured hair³—how my children should work work-bags for her, and my Julia and I would make her comfortable ! Sweet, sweet vision ! Foolish, foolish dream !

THACKERAY.

1807-1863.

¹ *A rubber*, Une partie de whist, un reb.—² *The nursery*, La chambre des enfants.—³ *Front of light coffee-coloured hair*, Un tour de cheveux café au lait.

EXTRACTS IN PROSE

PART IV.

Selection from the French Examination Papers for the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, the Direct Commissions, the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, and the Civil Service of India.

SANDHURST, July 1858.

COLONEL, afterwards Sir John Moore, had the command of the party which stormed and carried Fort Mozello, the principal outlet to the city of Calvi, in the island of Corsica. Daybreak was the time chosen for the assault, and that no alarm might be given to the garrison, the soldiers were ordered not to load, as it was resolved to attempt it by the point of the bayonet. Colonel Moore, with a chosen body of troops, had proceeded about half-way, when the enemy, whose attention had been diverted by a false attack, at last perceived their danger, flew to arms, and discharged a volley of grapeshot which, however, did little execution. Colonel Moore continued to press forward at the head of his men, leaving behind the wounded and dying, and was entering the walls, when a bombshell bursting struck him to the ground. Fortunately, however, he instantly recovered himself, and notwithstanding the great effusion of blood, he pressed on, and after a most obstinate and sanguinary conflict, the enemy was compelled to surrender. Nothing but the most consummate skill and determined bravery could have stormed a fortress garrisoned

by some of the best troops of France, commanded by an old experienced general, and furnished with every necessary for vigorous resistance. When General Stewart, the commander-in-chief, who was a witness of the attack, perceived the grenadiers ascending, he rode up to the fort, and quitting his horse, mounted the breach. Finding the troops in possession of the place, he flew into the arms of Colonel Moore. The surrounding soldiers shouted and threw their hats into the air for joy.

SANDHURST, *December 1860.*

As we lived near the road, we often had the traveller or stranger to visit us, to taste our gooseberry wine, for which we had great reputation ; and I profess, with the veracity of a historian, that I never knew one of them find fault with it. Our cousins, too, even to the fortieth remove, all remembered their affinity, without any help from the herald's office, and came frequently to see us. Some of them did us no great honour by these claims of kindred ; and we had the blind, the maimed, and the halt amongst the number. However, my wife always insisted that, as they were the same flesh and blood, they should sit with us at the same table, so that, if we had not very rich, we generally had very happy friends about us ; for this remark will hold good through life, that the poorer the guest the better pleased he ever is with being treated ; and as some men gaze with admiration at the colours of a tulip or the wing of a butterfly, so I was by nature an admirer of happy human faces. However, whenever any of our relations was found to be a person of very bad character, a troublesome guest, or one we desired to get rid of, upon his leaving my house, I ever took care to lend him a riding-coat, or a pair of boots, or sometimes a horse of small value, and I always had the satisfaction to find that he never came back to return them. By this the house was cleared of such as we did not like ; but never was the family of Wakefield known to turn the traveller or the poor dependant out of doors.

GOLDSMITH.

I do not remember to have met with any instance of modesty with which I am so well pleased, as that celebrated one of the young prince, whose father, being a tributary king to the Romans, had several complaints laid against him before the Senate, as a tyrant and oppressor of his subjects. The prince went to Rome to defend his father ; but coming into the Senate, and hearing a multitude of crimes proved against him, was so oppressed, when it came to his turn to speak, that he was unable to utter a word. The story tells us that the Fathers were more moved at this instance of modesty and ingenuousness, than they could have been by the most pathetic oration ; and, in short, pardoned the father for this early promise of virtue in the son. This little historical fact affords an example not only of modesty, but of a becoming assurance ; qualities which are both amiable, and may very well meet in the same person. Without assurance, this prince would never have undertaken to plead before the most august assembly in the world ; without modesty he would have pleaded the cause he had taken upon him, though it had appeared ever so scandalous.

ADDISON.

DIRECT COMMISSIONS, *July 1858.*

WHEN Lord Nelson sailed for Copenhagen, and the destination of the fleet was sufficiently known, some Danish soldiers, who were on board the *Amazon* frigate, went to Captain Riou, and requested that he would get them exchanged into a ship bound on some other service ; they had no wish, they said, to quit the British navy, but they entreated that they might not be led to fight against their country. There was not in the British navy a man who had a higher, or more chivalrous, sense of honour and duty than Riou. The tears came into his eyes while the men were addressing him ; he ordered his boat instantly, and did not return to the *Amazon* till he had procured their exchange. It was in this action that the gallant Riou fell. The frigates were hauling off, and at the moment the *Amazon* showed her stern to the

enemy, he was killed. Almost his last words were an expression of regret at being obliged to retreat. "What," said he, "will Nelson think of us?"

DIRECT COMMISSIONS, *December 1859.*

At the retreat of Rebec, in 1524, where the Chevalier Bayard fell, he was discovered wounded under a tree by Bourbon, who led the foremost of the enemy's troops, and who expressed pity and regret at the sight. "Pity not me," exclaimed the high-spirited Chevalier, "I die as a man of honour ought, in the discharge of my duty; they, indeed, are objects of pity, who fight against their king, their country, and their oath." The Marquis de Pescara, passing soon after, manifested his admiration of Bayard's virtue, as well as his sorrow for his fate, with the generosity of a gallant enemy. Finding that he could not be removed with safety from that spot, he ordered a tent to be pitched there, and appointed persons proper to attend him. He died, however, notwithstanding their care, as his ancestors for several generations had done, in the field of battle.

Pescara ordered his body to be embalmed, and sent to his relations; and such was the respect paid to him that the Duke of Savoy commanded that his body should be received with royal honours in all the cities of his dominions. In Dauphiné, Bayard's native country, the people of all ranks came out in procession to meet it.

PERCY'S *Anecdotes.*

DIRECT COMMISSIONS, *January 1861.*

On the 21st of June 1711, Swift informs Stella, "I went at noon to see Mr Secretary at his office, and there was Lord-Treasurer; so I killed two birds, and we were glad to see one another, and so forth, &c. The Secretary and I dined at Sir William Wyndham's, who married Lady Catherine Seymour, your acquaintance, I suppose. There were ten of us at dinner. It seems in my

absence they had erected a club . . . ; we made some laws to-day, which I am to digest and add to against next meeting. We are yet but twelve. . . . The end of our club is, to advance conversation and friendship, and to reward deserving persons with our interest and recommendation. We take in none but men of wit or men of interest.

The National Review, "The Clubs of London."

DIRECT COMMISSIONS, May 1861.

THE ruin or prosperity of a state depends so much upon the administration of its government, that, to be acquainted with the merit of a ministry, we need only observe the condition of the people. If we see them obedient to the laws, prosperous in their industry, united at home, and respected abroad, we may reasonably presume that their affairs are conducted by men of experience, abilities, and virtue. If, on the contrary, we see a universal spirit of distrust and dissatisfaction, a rapid decay of trade, dissensions in all parts of the empire, and a total loss of respect in the eyes of foreign powers, we may pronounce, without hesitation, that the government of the country is weak, distracted, and corrupt.

JUNIUS.

DIRECT COMMISSIONS, August 1862.

BLENHEIM is a small village of Bavaria, on the Danube, famous in modern history as being the scene of the great battle fought August 13, 1704. Each army consisted of nearly 80,000 men. The English and their allies gained a complete and decisive victory. Their enemies left about 10,000 men killed and wounded on the field ; a vast number more were drowned in the Danube, and above 13,000 were made prisoners ; among the latter were Marshal Tallard (whose son was killed) and many other officers of distinction.

M'CULLOCH.

WHEN I first saw England, she was in mourning for the young Princess Charlotte, the hope of the empire. I came from India

as a child, and our ship touched an island on the way, where my black servant took me a long walk over rocks and hills, until we reached a garden where we saw a man walking. "That is he," said the black man, "that is Bonaparte; he eats three sheep every day, and all the little children he can lay hands on!"

THACKERAY.

DIRECT COMMISSIONS, *November 1868.*

DURING the wars of Napoleon in Spain, a regiment of the guard of Jerome, ex-King of Westphalia, arrived under the walls of the monastery of Figeiras. The General sent a message to the Prior to demand refreshment for his officers and men. About an hour afterwards a plentiful dinner was served; but the General, knowing by experience how necessary it was for the French to be on their guard when eating and drinking with Spaniards, invited the Prior and two of the monks to dine with him. The invitation was accepted in such a manner as to lull every suspicion; the monks sat down to table with their guests, who, after the repast, thanked them heartily for their hospitality; upon which the Prior rose and said:—"Gentlemen, if you have any worldly affairs to settle, there is no time to lose; this is the last meat you and I shall take on earth: in an hour we shall know the secrets of the world to come."

The Prior and his two monks had put a deadly poison into the wine, and in less than an hour every man, hosts and guests, had ceased to live.

WATTS.

ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY, WOOLWICH, *June 1858.*

No man knew better than Napoleon how to win the affections and excite the gratitude of his soldiers; and it was to his wonderful powers in this respect, almost as much as to his political and military capacity, that his long-continued success was owing. To increase this effect, and add to the naturally retentive powers of his memory in this respect, he inquired privately from the

officers who were the veterans of Egypt or Italy in their regiments ; and when he passed them in review, stopped the men who had been previously designated to him, and said, " Ah ! you are a veteran. How is your old father ? I have seen you at Aboukir or the Pyramids. You have not a cross ; here is one for you ! " and threw the *cordon* round the astonished soldier's neck.

ALISON.

THE words, " the French are coming," like a spell, quelled at once all murmurs about taxes and abuses, about William's ungracious manners and Portland's lucrative places, and raised a spirit as high and unconquerable as had prevailed, a hundred years before, in the ranks which Elizabeth reviewed at Tilbury. Had the army of Humières landed, it would assuredly have been withstood by almost every male capable of bearing arms. Not only the muskets and pikes, but the scythes and pitchforks would have been too few for the hundreds of thousands, who, forgetting all distinction of sect or faction, would have risen up like one man to defend the English soil.

MACAULAY.

ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY, WOOLWICH, *July 1859.*

I LIVE in a place where I have the pleasure of frequently hearing justice done to your dissertation, but never heard it mentioned in a company, where some one person or other did not express his doubts with regard to the authenticity of the poems which are its subject ; and I often hear them totally rejected with disdain and indignation, as a palpable and most impudent forgery. This opinion has, indeed, become very prevalent among the men of letters in London ; and I can foresee that in a few years the poems, if they continue to stand on their present footing, will be thrown aside, and will fall into final oblivion. The absurd pride and caprice of Macpherson himself, who scorns, as he pretends, to satisfy anybody that doubt his veracity, has tended much to confirm this general scepticism.

DAVID HUME.

THERE are in every country morose beings, who are always prognosticating ruin. There was one of this stamp at Philadelphia. He was a man of fortune, declined in years, had an air of wisdom, and a great manner of speaking. His name was Samuel Mickle. I knew him not, but he stopped one day at my door, and asked me if I was the young man who had lately opened a new printing house? Upon my answering in the affirmative, he said that he was very sorry for me, as it was an expensive undertaking, and the money that had been laid out upon it would be lost; Philadelphia being a place falling into decay, its inhabitants having all, or nearly all of them, been obliged to call together their creditors; that he knew, from undoubted fact, the circumstances which might lead us to suppose the contrary, such as new buildings and the advanced price of rent, to be deceitful appearances, which in reality contributed to hasten the general ruin; and he gave me so long a detail of misfortunes actually existing, or which were soon to take place, that he left me almost in a state of despair. Had I known this man before I entered into trade, I should doubtless never have ventured. He continued, however, to live in this place of decay, and to declaim in the same style, refusing for many years to buy a house, because all was going to wreck; and in the end I had the satisfaction to see him pay five times as much for one as it would have cost him had he purchased it when he first began his lamentations.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

At this time, when you are cut off from a little society, and made a citizen of the world at large, you should bend your talents, not to serve a party or a few, but all mankind. Your genius should mount above that mist in which its participation and neighbourhood with earth long involved it; to shine abroad, and to heaven, ought to be the business and the glory of your present situation. Remember it at such a time that the greatest lights of antiquity dazzled and blazed the most, in their retreat, in their exile, or in their death. But why do I talk of dazzling or blazing?

It was then that they did good, that they gave light, and that they became guides to mankind.

Those aims alone are worthy of spirits truly great, and each, therefore, I hope will be yours. Resentment, indeed, may remain, perhaps cannot quite be extinguished in the noblest minds ; but revenge never will harbour there. . . . Believe me, my lord, I look upon you as a spirit entered into another life, as one just upon the edge of immortality, where the passions and affections must be more exalted, and where you ought to despise all little views and all mean retrospects. Nothing is worth your looking back, and therefore look forward, and make, as you can, the world look after you. But take care that it be not with pity, but with esteem and admiration.

POPE.

ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY, WOOLWICH, *July 1860.*

To Mr Moore.

LONDON, *January 8, 1814.*

As it would not be fair to press you into a dedication without previous notice, I send you two, and I will tell you why two. The first, Mr M., who sometimes takes upon him the critic, (and I hear it with astonishment,) says, may do you harm. God forbid ! This alone makes me listen to him. . . . Pray, perpend, pronounce, and don't be offended with either. . . .

The first, says Mr Moore, was, of course, the one that I preferred. The other ran as follows :—

My dear Moore,—I had written to you a long letter of dedication, which I suppress, because, though it contained something relating to you which every one had been glad to hear, yet there was too much about politics, and poesy, and all things whatsoever, ending with that topic, on which men are fluent, and none very amusing—one's self.

It might have been re-written, but to what purpose ? My praise could add nothing to your well-earned and firmly-estab-

lished fame ; and with my most hearty admiration of your talents, and delight in your conversation, you are already acquainted. In availing myself of your friendly permission to inscribe this poem to you, I can only wish the offering were as worthy your acceptance as your regard is dear to—Yours, most affectionately and faithfully,

BYRON.

ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY, WOOLWICH, *July 1861.*

THE Duke of Wellington left to his countrymen a great legacy, greater even than his glory. He left them the contemplation of his character. I will not say his conduct revived the sense of duty in England. I will not say that of our country. But that his conduct inspired public life with a purer and more masculine tone I cannot doubt. His career rebukes restless vanity, and reprimands the irregular ebullitions of a morbid egotism. I doubt not that, among all orders of Englishmen, from those with the highest responsibilities of our society, to those who perform the humblest duties, I daresay there is not a man who, in his toils and his perplexity, has not sometimes thought of the duke, and found in his example support and solace. Though he lived so much in the hearts and minds of his countrymen—though he occupied such eminent posts and fulfilled such august duties, it was not till he died that we felt what a place he filled in the feelings and thoughts of the people of England. Never was the influence of real greatness more completely asserted than on his decease.

D'ISRAELI.

ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY, WOOLWICH, *July 1865.*

DURING the siege of Constantinople, the words of peace and capitulation had been sometimes pronounced, and several embassies had passed between the camp and the city. The Greek Emperor was humbled by adversity, and would have yielded to any terms compatible with religion and royalty. The Turkish

Sultan was desirous of sparing the blood of his soldiers, still more desirous of securing for his own use the Byzantine treasures; and he accomplished a sacred duty in presenting to the *gabours* the choice of circumcision, of tribute, or of death. The avarice of Mahomet might have been satisfied with an annual sum of one hundred thousand ducats; but his ambition grasped the capital of the East: to the prince he offered a rich equivalent, to the people a free toleration or a safe departure; but after some fruitless treaty, he declared his resolution of finding either a throne or a grave under the walls of Constantinople. A sense of honour and fear of universal reproach forbade Palæologus to resign the city into the hands of the Ottomans, and he determined to abide the last extremity of war. Several days were employed by the Sultan in the preparations for the assault, and a respite was granted by his favourite science of astrology, which had fixed on the 29th of May as the fortunate and fatal hour. GIBBON.

ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY, WOOLWICH, *July 1866.*

I PARTICULARLY noticed one young woman of humble dress, but interesting demeanour. She was leaning forward from among the crowd; her eye hurried over the ship as it neared the shore, to catch some wished-for countenance. She seemed disappointed and agitated when I heard a faint voice call her name. It was from a poor sailor who had been ill all the voyage, and had excited the sympathy of every one on board. When the weather was fine, his messmates had spread a mattress for him on deck in the shade, but of late his illness had so increased, that he had taken to his hammock, and only breathed a wish that he might see his wife before he died. He had been helped on deck as we came up the river, and was now leaning with a countenance so wasted, so pale, so ghastly, that it was no wonder even the eye of affection did not recognise him. But at the sound of his voice, her eye darted on his features; it read at once a whole volume of sorrow. She uttered a faint shriek, clasped her hands, and stood wringing them in silent agony. WASHINGTON IRVING.

ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE, WOOLWICH, *July 1867.*

The Death of William III.

HIS end was worthy of his life. His intellect was not for a moment clouded. His fortitude was the more admirable because he was not willing to die. He had very lately said to one of those whom he most loved, "You know that I never feared death. There have been times when I should have wished it ; but now that this great new prospect is opening before me, I do wish to stay here a little longer." Yet no weakness, no querulousness disgraced the noble close of that noble career. To the physicians the king returned his thanks graciously and gently. "I know that you have done all that skill and learning could do for me ; but the case is beyond your art, and I submit." From the words which escaped him, he seemed frequently to be engaged in mental prayer. Burnet and Tenison remained many hours in the sick-room. He professed to them his firm belief in the truth of the Christian religion, and received the sacrament from their hands with great seriousness. The antechambers were crowded all night with lords and privy-councillors. He ordered several of them to be called in, and exerted himself to take leave of them with a few kind and cheerful words. Among the English who were admitted to his bedside were Devonshire and Ormond.

MACAULAY.

ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE, WOOLWICH, *January 1868.*

WHEN they approached his post, they found the good old careful officer, having sent out his night patrols and posted his sentinels, engaged in reading the Evening Service of the Episcopal Church to the remainder of his troop. His voice was loud and sonorous, and though his spectacles upon his nose, and the appearance of Saunders Sanderson, in military array, performing the functions of clerk, had something ludicrous ; yet the circumstances of danger in which they stood, the military costume of the audience, and the appearance of their horses, saddled and picqueted behind

them, gave an impressive and solemn effect to the office of devotion. . . . As he shut the book, "Now, lads," said he, "have at them in the morning with heavy hands and light consciences."

WALTER SCOTT.

ACCORDINGLY, when John Hayward with his bell and cart came along, finding two bodies lie upon the stall, they took them up with the instrument they used, and threw them into the cart; and all this while the piper slept soundly.

From hence they passed along, and took in other dead bodies, till, as honest John Hayward told me, they almost buried him alive in the cart, yet all this while he slept soundly; at length the cart came to the place where the bodies were to be thrown into the ground, which, as I do remember, was at Mountmill; and as the cart usually stopt some time before they were ready to shoot out the melancholy load they had in it, as soon as the cart stopped, the fellow waked, and struggled to get his head out from among the dead bodies, when, raising himself up in the cart, he called out, "Hey, where am I?" This frightened the fellow that attended about the work, but, after some pause, John Hayward, recovering himself, said, "Lord bless us! there's somebody in the cart not quite dead." So another called to him, and said, "Who are you?" The fellow answered, "I am the poor piper; where am I?" "Where are you?" says Hayward; "Why, you are in the dead cart, and we are going to bury you." "But I ain't dead though, am I?" says the piper; which made them laugh a little, though, as John said, they were heartily frightened at first. So they helped the poor fellow down, and he went about his business.

DEFOE.

ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY, WOOLWICH, *July 1868.*

THE energy and pathos of the great orator extorted expressions of unwonted admiration from the stern and hostile Chancellor, and

for a moment seemed to pierce even the resolute heart of the defendant. The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, excited by the solemnity of the occasion, and perhaps not unwilling to display their taste and sensibility, were in a state of uncontrollable emotion. Handkerchiefs were pulled out ; smelling-bottles were handed round ; hysterical sobs and screams were heard ; and Mrs Sheridan was carried out in a fit. At length the orator concluded. Raising his voice till the old arches of Irish oak resounded, "Therefore," said he, "hath it with all confidence been ordered by the Commons of Great Britain, that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanours. I impeach him in the name of the Commons' House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honour he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all !"

If ever despondency and asperity could be excused in any man, it might have been excused in Milton. But the strength of his mind overcame every calamity. Neither blindness, nor gout, nor age, nor penury, nor domestic afflictions, nor political disappointments, nor abuse, nor proscription, nor neglect, had power to disturb his sedate and majestic patience. His temper was serious, perhaps stern ; but it was a temper which no suffering could render sullen or fretful. Such as it was, when on the eve of great events, he returned from his travels, in the prime of health and manly beauty, loaded with literary distinctions, and glowing with patriotic hopes, such it continued to be—when, after having experienced every calamity which is incident to our nature, old, poor, sightless, and disgraced, he retired to his hovel to die !

MACAULAY.

ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY, WOOLWICH, *January 1869.*

PRINCE HENRY, surnamed the Navigator, was the originator of one of the greatest revolutions that has ever affected the destinies of mankind. At a remarkable crisis of human affairs he turned the attention of the civilised world to the ocean as the true link between nations, and directed towards it the immemorial traffic by land between Europe and the Asiatic continent. He first reduced navigation to a science, at least for any practical results ; it was owing to him in a great measure that the mariner was enabled to abandon the coast and turn boldly towards the open sea : he formed the school of the first seamen who braved the terrors of the untried Atlantic ; but for him and the ideas which he diffused, Vasco de Gama, Magellan, and even Columbus might have never traversed the illimitable ocean. Nor should it be forgotten that this eminent man has other claims to general admiration. In the age of Henry the Fifth and of Talbot he was reckoned one of the most heroic of soldiers ; he was a pattern of antique chivalry and faith ; and, in circumstances when unscrupulous ambition might have placed a sceptre within his reach, he approved himself no ordinary statesman and a patriot of unsullied virtue.

R. H. MAJOR.

A BASIN of water spilt on Mrs Masham's gown deprived the Duke of Marlborough of his command, and led to the inglorious peace of Utrecht. Louis XIV. was plunged into the most desolating wars because his minister was nettled at his finding fault with a window, and wished to give him another occupation. A single verse of Frederick II. of Prussia on the Abbé de Bernis, and a jest on Madame de Pompadour, led to the battle of Rosbach. A personal pique between Maria Antoinette and the Duke of Orleans precipitated the first expulsion of the Bourbons. Commodus, Domitian, and Caligula fell victims, not to their public tyranny, but to private vengeance. And an order to make Cromwell disembark from the ship in which he would have sailed to America, destroyed both king and commonwealth.

BYRON.

CIVIL SERVICE OF INDIA, 1859.

FRANCIS died at Rambouillet, on the last day of March, in the fifty-third year of his age, and the thirty-third of his reign. During twenty-eight years of that time an avowed rivalry subsisted between him and the emperor, which involved not only their own dominions, but the greater part of Europe, in wars, which were prosecuted with more violent animosity, and drawn out to a greater length, than had been known at any former period. Many circumstances contributed to this. Their animosity was founded in opposition of interest, heightened by personal emulation, and exasperated not only by mutual injuries, but by reciprocal insults. At the same time, whatever advantage one seemed to possess towards gaining the ascendant, was wonderfully balanced by some favourable circumstances peculiar to the other. The emperor's dominions were of greater extent; the French king's lay more compact: Francis governed his kingdom with absolute power; that of Charles was limited, but he supplied the want of authority by address: the troops of the former were more impetuous and enterprising; those of the latter better disciplined, and more patient of fatigue. The talents and abilities of the two monarchs were as different as the advantages which they possessed, and contributed no less to prolong the contest between them.

ROBERTSON.

OUR present repose is no more proof of inability to act, than the state of inertness and inactivity in which I have seen those mighty masses above your town is a proof that they are devoid of strength, and incapable of being fitted out for action. You well know, gentlemen, how soon one of those stupendous masses, none reposing on their shadows in perfect stillness—how soon, upon any call of patriotism or of necessity, it would assume the likeness of an animated thing, instinct with life and emotion—how soon it would ruffle as it were its swelling plumage—how quickly would it put forth all its beauty and its bravery, collect its scattered elements of strength, and awaken its dormant thunder. Such

is one of these magnificent machines when springing from inaction into a display of its might, such is England herself, while apparently passive and motionless she silently concentrates the power to be put forth on an adequate occasion. But God forbid that occasion should arise.

GEORGE CANNING.

CIVIL SERVICE OF INDIA, 1861.

The last of the Incas.

PIZARRO saw that the hour had come. He waved a white scarf in the air, the appointed signal. The fatal gun was fired from the fortress ; then springing into the squares, the Spanish captain and his followers shouted the old war-cry of "St Jago, and at them !" It was answered by the battle-cry of every Spaniard in the city, as, rushing from the avenues of the great walls in which they were concealed, they threw themselves into the midst of the Indian crowd. The latter, taken by surprise, stunned by the report of artillery and muskets, the echoes of which reverberated like thunder from the surrounding buildings, and blinded by the smoke, were seized with a panic ; they knew not whither to fly. . . . All were trampled down under the fierce charge of the cavalry, who dealt their blows right and left without sparing, while their swords carried dismay into the hearts of the wretched natives, who now, for the first time, saw the horse and his rider in all their terrors. . . . The fight, or rather the massacre, continued hot around the Inca, whose person was the great object of the assault. His faithful nobles, rallying about him, threw themselves in the way of the assailants, and strove, by tearing them from their saddles, or, at least, by offering their own bosoms, to shield their beloved master. . . . The Indian monarch, stunned and bewildered, saw his faithful subjects falling round him, without hardly comprehending his situation. . . .

The struggle now became fiercer than ever round the royal litter. It reeled more and more, and at length several nobles who supported it, having been slain, it was overturned, . . . and the unhappy monarch, strongly secured, was removed to a neighbour-

ing building, where he was carefully guarded. All attempt at resistance now ceased. Every man thought only of his own safety.

PRESCOTT, *Conquest of Peru*.

CIVIL SERVICE OF INDIA, 1862.

An Earthquake in London, 1750.

“Portents and prodigies are grown so frequent,
That they have lost their name.”

My text is not literally true; but as far as earthquakes go towards lowering the price of wonderful commodities, to be sure we are overstocked. We have had a second, much more violent than the first; and you must not be surprised if, by next post, you hear of a burning mountain sprung up in Smithfield. In the night between Wednesday and Thursday last, (exactly a month since the first shock,) the earth had a shivering fit between one and two; but so slight that, if no more had followed, I don't believe it would have been noticed. I had been awoke, and had scarce dozed again,—on a sudden I felt my bolster lift up my head; I thought somebody was getting from under my bed, but soon found it was a strong earthquake, that lasted nearly half a minute, with a violent vibration and great roaring. I rang my bell; my servant came in, frightened out of his senses; in an instant, we heard all the windows in the neighbourhood flung up. I got up and found people running into the street, but saw no mischief done: there has been some,—two old houses flung down, several chimneys, and much china-ware. . . . Several people are going out of town; they say they are not frightened, but that it is such fine weather, “Lord! we cannot help going into the country!” . . . A parson, who came into White's the morning of earthquake the first, and heard bets laid whether it was an earthquake or blowing up of powder-mills, went away exceedingly scandalised, and said, “I protest, they are such an impious set of people, I believe if the last trumpet was to sound, they would bet puppet-show against judgment.”

HORACE WALPOLE.

CIVIL SERVICE OF INDIA, 1863.

His smile was frank, his voice clear and hearty, his address open, and much superior to his apparent rank of life, claiming somewhat of equality, yet conceding a great deal of respect. We walked on briskly.

"We have a beautiful country, sir," said my hero. "It is like walking through a garden. A pure mind, sir, loves the country; for my part, I am always disposed to burst out into thanksgiving to Providence when I behold its works, and, like the valleys in the Psalm, I am ready to laugh and sing."

"An enthusiast," said I, "as well as a philosopher! perhaps I have the honour of addressing a poet also."

"Why sir," replied the man, "I *have* made verses in my life; but perhaps your honour will let me return the suspicion. Are *you* not a favourite of the muse?"

"I cannot say that I am," said I. "I value myself only on my common sense."

"Common sense!" repeated my companion; "Ah, that is not my *forte*, sir. You, I dare say, are one of those gentlemen whom it is very difficult to take in; for my part, I have been a dupe all my life; a child might cheat me! I am the most unsuspecting person in the world."

"Too candid by half," thought I. "This man is certainly a rascal."

B. LYTON.

CIVIL SERVICE OF INDIA, 1865.

STYLE is the dress of thoughts, and let them be ever so just, if your style is homely, coarse, and vulgar, they will appear to as much disadvantage, and be as ill received as your person, though ever so well-proportioned, would, if dressed in rags, dirt, and tatters. It is not every understanding that can judge of matter; but every ear can, and does judge more or less of style.

Mind your diction. In whatever language you either write or speak, contract a habit of correctness and elegance. Consider

your style even in the freest conversation, and most familiar letters. After, at least, if not before you have said a thing, reflect if you could not have said it better.

Every man who has the use of his eyes and his right hand, can write whatever hand he pleases. Nothing is so ungentlemanlike as a school-boy's scrawl. I don't desire you to write a stiff, formal hand, like a schoolmaster, but a genteel, legible, and liberal character, and to be able to write quick.

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

SIR,—The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honourable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency, charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny, but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience. Whether youth can be imputed to any man as a reproach, I will not, sir, assume the province of determining ; but surely age may become justly contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appears to prevail when the passions have subsided. The wretch who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object either of abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his gray hairs should secure him from insult. Much more, sir, is he to be abhorred who, as he advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and become more wicked with less temptation ; who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country.

LORD CHATHAM.

CIVIL SERVICE OF INDIA, 1866.

It was near three of the o'clock in the afternoon before the battle began, which at that time of the year was so late that some

were of opinion "that the business should be deferred till the next day." But against that there were many objections: "the king's numbers could not increase, the enemy's might;" for they had not only their garrisons within distance, but all that county so devoted to them, that they had all provisions brought to them without the least trouble; whereas, on the other side, the people were so disaffected to the king's party, that they carried away or hid their provisions, insomuch as there was neither meat for man nor horse; and the very smiths hid themselves that they might not be compelled to shoe the horses, of which in those stony ways there was great need. This proceeded not from any radical malice or disaffection to the king's person, but by the reports and infusions which the other very diligent party had wrought into the people's belief; "that the cavaliers were of a fierce, bloody, and licentious disposition, and that they committed all manner of cruelty upon the inhabitants of those places where they came, of which robbery was the least."

CLARENDON.

THE culprit was indeed not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country, and made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down princes. And in his high place he had so borne himself that all feared him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory, except virtue. He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man. A person small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which, while it indicated deference to the court, indicated also habitual self-possession and self-respect, a high and intellectual forehead, a brow pensive, but not gloomy, a mouth of inflexible decision, a face pale and worn, but serene, on which was written as under the picture in the council-chamber at Calcutta, *Mens æqua in arduis*. Such was the aspect with which the great proconsul presented himself to his judges.

MACAULAY.

CIVIL SERVICE OF INDIA, 1867.

LEARNING, on its revival, was held in high estimation by the English princes and nobles ; and, as it was not yet too common, even the great deemed it an object of ambition to attain a character for literature. The four successive sovereigns, Henry, Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth, may, on one account or other, be admitted into the class of authors. Queen Catharine Parr translated a book. Lady Jane Grey, considering her age and her sex and her station, may be regarded as a prodigy of literature. Queen Elizabeth wrote and translated several books, and she was familiarly acquainted with the Greek as well as Latin tongue. It is pretended that she made an extemporary reply in Greek to the University of Cambridge, who had addressed her in that language. It is certain that she answered in Latin without premeditation, and in a very spirited manner, to the Popish ambassador, who had been wanting in respect to her. When she had finished, she turned about to her courtiers, and said, "S'dearth, my lords," (for she was much addicted to swearing,) "I have been obliged to scour up my old Latin, that hath long lain rusting." Elizabeth, even after she was queen, did not entirely drop the ambition of appearing as an author ; and, next to her desire or ambition for beauty, this seems to have been the chief object of her vanity.

HUME.

It is an error to suppose that the English gentry were lodged in stately or even in well-sized houses. Generally speaking, their dwellings were as much inferior to those of their descendants in capacity as they were in convenience. The usual arrangement consisted of an entrance passage running through the house, with a hall on one side, a parlour beyond, and one or two chambers above ; and on the opposite side a kitchen, pantry, and other offices. Such was the ordinary manor-house of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, as appears not only from the documents and engravings, but, as to the latter period, from the buildings them-

M

selves, sometimes, though not very frequently, occupied by families of consideration.

But if the domestic buildings of the fifteenth century would not seem very spacious or convenient at present, far less would this luxurious generation be content with their internal accommodation. A gentleman's house containing three or four beds was extraordinarily well provided; few, probably, had more than two. The walls were commonly bare, without wainscot or even plaster, except that some great houses were furnished with hangings, and that perhaps hardly so soon as the reign of Edward IV. It is unnecessary to add that neither libraries of books nor pictures could have found a place among furniture.

HALLAM.

CIVIL SERVICE OF INDIA, *April 1868.*

ABOUT thirty years before this time a Mohammedan soldier had begun to distinguish himself in the wars of Southern India. His education had been neglected; his extraction was humble. His father had been a petty officer of revenue; his grandfather a wandering dervise. But though thus meanly descended, though ignorant even of the alphabet, the adventurer had no sooner been placed at the head of a body of troops than he approved himself a man born for conquest and command. Among the crowd of chiefs who were struggling for a share of India, none could compare with him in the qualities of the captain and the statesman. He became a general; he became a sovereign. Out of the fragments of old principalities, which had gone to pieces in the general wreck, he formed for himself a great, compact, and vigorous empire. That empire he ruled with the ability, severity, and vigilance of Louis the Eleventh. . . . He was an oppressor; but he had at least the merit of protecting his people against all oppression except his own. He was now in extreme old age; but his intellect was as clear, and his spirit as high, as in the prime of manhood. Such was the great Hyder Ali, the founder of the

Mohammedan kingdom of Mysore, and the most formidable enemy with whom the English conquerors of India have ever had to contend.

MACAULAY.

As Hannibal utterly eclipses Cathage, so, on the contrary, Fabius, Marcellus, Claudius, Nero, even Scipio himself, are as nothing when compared to the spirit, and wisdom, and power of Rome. The Senate, which voted its thanks to its political enemy, Varro, after his disastrous defeat, because he had not despaired of the commonwealth, and which declined either to solicit, or to reprove, or to threaten, or in any way to notice the twelve colonies which had refused their accustomed supplies of men for the army, is far more to be honoured than the conqueror of Zama. This we should the more carefully bear in mind, because our tendency is to admire individual greatness far more than national ; and as no single Roman will bear comparison with Hannibal, we are apt to murmur at the event of the contest, and to think that the victory was awarded to the least worthy of the combatants. On the contrary, never was the wisdom of God's providence more manifest than in the issue of the struggle between Rome and Carthage. It was clearly for the good of mankind that Hannibal should be conquered ; his triumph would have stopped the progress of the world. For great men can only act permanently by forming great nations ; and no one man, even though it were Hannibal himself, can in one generation effect such a work. But where the nation has been merely enkindled for a while by a great man's spirit, the light passes away with him who communicates it ; and the nation, when he is gone, is like a dead body, to which magic power had for a moment given an unnatural life ; when the charm has ceased, the body is cold and stiff as before.

ARNOLD.

GRADUATED EXERCISES FOR TRANSLATION.

EXTRACTS IN VERSE.

PART V.

ACTIONS, NOT WORDS.

A YOUNGSTER at school,¹ more sedate than the rest,
Had once his integrity put to the test :
His comrades had plotted an orchard to rob,
And ask'd him to go and assist in the job.²

He was very much shock'd, and answer'd, " Oh, no !
What, rob our poor neighbour ! I pray you don't go.
Besides, the man's poor, his orchard's his bread ;
Then think of his children, for they must be fed."³

" You speak very fine, and you look very grave ;⁴
But apples we want, and apples we'll have :
If you will go⁵ with us, we'll give you a share ;
If not, you shall have neither apple nor pear."

They spoke, and Tom ponder'd—" I see they will go ;
Poor man, what a pity to injure him so !

¹ *A youngster at school*, Un écolier.—² *In the job*, Dans cette expédition.—³ *They must be fed*, Il faut qu'il les nourrisse.—⁴ See § 55, 30.—⁵ *If you will go*, Si vous venez.—⁶ *Tom pondered*, Tom fit ce raisonnement.

Poor man, I would save him his fruit if I could,
But staying behind will do him no good.¹

"If this matter depended alone upon me,
His apples might hang till they dropp'd from the tree :
But since they will take them, I think I'll go too ;
He will lose none by me, though I get a few."²

His scruples thus silenced,³ Tom felt more at ease,
And went with his comrades the apples to seize :
He blamed and protested, but join'd in the plan ;
He shared in the plunder, but pitied the man.

Conscience slumber'd a while, but soon woke in his breast,
And in language severe the delinquent address'd :⁴

"With such empty and selfish pretences away !⁵
By your actions you're judged,⁶ be your speech what it may."⁷

W. COWPER.

1731-1800.

THE FOX AT THE POINT OF DEATH.

A FOX, in life's extreme decay,
Weak, sick, and faint, expiring lay ;
All appetite had left his maw,
And age disarm'd his mumbling jaw.
His num'rous race⁸ around him stand,
To learn their dying sire's command ;
He raised his head with dying moan,

¹ *Staying behind will do him no good*, Si je reste en arrière, cela ne lui profitera pas.—² *He will lose none by me, though I get a few*, Je ne lui ferai pas perdre une seule pomme, et j'en aurai quelques-unes. See also § 20.—³ *His scruples thus silenced*, Ayant ainsi fait taire ses scrupules.—⁴ *In language severe the delinquent address'd*, Elle adressa au coupable ce langage sévère.—⁵ *With such empty and selfish pretences away !* Loin de toi des prétextes si vains et si intéressés ! See also § 25.—⁶ See § 5, 12.—⁷ *Be your speech what it may*, Quelles que soient tes paroles.—⁸ *Race*, Famille.

And thus was heard the feeble tone :¹—
 “ Ah, sons ! from evil ways depart ;
 My crimes lie heavy² on my heart.
 See, see the murder'd geese appear !
 Why are those bleeding turkeys there ?
 Why all around this cackling train,³
 Who haunt my ears for chickens slain ? ”
 The hungry foxes round them stared,
 And for the promised feast prepared.
 “ Where, sir, is all this dainty cheer ?
 Nor turkey, goose, nor hen is here :
 These are the phantoms of your brain,
 And your sons lick their lips in vain.”
 —“ O gluttons ! ” says the drooping sire,
 “ Restrain inordinate desire ;
 Your liquorish taste you shall deplore,⁴
 When peace of conscience is⁵ no more.
 Does not the hound betray our pace,
 And gins and guns destroy our race ?
 Thieves dread the searching eye of power,
 And never feel the quiet hour.
 Old age (which few of us shall know)
 Now puts a period to my woe.
 Would you true happiness attain,
 Let honesty your passions rein ;
 So live in credit and esteem,
 And the good name you 've lost redeem.”
 —“ The counsel 's good,” a fox replies,
 “ Could we perform what you advise.
 Think what our ancestors have done ;
 A line⁶ of thieves from sire to son :
 To us descends the long disgrace,⁷

¹ *And thus was heard the feeble tone* : Et d'une voix faible fit entendre ces mots.—

² *Lie heavy*, Pesent lourdement.—³ *Cackling train*, Troupe caquetante.—⁴ *Your liquorish taste you shall deplore*, Vous regretterez votre gourmandise.—⁵ See § 40.—

⁶ *A line*, Une lignée.—⁷ *To us descends the long disgrace*, Nous avons hérité de ce déshonneur séculaire.

And infamy hath mark'd our race.
 Though we, like harmless sheep, should feed,
 Honest in thought, in word, and deed,¹
 Whatever hen-roost is decreased,²
 We shall be thought to share the feast.³
 The change shall never be believed ;
 A lost good name is ne'er retrieved."
 —"Nay, then," replies the feeble fox,
 "But hark ! I hear a hen that clucks !
 Go, but be moderate in your food ;
 A chicken too, might do me good !"

J. GAY.
 1688-1732.

BALLAD OF LORD WILLIAM.

No eye beheld when William plunged
 Young Edmund in the stream ;
 No human ear but William's heard
 Young Edmund's drowning scream.

Submissive all the vassal's own'd⁴
 The murderer for their lord,
 And he as rightful heir possess'd
 The house⁵ of Erlingford.

The ancient house of Erlingford
 Stood in a fair domain,
 And Severn's ample waters near
 Roll'd through the fertile plain.

¹ *Though we, like harmless sheep, should feed, Honest in thought, in word, and deed,* Nous aurions beau vivre comme d'innocentes brebis, et nous montrer vertueux dans toutes nos pensées, nos paroles, et nos actions.—² *Whatever hen-roost is decreased,* Si un poulailier vient à diminuer.—³ *We shall be thought to share the feast,* On croira que nous en avons pris notre part.—⁴ *Submissive all the vassals own'd,* Tous les vassaux reconnurent sans résistance.—⁵ *The house,* Le manoir.

And often the wayfaring man
Would love to linger there,
Forgetful of his onward road,¹
To gaze on scenes so fair.

But never could Lord William dare
To² gaze on Severn's stream ;
In every wind that swept³ its waves
He heard young Edmund's scream.

In vain, at midnight's silent hour,
Sleep closed the murderer's eyes ;
In every dream the murderer saw
Young Edmund's form arise.

In vain, by restless conscience driven,
Lord William left his home,
Far from the scenes that saw his guilt,⁴
In pilgrimage to roam.⁵

To other climes the pilgrim fled,
But could not fly despair ;
He sought his home again, but peace
Was still a stranger there.

Slow were the passing hours, yet swift
The months appear'd to roll ;
And now the day return'd that shook
With terror William's soul :

A day that William never felt
Return without dismay ;
For well his conscience calendar'd
Young Edmund's dying day.⁶

¹ *His onward road*, Le chemin qui lui restait à faire.—² See § 36.—³ *That swept*, Qui effleurait.—⁴ *The scenes that saw his guilt*, Les lieux, témoins de son crime.—⁵ *In pilgrimage to roam*, Pour faire un long pèlerinage.—⁶ *For well his conscience calendar'd young Edmund's dying day*, Car sa conscience lui disait exactement quand arrivait le jour qui avait vu mourir le jeune Edmond.

A fearful day was that ! the rains
Fell fast with tempest roar,
And the swoln tide of Severn spread
Far on the level shore.

In vain Lord William sought the feast¹
In vain he quaff'd the bowl,²
And strove with noisy mirth to drown
The anguish of his soul.

Reluctant now as night came on
His lonely couch he press'd,
And wearied out he sunk to sleep—
To sleep—but not to rest.

Beside that couch his brother's form,
Lord Edmund, seem'd to stand,
Such and so pale as when in death
He grasp'd his brother's hand ;

Such and so pale his face as when,
With faint and faltering tongue,
To William's care, a dying charge,
He left his orphan son.³

"I bade thee with a father's love
My orphan Edmund guard :
Well, William, hast thou kept thy charge !
Take now thy due reward."

He started up, each limb convulsed⁴
With agonizing fear ;

¹ *Sought the feast*, Eut recours au plaisir de la table.—² *He quaff'd the bowl*, Il vida sa coupe à longs traits.—³ *To William's care, a dying charge, he left his orphan son*, Il recommanda en mourant sa fille orpheline à la sollicitude de William.—⁴ *Each limb convulsed with agonizing fear*, Tous ses membres étaient agités d'une frayeur convulsive.

He only heard the storm of night—
 'Twas music to his ear.¹

When lo ! the voice of loud alarm
 His inmost soul appals :—
 "What ho ! Lord William, rise in haste ;²
 The water saps thy walls !"

He rose in haste—beneath the walls
 He saw the flood appear ;
 It hemm'd him round : 'twas midnight now,
 No human aid was near.

He heard a shout of joy, for now
 A boat approach'd the wall;
 And eager to the welcome aid
 They crowd for safety all.³

"My boat is small," the boatman cried,
 "'Twill bear but one away ;
 Come in, Lord William, and do ye
 In God's protection stay."⁴

Strange feelings fill'd them at his voice,
 Even in that hour of woe,
 That, save their lord, there was not one
 Who wish'd with him to go.

But William leapt into the boat,
 His terror was so sore :—
 "Thou shalt have half my gold,"⁵ he cried,
 "Haste, haste to yonder shore !"⁶

¹ 'Twas music to his ear, Accord mélodieux pour son oreille épouvantée.—² What ho ! Lord William, rise in haste, Alerte ! Lord William, levez-vous vite.—³ Eager to the welcome aid they crowd for safety all, Tous se précipitèrent à la rencontre de l'esquif qui leur apportait le salut.—⁴ And do ye in God's protection stay, Et vous autres restes sous la garde de Dieu.—⁵ Half my gold, La moitié de mon or.—⁶ Haste, haste, to yonder shore ! Vite, vite, gagne l'autre bord !

The boatman plied the oar, the boat
Went light along the stream ;
Sudden Lord William heard a cry
Like Edmund's drowning scream.

The boatman paused ;—" Methought I heard
A child's distressful cry !"
" 'Twas but the howling wind of night,"
Lord William made reply.

" Haste—haste—ply swift and strong the oar !
Haste—haste across the stream !"
Again Lord William heard a cry
Like Edmund's drowning scream.

" I heard a child's distressful voice,"
The boatman cried again.
—" Nay, hasten on—the night is dark—
And we should search in vain."

" O God ! Lord William, dost thou know
How dreadful 'tis to die ?
And canst thou without pitying hear
A child's expiring cry ?

" How horrible it is to sink
Beneath the closing stream,
To stretch the powerless arms in vain,
In vain for help to scream !"

The shriek again was heard ; it came
More deep, more piercing loud ;¹
That instant o'er the flood the moon
Shone through a broken cloud ;

¹ *More deep, more piercing loud, Plus fort et plus perçant.*

And near them they beheld a child,
Upon a crag he stood,
A little crag, and all around
Was spread the rising flood.

The boatman plied the oar, the boat
Approach'd¹ his resting-place ;
The moonbeam shone upon the child,
And show'd how pale his face.

" Now reach thine hand," the boatman cried,
" Lord William, reach and save !"
The child stretch'd forth his little hands
To grasp the hand he gave.

Then William shriek'd ; the hands he felt
Were cold, and damp, and dead !
He felt young Edmund in his arms
A heavier weight than lead.

The boat sank down, the murderer sunk
Beneath the avenging stream ;
He rose, he shriek'd—no human ear
Heard William's drowning scream.

R. SOUTHEY.
1774-1843.

THE FIRST GRIEF.

" Oh, call my brother back to me !²
I cannot play alone ;
The summer comes with flower and bee,—
Where is my brother gone ?

¹ See § 37, 2.—² *Call my brother back to me, Dites à mon frère de revenir !*

"The butterfly is glancing bright
Across the sunbeam's track ;¹
I care not now to chase its flight,—
Oh, call my brother back !

"The flowers run wild—the flowers we sow'd
Around our garden-tree ;
Our vine is drooping with its load,—
Oh, call him back to me !"

"He would not hear my voice, fair child ;
He may not come to thee ;
The face that once like spring-time smiled,
On earth no more thou 'lt see.

"A rose's brief bright life of joy,
Such² unto him was given ;
Go,—thou must play alone, my boy,—
Thy brother is in heaven !"

"And has he left the birds and flowers ?
And must I call in vain ?
And through the long, long summer hours,
Will he not come again ?

"And by the brook, and in the glade,
Are all our wanderings o'er ?
Oh, while my brother with me play'd,
Would I had loved him more !" ³

MRS HEMANS.

1792-1835.

¹ *Is glancing bright across the sunbeam's track*, Fait briller ses ailes aux rayons du soleil.—² *A rose's brief bright life of joy, such was*, Une vie courte, mais brillante et heureuse comme celle de la rose, telle fut.—³ *Would I had loved him more*, Que je voudrais l'avoir aimé davantage.

THE APOTHECARY OF NEWCASTLE.

A MAN in many a country town we know,
 Professes openly¹ with death to wrestle,
 Entering the field against the grimly foe,
 Arm'd with a mortar and a pestle.

Yet some affirm, no enemies they are,
 But meet just like prize-fighters in a fair,²
 Who first shake hands before they box,
 Then give each other plaguy knocks.

With all the love and kindness of a brother ;
 So (many a suffering patient saith,)
 Though the apothecary fights with Death,
 Still³ they are sworn friends to one another.
 A member of this Æsculapian line⁴
 Lived at Newcastle-upon-Tyne :

No man could better⁵ gild a pill,
 Or make a bill ;
 Or mix a draught, or bleed, or blister ;
 Or draw a tooth out of your head ;
 Or chatter scandal by your bed,⁶
 Or spread a plaster.

His fame full six miles round the country ran ;
 In short, in reputation he was solus :⁷
 All the old women call'd him " a fine man ;"—
 His name was Bolus.

Benjamin Bolus, though in trade
 (Which oftentimes will genius fetter),⁸

¹ *Professes openly*, Fait profession de.—² *Like prize-fighters in a fair*, Comme ces lutteurs de la foire.—³ See § 42.—⁴ *A member of this Æsculapian line*, Un membre de cette race d'Esculape.—⁵ *Could better*, Était plus capable de.—⁶ *Chatter scandal by your bed*, Médire du prochain à votre chevet.—⁷ *Solus (alone)*, Seul.—⁸ *Which oftentimes will genius fetter*, Circonstance qui souvent entrave le génie.

Read works of fancy it is said,
 And cultivated the belles-lettres.
 And why should this be thought so odd !
 Can't men have taste who cure a phthisic ?¹
 Of poetry though patron god,
 Apollo patronises physic.

Bolus loved verse, and took so much delight in 't,
 That his prescriptions he resolved to write in 't.
 No opportunity he e'er let pass
 Of writing the directions on his labels
 In dapper couplets,² like Gay's fables ;
 Or rather like the lines in Hudibras.

Apothecary's verse ! and where 's the treason ?³
 'Tis simply honest dealing,⁴ not a crime ;
 When patients swallow physic without reason,
 It is but fair to give a little rhyme.

He had a patient lying at death's door,⁵
 Some three miles from the town, it might be four ;
 To whom, one evening, Bolus sent an article,⁶
 In pharmacy that's called cathartical ;
 And, on the label of the stuff,
 He wrote this verse,
 Which one would think was clear enough
 And terse :—

“ When taken,
 To be well shaken.”⁷

Next morning early, Bolus rose,
 And to the patient's house he goes
 Upon his pad,

¹ *Can't men have taste who cure a phthisic ?* Ne saurait on avoir du génie parce qu'on guérit une phthisie ?—² *In dapper couplets*, En vers charmants.—³ *And where 's the treason ?* Et pourquoi pas ?—⁴ *Honest dealing*, Honnête passe-temps.—⁵ *At death's door*, Aux portes du tombeau.—⁶ *An article*, Un médicament.—⁷ *When taken, to be well shaken*, Quand vous donnerez, Très-fort vous secouerez.

Who a vile trick of stumbling had
 It was indeed a very sorry hack ;
 But that's of course :¹
 For what's expected from a horse
 With an apothecary on his back ?

Bolus arrived, and gave a doubtful tap,
 Between a single and a double rap.²
 The servant lets him in with dismal face,
 Long as a courtier's out of place,
 Portending some disaster ;
 John's countenance as rueful look'd and grim,
 As if the apothecary had physick'd³ him,
 And not his master.

" Well, how's the patient ? " Bolus said.

John shook his head.

" Indeed !—hum ! ha !—that's very odd !

He took the draught ? " John gave a nod.⁴

" Well, how ? what then ?⁵ speak out, you dunce ! "

" Why then," said John, " we shook him once."

" Shook him ! how ? " ⁶ Bolus stammer'd out.

" We jolted him about."

" Well ! shake a patient, man ! a shake won't do."⁷

" No, sir, and so we gave him two."

" Two shakes !

" 'Twould make the patient worse."⁸

" It did so, sir, and so a third we tried."

" Well, and what then ? "—" Then, sir, my master died."

G. COLMAN.

1733-1794.

¹ See § 55, 28.—² *Bolus arrived, and gave a doubtful tap, Between a single and a double rap*, Bolus arriva et frappa d'une manière équivoque, Entre un et deux coups de marteau.—³ *Physick'd*, Médeciné.—⁴ *John gave a nod*, Jean fit signe que oui.—⁵ *Well, how ? what then ?* Mais alors, comment cela ?—⁶ *Shook him ! how ?* Secoué ! lui ! comment dis-tu ?—⁷ *A shake won't do*, Ce n'est pas une secousse qu'il lui fallait.—⁸ *'Twould make the patient worse*, Cela a dû le rendre plus malade.

THE WISH.

MINE be a cot¹ beside the hill ;
 A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear ;
 A willow brook, that turns a mill,
 With many a fall, shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch,
 Shall twitter from her clay-built nest ;
 Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
 And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
 Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew ;
 And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing,
 In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church, among the trees,
 Where first our marriage vows were given,
 With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
 And point with taper spire to heaven.

S. ROGERS.
 1762-1855.

THE TRAVELLERS AND THE OYSTER.

ONCE, says an author, (where, I need not say,) ²
 Two travellers found an oyster in their way ;
 Both fierce, both hungry, the dispute grew strong,³
 While, scale in hand, Dame Justice pass'd along.
 Before her each with clamour pleads the laws,
 Explains the matter,⁴ and would win the cause.
 Dame Justice, weighing long the doubtful right,
 Takes, opens, swallows it, before their sight.

¹ *Mine be a cot, J'aimerais une chaumière.*—² See *La Fontaine*, (Liv. IX. Fable 9.)—³ *Both fierce, both hungry, the dispute grew strong*, Chacun s'emporte, chacun avait faim, et la discussion s'anima. —⁴ *The matter*, L'affaire.

The cause of strife removed so rarely well,
 "There take, (says Justice,) take ye each a shell ;
 We thrive at Westminster on¹ fools like you :
 'Twas a fat oyster—live in peace—adieu."

A. POPE.
 1688-1744.

THE LAST MINSTREL.

THE way was long, the wind was cold,
 The Minstrel was infirm and old,
 His wither'd cheek and tresses gray
 Seem'd to have known a better day ;
 The harp, his sole remaining joy,
 Was carried by an orphan boy.
 The last of all the bards was he,
 Who sung of border chivalry,
 For well-a-day ! their date was fled,²
 His tuneful brethren³ all were dead,
 And he, neglected and oppress'd,
 Wish'd to be with them, and at rest.⁴
 No more⁵ on prancing palfrey borne,
 He caroll'd light as lark at morn :
 No longer courted and caress'd,
 High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
 He pour'd to lord and lady gay,
 The unpremeditated lay ;⁶
 Old times were changed, old manners gone,
 A stranger fill'd the Stuart's throne,
 A wandering harper scorn'd and poor,⁷

¹ *We thrive on*, Nous nous engraissons aux dépens de.—² *Their date was fled*, Leur temps étoit passé.—³ *His tuneful brethren*, Ses frères en poésie.—⁴ *To be with them, and at rest*, Reposer avec eux pour toujours.—⁵ *No more*, Ce n'étoit plus le temps où.—⁶ *Unpremeditated lay*, Des vers improvisés.—⁷ *A wandering harper scorn'd and poor*, Errant avec sa harpe, pauvre et méprisé.

He begg'd his bread from door to door,
And tuned to please a peasant's ear
The harp a king had loved to hear !

W. SCOTT.
1771-1832.

THE NATIVE LAND.

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my native land !"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he had turn'd
From wandering on a foreign strand !
If such there breathe, go, mark him well :
For him no minstrel-raptures swell ;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.
O Caledonia ! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child !
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires ! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand !

W. SCOTT.
1771-1832.

ALEXANDER SELKIRK'S SOLILOQUY.*

I AM monarch of all I survey,
 My right there is none to dispute ;
 From the centre all round to the sea,
 I am lord of the fowl and the brute.¹
 O solitude ! where are the charms
 That sages have seen in thy face ?
 Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
 Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
 I must finish my journey alone,
 Never hear the sweet music of speech—²
 I start at the sound of my own.
 The beasts that roam over the plain
 My form with indifference see ;
 They are so unacquainted with man,
 Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
 Divinely bestowed upon man,³
 Oh ! had I the wings of a dove,
 How soon would I taste you again !
 My sorrows I then might assuage
 In the ways of religion and truth ;
 Might learn from the wisdom of age,
 And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

Religion ! what treasure untold
 Resides in that heavenly word !

* *Alexander Selkirk* was a sailor, who, having quarrelled with his captain, was set on shore by him, in the year 1704, on the uninhabited island of *Juan Fernandez*, and remained there more than four years.

¹ *Of the fowl and the brute*, De tout ce qui vole et de tout ce qui rumine.—² *Of speech*. De la parole humaine.—³ *Divinely bestowed upon man*, Dons précieux que l'homme doit à la Divinité.

More precious than silver and gold,
 Or all that this earth can afford.
 But the sound of the church-going bell¹
 These valleys and rocks never heard ;
 Never sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
 Or smiled when a Sabbath appear'd.

Ye winds ! that have made me your sport,
 Convey to this desolate shore
 Some cordial endearing report
 Of a land I shall visit no more.
 My friends, do they now and then send
 A wish or a thought after me ?
 Oh ! tell me I yet have a friend,
 Though a friend I am never to see.

W. COWPER,
 1731-1800.

MY BIRTH-DAY.

" My birth-day "—what a different sound
 That word had in my youthful ears !
 And how, each time the day comes round,
 Less and less white its mark appears !
 When first our scanty years are told,
 It seems like pastime to grow old ;
 And, as Youth counts the shining links,
 That Time around him binds so fast,
 Pleased with the task, he little thinks
 How hard that chain will press at last.
 Vain was the man, and false as vain,
 Who said—" Were he ordain'd to run
 His long career of life again,
 He would do all that he had done."

¹ *The church-going bell, La cloche qui appelle à l'église.*

Ah, 'tis not thus the voice that dwells
 In sober birth-days¹ speaks to me ;
 Far otherwise—of time it tells,
 Lavish'd unwisely, carelessly—
 Of counsel mock'd—of talents, made
 Haply for high and pure designs,
 But oft, like Israel's incense, laid
 Upon unholy, earthly shrines²—
 All this it tells, and, could I trace
 Th' imperfect picture o'er again,
 With power to add, retouch, efface
 The lights and shades, the joy and pain,
 How little of the past would stay ?
 How quickly all should melt away !

T. H. MOORE.
 1780-1852.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

“ Be up and doing.”³

TELL me not in mournful numbers,
 “ Life is but an empty dream ! ”
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! Life is earnest !
 And the grave is not its goal ;
 “ Dust thou art, to dust returnest,”
 Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way ;
 But to act, that each to-morrow⁴
 Finds us farther than to-day.⁵

¹ *The voice that dwells in sober birth-days*, La voix de l'âge mûr.—² *Upon unholy, earthly shrines*, Sur des autels profanes et mondains.—³ *Be up and doing*, Debout et à l'œuvre.—⁴ *Each to-morrow*, Chaque lendemain.—⁵ *Than to-day*, Que la veille.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle !¹
Be like heroes in the strife !

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time ;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

LONGFELLOW.

ANTONY'S FUNERAL ORATION OVER CÆSAR'S
BODY.

FRIENDS, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears !
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them ;
The good is oft interred with their bones ;
So let it be with Cæsar ! Noble Brutus

¹ *Dumb, driven cattle*, Le bétail muet qu'on pousse devant soi.

Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious ;
 If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
 And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
 Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—
 For Brutus is an honourable man—
 Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
 He was my friend, faithful and just to me ;
 But Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
 And Brutus is an honourable man.
 He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
 Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill ;
 Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
 When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept ;—
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
 Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
 And Brutus is an honourable man.
 You all did see that, on the Lupercal,
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?
 Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
 And, sure, he is an honourable man.
 I speak not to disprove¹ what Brutus spoke,
 But here I am to speak what I do know.
 You all did love him once—not without cause—
 What cause withholds you then to mourn for him ?
 O judgment ! thou art fled to brutish beasts,²
 And men have lost their reason !—Bear with me ;³—
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
 And I must pause till it come back to me.

 But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
 Have stood against the world : now lies he there,
 And none so poor to do him reverence.⁴

¹ *To disprove, Réfuter.*—² *O judgment ! thou art fled to brutish beasts, O bon sens, tu es devenu le partage des brutes.*—³ *Bear with me, Excusez-moi ; pardonnez-moi.*
⁴ *And none so poor to do him reverence, Et il ne commande plus le respect de personne, pas même du dernier des mortels.*

O masters ! if I were disposed to stir
 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
 I should do Brutus wrong,¹ and Cassius wrong,
 Who, you all know, are honourable men :
 I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
 Than I will wrong such honourable men.
 But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar ;
 I found it in his closet, 'tis his will ;
 Let but the commons² hear this testament,
 (Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
 And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
 And dip their napkins in his sacred blood ;
 Yea, beg a hair of him, for memory,
 And, dying, mention it within their wills,
 Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
 Unto their issue.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
 You all do know this mantle ; I remember
 The first time ever Cæsar put it on—
 'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent,
 That day he overcame the Nervii³—
 Look ! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through ;
 See what a rent the envious Casca made ;—
 Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabbed ;
 And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it !
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolved⁴
 If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no :
 For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel :
 Judge, O you gods ! how dearly Cæsar loved him :
 This was the most unkindest cut of all :⁵

¹ *I should do Brutus wrong, Je serais injuste envers Brutus.*—² *Let but the commons hear this testament.*—Si le peuple entendait ce testament.—³ *The Nervii, Les Nerviens.*—⁴ *To be resolved, Pour s'assurer.*—⁵ *This was the most unkindest cut of all, De tous les coups qui lui furent portés, celui-là fut le plus cruel.*

For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
 Quite vanquished him ; then burst his mighty heart :
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
 Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen !
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourished¹ over us.
 Oh, now you weep ; and I perceive you feel
 The dint of pity : these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls ! What ! weep you when you but behold
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look you here !
 Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
 To any sudden flood of mutiny.
 They that have done this deed are honourable :
 What private griefs they have, alas ! I know not,
 That made them do it ; they are wise and honourable,
 And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.²
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts ;
 I am no orator, as Brutus is ;
 But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
 That loved my friend ; and that they know full well
 That gave me public leave to speak of him.
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
 Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
 To stir men's blood ;³ I only speak right on :⁴
 I tell you that which you yourselves do know ;
 Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths !
 And bid them speak for me : but were I Brutus,

¹ *Treason flourished*, La trahison était triomphante.—² *And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you*, Et je ne doute pas qu'ils ne vous donnent de bonnes raisons pour se justifier.—³ *To stir men's blood*, Pour émeouvoir.—⁴ *I only speak right on*, Je ne sais que parler sans art.

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony¹
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
 In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

SHAKESPEARE, "*Julius Cæsar*."
 1564-1616.

THE ALPS AT SUNSET.

THE moon is up, and yet it is not night ;
 Sunset divides the sky with her ; . . . a sea
 Of glory streams along² the Alpine height
 Of blue Friuli's mountains ; heaven is free
 From clouds, but of all colours seems to be
 Melted to one vast iris of the west,
 Where the day joins the past eternity ;
 While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest
 Floats through the azure air, . . . an island of the blest !

A single star is by her side, and reigns
 With her o'er half the lovely heaven : but still
 Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains
 Roll'd o'er the peak of the far Rætian hill
 As day and night contending were, until
 Nature reclaim'd her order—gently flows
 The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instil
 Th' odorous purple of a new-born rose,
 Which streams upon her stream, and glass'd within it glows.

Fill'd with the face of heaven, which, from afar,
 Comes down upon the waters : all its hues,
 From the rich sunset to the rising star
 Their magical variety diffuse :

¹ *There were an Antony, Il y aurait un Antoine.*—² *A sea of glory streams along,*
Un océan de lumière baigne.

And now they change ; a paler shadow strews
Its mantle o'er the mountains : parting day
Dies like the dolphin whom each pang imbues
With a new colour as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone, . . . and all is gray.

BYRON.

1788-1824.

THE END.

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